THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Il ated Weekly Magazine
Fou D. 728 by Benj. Franklin

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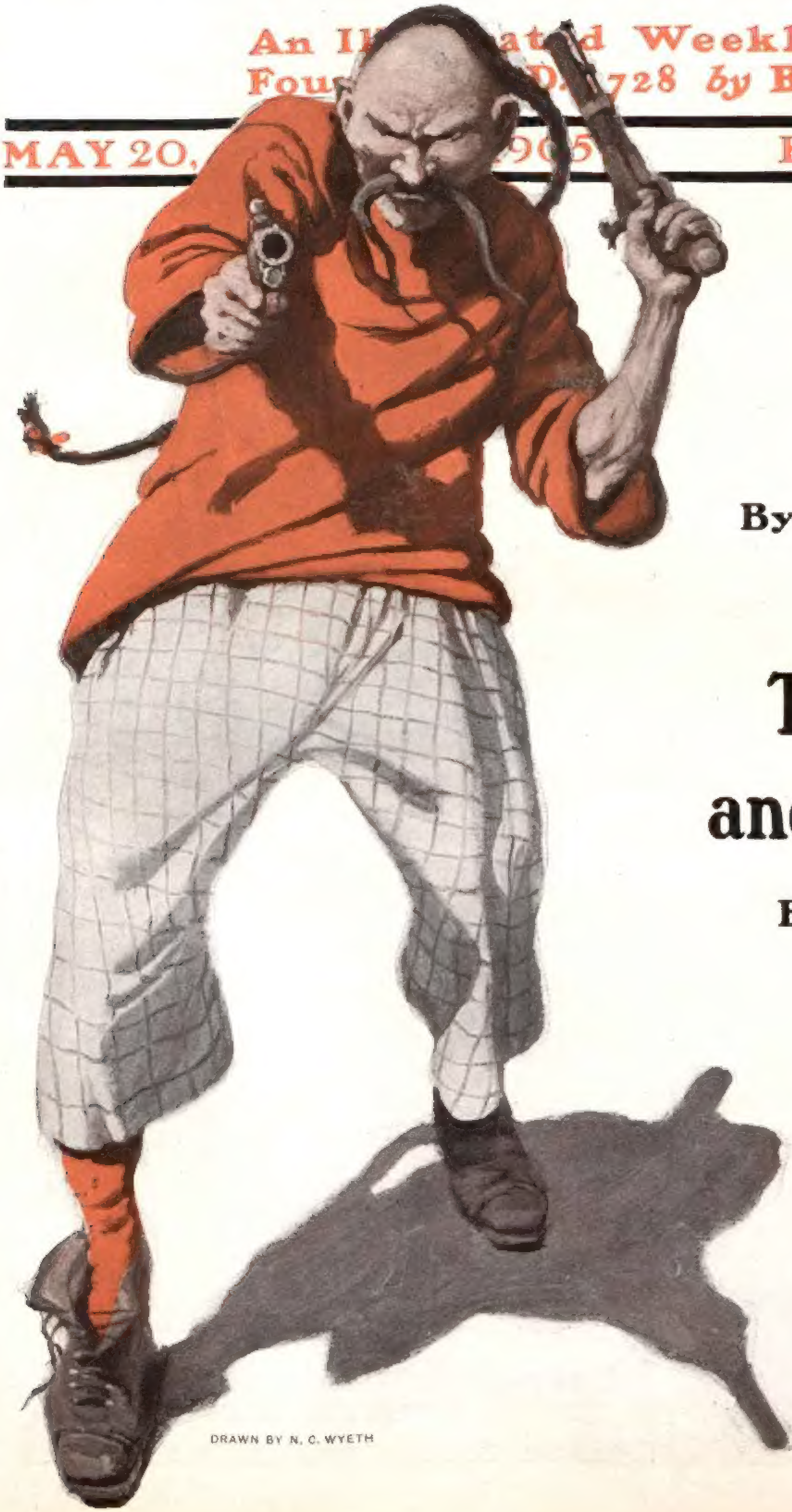

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Mr. Scraggs Intervenes

By Henry Wallace Phillips

The Young Man and the New Home

By Albert J. Beveridge

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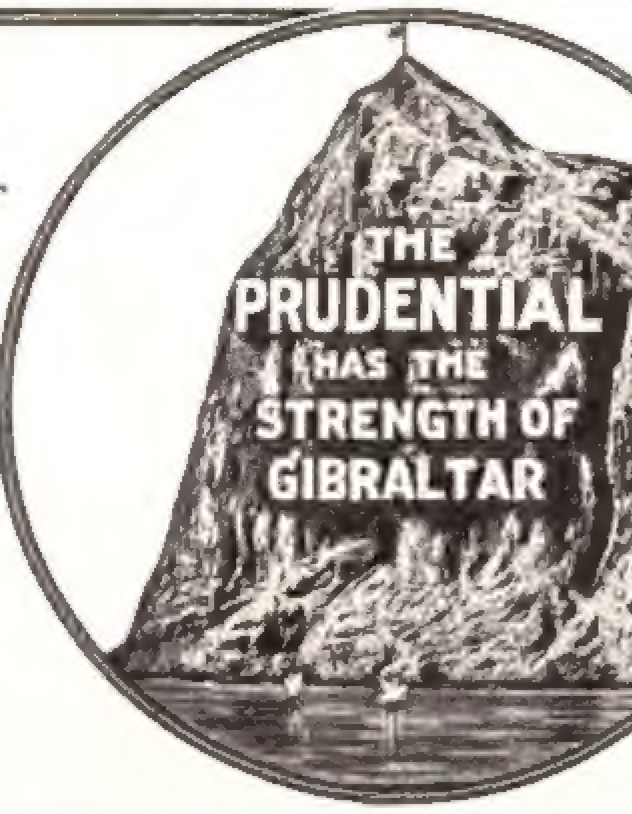

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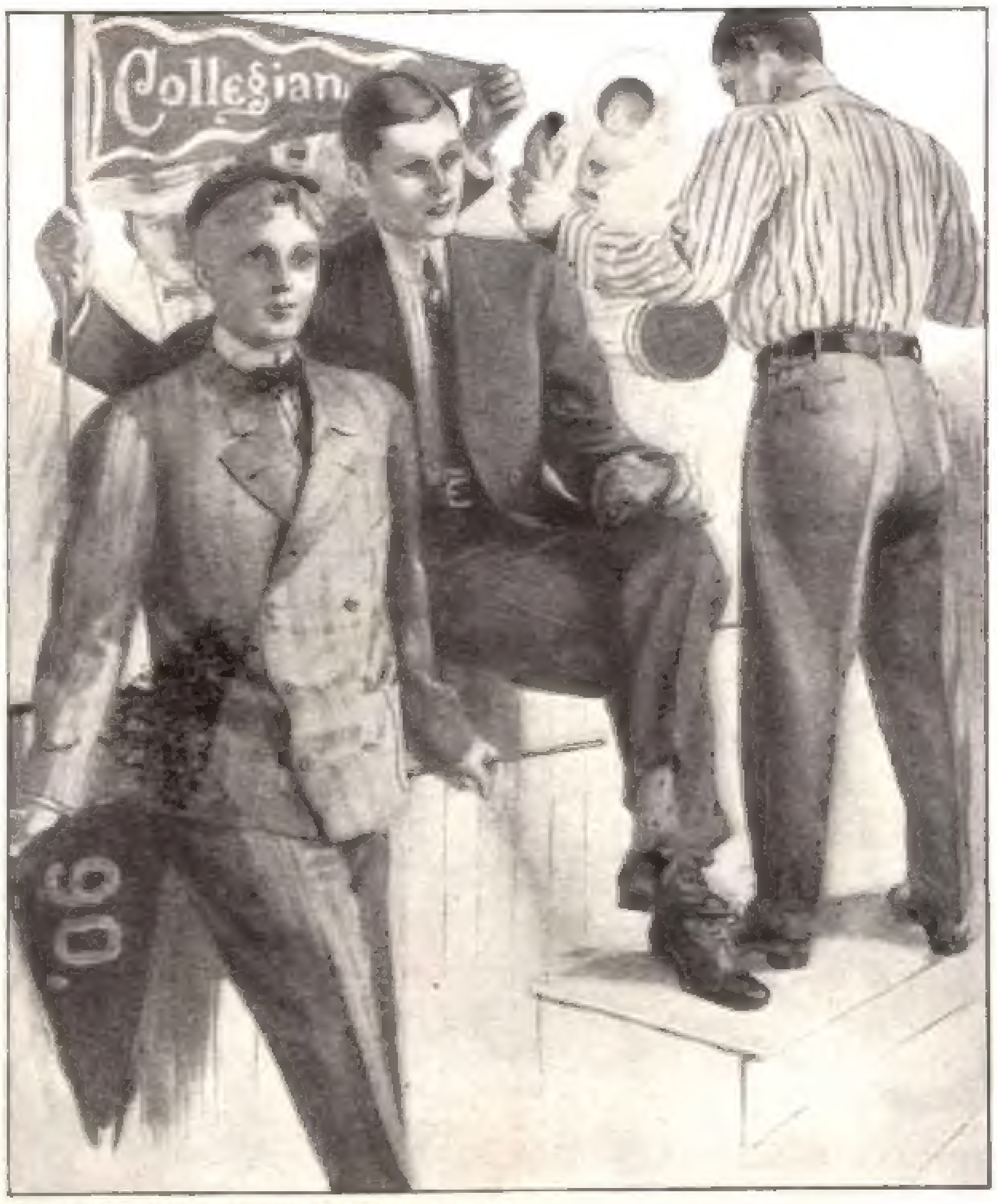

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The Young Man in the World

By Senator Albert J. Beveridge

The Young Man and the New Home

YOU are nobody if you are merely an individual. Nature does not recognize you as such. Theoretically, society does not, either. Both Nature and society have use for you only as one of a pair. Nature eliminates the individual when the individual refuses to mate. The world of men is concerned in you only as the founder of a family. If you are not the active member of a family—either of that family in which you are a son or that other family which you yourself have established—you are a sort of human rogue elephant.

So get married. Your father made the old home. Prove yourself worthy of him by making the new home. He built the rooftree which sheltered you. Build you a rooftree that may in its turn shelter others. If you do not agree with this—if you are determined to go it alone—what are you here for? What abnormal egotism the attitude of him who says: "This planet and all the uncounted centuries of the past were made for *me* and nobody else, and I will live accordingly!"

"I wish John had not married so young," said a woman of wealth, fashion and brilliant talents in speaking of her son. "Why, how old was he?" asked her friend. "Twenty-five," said she. "He ought to have waited ten years longer." "I think not," was the response of the world-wise man with whom she was conversing. "If he got a good wife he was in great luck that he did not wait longer." "No," persisted the mother, "he ought to have taken more time 'to look around.' These early marriages interfere with a young man's career."

This fragment of a real conversation, which is typical of numberless others like it, reveals the false and shallow philosophy which is making the lives of our young people abnormal and our civilization artificial and neurotic. Everybody is thinking about a "career." Mothers are talking about "careers" for their sons. Young men are planning "careers."

"I think the most engaging subject of human contemplation is a gifted man's career," said a super-educated woman of kaleidoscopic talents and flashing conversational powers. And it is assumed that a young man can "carve out his career" if his attention is not distracted and his powers are not diminished by a wife and children whom he must feed, clothe and consider. The icy selfishness of this hypothesis of life ought to be enough to reject it without argument. Who is any man that he should have a "career," and what does a "career" amount to, anyway? What is it for? Fame? Surely not, because

> Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away,

says Shakespeare; and Shakespeare ought to know—he is not three centuries dead, and even now the world is sadly confused as to whether he wrote "Shakespeare"!

But is it to accomplish some good thing for humanity that you want this "career" which is to keep you single until you are too old to be interesting? Then just what is it that you expect to do with these self-centred and single years during which you intend so to help the race? If you cannot tell, you are down and out on that score.

And, besides, you will find that the enormous majority of men who, by their service, have uplifted or enriched humanity have been men enough to lead the natural life. They have been men who have founded homes. And how can you better benefit mankind than by founding a home among your fellowmen—a pure, normal, sweet and beautiful home? That is getting down to business. That is doing something definite. It is "getting down to earth," as the saying is. You are "benefiting mankind" by taking care of some actual human being among this great indefinite mass called mankind. The making of a home is the beginning of human usefulness.

The Lesson of the Unconquered Dutch

THE Boer was a splendid type of the human animal. It took all the power of the greatest empire on earth to crush a handful of Boers; and even then Great Britain was able to subdue them only at enormous loss of men and money and irreparable impairment of prestige. They were glorious fighting men, these Boers. The blood that flowed in their veins was unadulterated Dutch—the only unconquered blood in history. For you will remember that even Cæsar could not overcome them, and, with the genius of the statesman-soldier that he was, he made terms with them, and the Batavian legions of the Roman army were Dutchmen. These Boers were a good deal more than fighting animals. They were perhaps the most religious people on earth. If they were mighty creatures physically, they were also exalted beings spiritually. They knew how to pray as well as to fight. They made their living, too, and asked no favors. Also, they builded them a state.

It is said that there was not an unmarried man above twenty-one years of age among them. Very generally the same thing was true of the fathers who founded this Republic. Indeed, all great constructive periods and peoples have lived in harmony with the laws of Nature. It has been the races of marrying men that have made the heroic epochs in human history. The point is that the man who is not enough of a man to make a home need not be counted. He is a "negligible quantity," as the scientists put it.

So, if your arm is not strong enough to protect a wife, and your shoulders are not broad enough to carry aloft your children in a sort of grand gladness, you are really not worth while. For it will take a man with veins and arteries swollen with masculine blood pumped by a great big, strong heart, working as easily and joyfully as a Corliss engine; with thews of steel wire and step as light as a tiger's and masterful as an old-time warrior's; with brain so fertile and vision so clear that he fears not the future and knows that what to weaker ones seem dangers are in reality nothing but shadows—it will take this kind of a man to make any "career" that is going to be made. Such a man will be searching for his mate and finding her and planning a house and building it before he is twenty-five. The man who does not is either too weak or too selfish to do it. In either case, you need not fear him. "He will never set the world afire."

I am assuming that you are man enough to be a man—not a mere machine of selfishness on the one hand or an anæmic imitation of masculinity on the other hand. I am assuming that you think—and, what is more important, feel—that Nature knows what she is about, that "God is not mocked," and that you propose to live in harmony with universal law. Therefore, I am assuming that you have established, or will establish, the new home in place of the old home. I am assuming that you will do this before there is a gray hair in your head or a wrinkle under your eye. These new homes which young Americans are building will be the sources of all the power and righteousness of this Republic to-morrow—or the lack of them will be the source of such weakness as our future develops. Within these new homes which young Americans are to build the altar must be raised again on which the sacred fire of American ideals must be kept burning, just as it was kept burning in the old homes which these young Americans have left; and just to the extent that these new homes are not erected will American ideals pale and finally perish.

It is a question, you see, which travels quite to the horizon of our vision and beyond it, and which searches the very heart of our national purity and power. No wonder that Bismarck considered the perpetuation of the German home with its elemental and joyous productivity as the source of all imperial

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Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Senator Beveridge on The Young Man in the World. The next will appear in an early number.

power on the one hand and the purpose and end of all statesmanship on the other! It would be a good deal better for America if our public men would be more interested in these simple, vital, elemental matters than in "great problems of statesmanship," most of which, on analysis, are found to be imaginary and supposititious. Yes, and it would be better for the country if our literary men would describe the healthful life of the nation's plain people than tell neurotic stories of artificial careers and abnormal affections!

They would sell more books, too. I never yet heard that anybody got tired of The Cotter's Saturday Night. I think it quite likely that the Book of Ruth will outlast all the short stories that will be written during the present decade. Decidedly our public men and our writers, too, ought to "get down to earth." There is where the people live. The people walk upon the brown soil and the green grass. They dwell beneath the apple blossoms. It is a good deal more important that the institution of the American home does not decay than that the Panama Canal should be built or our foreign trade increase. So, in considering the young man and the new home, we are dealing with an immediate, permanent and absolutely vital question, not only from the viewpoint of the young man himself, but from that of the nation as well.

The Time to Marry

OF COURSE, nobody means that young men should hurl themselves into matrimony. The fact that it is advisable for you to learn to swim does not mean that you should jump into the first stream you come to. Undoubtedly you ought first to get "settled"—that is, you ought to prepare for what you are going to do in life and begin the doing of it. Of course, don't take this step while you are in college; I never knew such an experiment to succeed. If you mean to be a lawyer, you ought to get your legal education and open your office; if a business man, you should "get started"; if an artisan, you should acquire your trade. But it is inadvisable to wait longer.

It is not necessary for you to "build up a practice" in the profession, or make a lot of money in business, or secure unusual wages as a skilled laborer. Begin at the beginning. You and your wife should live your lives together, win your successes together, share your hardships, and let your fortune, good or ill, be of your joint making. It will help you, too, in a business way. Everybody else is or was situated nearly as you are; there is a sort of fellow-feeling in the hearts of other men and women who once had to "hoe the same row" you are hoeing, and it is among these men and women you must win your success. Indeed, it is largely through their favor and confidence that you will get on at all. If, then, you are making a new home, you are in harmony with the world about you, and the very earth itself exhales a sort of vital and sustaining sympathy.

It is not at all necessary that you should be able to provide as good a home as that from which your wife comes. Nobody expects you to be as successful in the very beginning of your life as her father was at the close of his. Least of all does she herself expect it. And even if this were possible, it is not from such continuous luxury that the best character is made. The absolute necessity to economize compels the ordinary young American couple to learn the value of things—the value of a dollar and the value of life. And the numberless experiences of their first few years of comparative hardship are the very things necessary to bring out in them the sweetness, self-sacrifice and uplifting hardihood of character.

In these sharp experiences, too, there is the greatest happiness. How many hundreds of times have you heard men and women say of their early married years: "Those were the happiest years of my life?"

As a mere matter of good business on the one hand and of sheer happiness on the other, make the ideals of this new home of yours as high as you possibly can. Don't make them so high that neither you nor any other human being can live up to them, of course; but if you can put them a notch beyond those even of the exalted standard of the old home, by all means do it. Do it if you can live up to them. It is remarkable what individual power grows out of clean living. It is profitable, also. The mere business value of a reputation for a high quality of home life will be one of the best assets that you can accumulate. "They are attending strictly to business and will make their mark," said a wise old banker to a group of friends in discussing a fine type of young business man and the equally fine type of the young American woman who was his wife. I do not know whether that young man was borrowing money for his business from that particular banker or not, but I do know that he could borrow it if he wanted it. And one reason why his credit was established with the money-wise old financier was the ideal home life which he and his wife were leading.

For, mark you, they were not "living beyond their means." That was the first thing. That is one of the best rules you can follow. Who has not known of the premature withering of young business men and lawyers—yes, and sometimes men not so young!—who have suddenly blossomed out with houses, and clothes, and horses, and a lot of other things which their business or practice ought not reasonably to stand? On the other hand, do not begin your life as a miser. Do not let the new home proclaim by its bareness that it is the abode of a poor young man asking sympathy and aid of his friends.

"Yes, rent a piano by all means. Do not economize on your wife and your home," advised an old Methodist preacher noted for his horse-sense. And he was right. For, after all, what is the purpose and end of all your labor? If it is not that very home I do not know what it is. Put on a little more steam, therefore, and earn enough extra to buy a picture—and get a good one while you are at it. It will not break you up to buy a really good etching. A fine "print" is infinitely better than a poor painting. In fact, anything is better than a poor painting. If your wife has good taste she will make the walls of that new home most attractive with an astonishingly small amount of money.

Of course, you will spend all of your extra time at home. That is what home is for. Live in your home; do not merely eat and sleep there. It is not a boarding-house—remember that. Books are there and music and a human sympathy and a marvelous care for you, under the influence of which alone the soul of a young man grows into real grandeur, power and beauty.

Be sure that you let each day have its play-hour. "I would not care to live," said one of the very ablest and most brilliant members of the American Catholic priesthood—"I would not care to live," said he, "if I could not have my play-hour, music and flowers. They are God's gifts and my necessity." "Every young man who has a home commits a crime if he does not each day bring one hour of joy into his household": the man who said that is not only brilliant and wise but one of the most exalted souls it has ever been my fortune to know. And his words have good sense in them, have they not? Make that good sense yours, then. Make a play-hour each day for yourself and wife and children.

I say children, for I assume that when you are making a new home you are making a *home* indeed. President Roosevelt is right in his talk about race suicide. The absence of children in the home is either unfortunate or immoral. A purposely childless marriage is no marriage at all—it is merely an arrangement. A house undisturbed and unglorified by the wailings and laughter of little ones is not a "home"—it is a habitation. There is in children a certain immortality for you. Most of us believe in life after death; and that belief is a priceless possession of every human being who has it. But even the man who has not this faith beholds his own immortality in his children. "Why, of course I am immortal," said a scientist who believed that death ends all. "Of course I am immortal," said he. "There goes my reincarnation." And he pointed to his little son, glorious with the promise of an exhaustless vitality. And there is no doubt at all that association with infancy and youth puts back the clock of time for each of us. It is the natural life; and that is the only thing worth while. The "simple life" is all right, and the "strenuous life," too, and the "artistic life" no doubt, and all the other kind of "lives." They have their places, I suppose. I am not greatly interested in any of them. But I am interested in the natural life. That alone is truthful. And, after all, only the truthful is important.

Making Happiness a Habit

GET into the habit of happiness. It is positively amazing how you can turn every little incident into a sunbeam. One of the most worth-while families I know always joke at the table. It is as good as a vacation to take a meal with them. And, mark you, it is quite as easy to take the other course. But what a coward a man is who releases in his home all the pent-up irritability, disappointment and gloom of the day! There is no sense in such a course. It does not make you less gloomy to fill your home with gloom. You ought not to do it, even from the point of view of good health. If you eat your meal in a sour silence which almost curdles the cream and scares your wife half to death, you do not and cannot digest your food. Forget it, then. If you have had a hard day say to yourself: "Well, that was a hard day! Now for some rest and some fun."

Get into the habit of being happy, I tell you. You can do it. Practice saying to yourself when you waken in the morning: "Everything is all right"—and keep on saying it. You will be surprised how nearly "all right" the mere saying of it at the beginning of the day will really make everything. This is true of business as well as of the new home. Prophets of gloom are never popular and ought not to be. Then, too, a quiet cheeriness of heart makes you treat your fellowman better; and this is important in your dealings with other male animals. They will make it unpleasant for you if you don't. But it is far more important in your new home than it is out in the world of men. That is what the new home is for—to exercise and multiply the beauties of character and conduct.

Returning again to the viewpoint of business wisdom, you cannot treat your wife too well as a mere matter of policy—though you will never treat her well nor anybody else from that of motive. I am merely calling the attention of your commercial mind to the fact that there are actually dollars in a reputation for chivalrous bearing in your new home.

You know yourself how you feel toward a man of whom everybody says: "He is so good to his wife." Everybody wants to help that kind of a fellow. If he is a strong man, his community glories in his strength and increases it by their admiration and support. If he is not a strong man, everybody wishes that he were and tries in a thousand ways, which a general kindly disposition toward him suggests, to supply his deficiencies. And this is no jug-handled rule, either. The same thing is true of the wife. When her acquaintances declare of any woman, "She is lovely in her home," they have placed upon her brow the crown of their ultimate tribute and regard. It depends upon both, of course, whether these domestic beatitudes will exist in the new home. Undoubtedly, however, it depends upon the young man more than the young woman. He is a *man*—and that is everything. And, being a man, he should have a large and kindly forbearance, a sort of soothing strength and calming serenity.

The Japanese Smile

WHEN I was a boy in the logging-camps I read in some stray paper an article about the influence which the pleasant countenance exercises over groups of men. The idea was that men work willingly under the control of a strong man who is strong enough to carry in his daily look the suggestion of a smile. It worked splendidly. It has never been satisfactorily explained why it is next to impossible for a man "to be down on his luck" if he will only keep the corners of his mouth turned up. Perhaps it is the mental effort of forcing this mechanism of a smile which brings a really happy state of mind. Whatever the cause, it is literally true that you cannot look blackly on the world and your own fortunes if the lines of your face are ascending instead of drooping. This muscular state of your countenance is connected in some strange way with that mysterious thing called the mind; for you will find, if you try it, that a sort of serenity of soul comes to you and a strong confidence that "everything will come out right in the end." When we Americans are older we will pay more attention to these things.

The Japanese neglect none of these little psychological facts in warfare. It is said that they are taught to smile in action, and especially on the charge. Doubtless this report is true. It has at bottom the same explanation that music in battle has. What could be more terrifying than the approach of an enemy determined on your death who looks upon your execution as so pleasant and easy a thing that he smiles about it? Well, if this is a good rule for the battlefield it is a much better rule for the home.

Also, it is interesting to note how a pleasant expression begets its like. I have observed this even in Manchuria and other parts of China, where a smile unfailingly won a return smile from children who were watching you from the fields; whereas a frown would instantly becloud the little faces with a kindred expression of disfavor. I am spending a good deal of time upon this item of good cheer in the new home because I think that as long as happiness surrounds the American fireside all is well with the Republic.

There is no investment which yields such dividends as the society you will find in your home. The company, the talk, the silent sympathy of that sagacious and congenial person who is your wife yields a return in spirit, wisdom, moral tone and pure pleasure to be found in like measure nowhere else on earth. It is said that Charles James Fox, the most resourceful debater the British Parliament has ever seen, was so fond of his home and his wife that he would actually absent himself from Parliament for the sheer pleasure of her presence and conversation. Lord Beaconsfield, who, we are told, married for the mere purpose of ambition, afterward fell hopelessly in love with his wife and spent every moment he could in her society. She proved, too, to be his shrewdest counselor. Bismarck's boundless love for his Princess increased with the years; yet she was chiefly and perhaps only a German *hausfrau*—an ideal housewife. The German people particularly loved the wife of Bismarck because of these exclusively domestic traits. Perhaps that was why he adored her more and more as the years went by. Gladstone, who was a very surly and irritable person, declared that his wife had made life "cushiony."

Of course, it is taken for granted in this paper that the young American wife is this kind of a woman—wise and gentle and good-natured—above all things good-natured. I don't like the tone of the common comment of the American medical profession about the neurotic condition of our American women. Our physicians are saying that there is not one American woman in a thousand who is nervously normal. The profession declares that they are excitable, irritable, peevish; and that this unfortunate state is produced by the unnatural and absurd tension they are under all the time. Their so-called "social duties," the minute and nerve-destroying precision of their housekeeping, their unnecessary overloading of themselves with tasks futile and fictitious; the determination to "appear" a little better than their neighbors, and above all, to have their children—their *one* or *two* children—particularly "spick and span" and up-to-date; and the long catalogue of folly into which our high-geared, modern civilization has led our women, and through no fault of theirs—"all these," said an eminent neurologist, in talking of this absorbing topic, "are impairing the agreeableness and curtailing the usefulness of our women, and will in the end destroy our women themselves." I hope this is not true. If it is true, we had better begin and find the cause of it and apply the remedy, or we are a lost people. That nation is doomed whose women have ceased to be vital, good-tempered and home-loving.

The keen, practical wisdom of women in purely business affairs has often been noted. The young man who neglects this helpfulness simply throws away good sense. Not to counsel with your wife on business matters that affect your common fortune is sheer stupidity. Besides, it is morally wrong. From the very nature of her she is more interested than you in strengthening the walls of your new home, in making your joint experiment in the living of life a beautiful success. Her words are the counsel of instinct and therefore of Nature. And Nature is wise.

Naturally, there are some things you cannot tell her. If you are a lawyer or a doctor you are dishonorable if you tell your wife or any other human being any secret of client or patient. It is not your secret. If it were she would be entitled to know it — ought to know it. But no woman of sense will expect or permit you to tell her any professional or business confidences. Don't expect her to be helpful to you in your profession or occupation except by counsel. Of course, there is the great and inestimable help that comes from the mere fact that she is your wife. After all, that is the very greatest help any woman can be to any man. The care of home, the upbringing of children, the strengthening of a husband's character here and there, the detection of those thousands of little vices of manner and thought which develop in every man — in short, the living of a natural woman's life is the only method of real helpfulness.

Particularly is this true of political life and career. A man who must be lifted to distinction by his wife's apron-strings does not deserve distinction. In the end he does not get it — the apron-strings usually break, and they ought to break. It may be stated as a general truth that a man is never helped by the active participation of the wife in his political affairs. There are notable exceptions just as there are to every rule, but as a generalization this statement is accurate. Men resent that kind of thing in politics. They want a man who aspires to anything to be worthy of that thing on his own account. They want their leader to be a leader; and no leader is "managed" in politics by his wife. They are right about it, too. But whether they are right or wrong that is the way they feel.

So the only help which a woman can be to a man in politics is just to be a wife in all that that term implies. And what greater help than that could there be? There could not be any greater help than that. Frances Folsom Cleveland is still popular. The unerring instinct of the American millions saw in her the ideal wife and mother. She did not impair this magnificent impression by mixing up in politics and trying to plan and "manage" her husband's campaigns. We Americans are a home-making and a home-loving people. And as a nation we adore the American wife and mother — the maker and keeper of the American home.

So you attend to your politics or your business and let your wife attend to hers. And she will be happy and glad to make your home the exclusive scene of her activities if you will only be man enough to do a man's full part in the world and leave no room for a woman of spirit to see that you are not doing a man's full part and, therefore, to try to help you out. I sometimes think that the propaganda that woman is the equal of man, and that it is all right for her to take on man's work in business and the professions, is due not so much to an abnormal development in her character as it is to a decadence in our manhood. At least I have always observed that the wife of a really masterful man finds her greatest happiness in being merely his wife.

Speaking of politics, I have always thought that men, young and old, ought to consult their wives and families about how they cast their ballots. What right has any man to vote as he individually thinks best? He is the head of the family, it is true, but he is only one of the family, after all. This Republic is not made up of individuals; it is made up of families. Its unit is not the boarding-house but the home. The Senate of the United States is the greatest forum of free debate on earth; but the counsel of the American fireside is far more powerful. Wife and children have a vital interest in every ballot deposited by father and husband — an interest as definite and tangible as his own. Every voter, therefore, ought to discuss with wife and children, with parents, brothers and sisters, all public questions, and vote according to the composite family conviction. No greater method of safety can be invented or imagined than for the American family to "size up" the American public man and then have the voters of that family sustain or reject him at the polls according to the verdict of the household. If such were the rule, only those men who are of the people when they are first placed in public office and who keep close to the people ever after would be elected to anything. Such a method, too, would insure a steadier current of national policy subject to fewer variations. There would not be so many fads to deflect sound and sane statesmanship. So, by all means, young man, begin your career as a citizen by making your wife a partner in every vote you cast.

(Continued on Page 26)

IN HARDEN'S PLACE

A Telephone Story with Love on the Wire

BY J. E. CALKINS

I WAS wondering," said Mather, poising receptively on the corner of the table by Wakeley's desk, "if you might not have some prospectus, or something or other, that would throw a little light on the Bisley Mechanical Exchange."

"I have," said Wakeley, reaching for a drawer in his big roll-top desk, without laying down the specifications for the new Auburn Hill switchboard, which he was studying. He dug out a pamphlet, and handed it, without a second glance, to Mather. "Here are the whole works," he said.

"If you want to see that apparatus demonstrated in operation all you need do is to take the train down to Westover. We've got it against us in opposition there." Wakeley laid down his document and looked up and around as he said this. His voice sounded as though the subject irritated him.

"What sort of proposition?" asked Mather. "Local mutual, or outside promoter?"

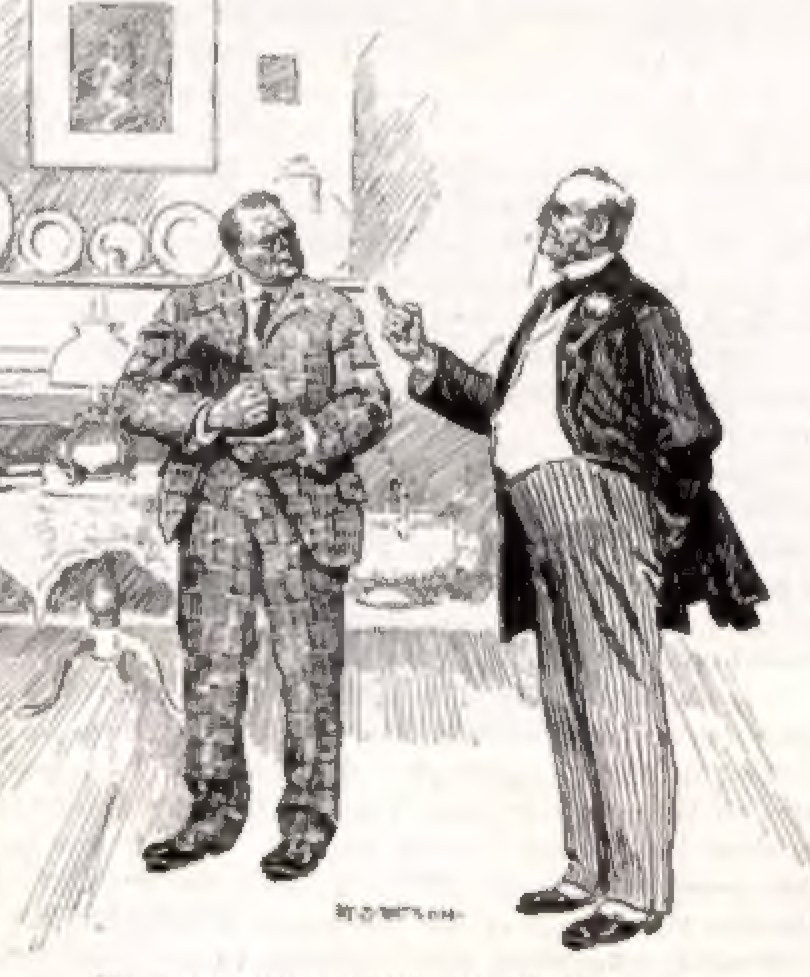
"It's a beastly mixture of both," answered Wakeley disgustedly. "A fellow named Stull is in there, with a big reputation for killing off old-line exchanges in the East. He poses as an expert in the employ of a local corporation, but he is worse than that. He has organized them, built their exchange, and has it working. He gets a bonus of $5000. Half of this has been paid on the opening of the exchange, and he gets the other half when he turns in six hundred cash contracts. He tells us that in three months more we shall be glad to have even a toll-station left in Westover, and some of us begin to believe him."

"This thing claims to run itself, doesn't it?" asked Mather, innocently studying the book.

"That is what it is doing at Westover," said Wakeley. "They have a nice talking proposition there: no party-lines, every station individual, with full copper metallic circuit; no operators, but instantaneous service, and no back talk; quick repair in time of trouble, half the rates we charge, and a sure annual dividend of twenty to thirty per cent. to stockholders. Oh, we can't hold a candle to them. Runs itself, as you say. Subscriber pulls the lever to the number he wants and pushes home the button; the instrument does the rest. It makes the connection, rings up the other fellow, and keeps ringing till he answers, and it holds the line till both are done. No broken conversations there. Hang up your 'phone and it disconnects. The mechanical marvel of the age. Couple it up with a swift, slick tongue like Stull's and nothing else can touch it. Certainly we haven't been able to."

"I see by the book here," said Mather, "that it hasn't a weak point. Is that right?"

"Well, if you believe the book and Stull, it is right," replied Wakeley with vindictive emphasis. "Cutting the operator out at Central leaves you with small chance of being able to reach anybody there, in case of need. Along with the operator's salary you eliminate the human intelligence that is required, some of us think, to keep the most perfect machine up to its work. Trouble may go a long time unreported, since the machine can't talk. Then the ring-off: all right if you never forget to hang up your hand 'phone, but suppose you do! Those two telephones remain connected till somebody has wit enough to put that hand 'phone on the hook again. Suppose that happens last thing Saturday night in some store or office that is locked till Monday morning! The other fellow is going to be without a telephone till Monday morning. And a few other little things like that. But you can't tell those Westover people a thing. Stull has them all headed his way, and we haven't been able to turn them. It looks like a stampede of our whole exchange, as he promises. Harden has fought him till he has broken down, without making a mark that I can see. It is a nice state of affairs for the new manager, whoever he is."



HE HAD BUILT LINES IN TEXAS

"And there is something funny inside the opposition, too," he went on. "I get it roundabout, but it's straight. These Westover people understand that they are going to own their exchange because they have stock in it. I haven't learned the trick, but Stull is fooling them. When they wake up some day they will find that he either owns their exchange, or else that he has sold them out; anyway, they will not be in control. But I can't prove this; they all swear by Stull, and there we are. I'd like to see the man who can show them anything down in Westover." The superintendent produced a long, black cigar, and viciously bored its tip into his grim mouth. Suddenly he looked up.

"Mather," he asked, "what makes you so interested in the Bisley all at once?"

"Oh, nothing much," replied Mather carelessly, still studying the book. "Only Jayemerson has offered me Harden's place, and I have accepted the nomination, and go to-night."

Wakeley stared, first in unbelief, then in grim glee. He smote the arm of his revolving chair soundly. "Jimmy," he cried softly, but in undisguised irony, "you'll be elected! Oh, but isn't Jayemerson a genius! Isn't he a wonder at picking men — picking them green? Who but J. Emerson Keene would have been divinely led to choose you for Harden's job at Westover? You have the age, Jimmy," he went on mockingly, "and the years of experience in exchange management, and a long life of warfare with all kinds of opposition, and the address, the good looks, the new clothes, the nerve: the sublime, magnificent nerve! Oh, let me congratulate the Consolidated!" Wakeley waved his hand in extravagant gesture. "I see you back here in less than two weeks, Jimmy, with Stull's scalp a-dangling." He sprang up and bowed in exaggerated obeisance. "Jimmy! When you are general manager you won't forget, will you?"

"Ren," answered Mather, neither smiling nor frowning, "you are right — this time. Sending me into this fight is simple slaughter, but I am going. I think I understand his amiable intentions, but there are some other things in the affairs of this company that I don't understand, and I am going to see what I can find out."

Wakeley shook his head sadly. "What you will find out, Jimmy," he said, "isn't going to do you any good."

"And besides," said Mather, "I know a girl down there."

"Yes, I was just going to say!" declared Wakeley, with remarkable emphasis for a sentence that stopped so short after saying so little.

. . . .

Notwithstanding the girl, Mather's first call in Westover was upon Willis Hackett, city editor of the Morning Clarion. The fame of Captain Hackett's eleven had largely sprung from the long head and the wonderful foot-work of Jimmy Mather, and this first meeting in two years was sufficiently cordial. Then Mather stated his case.

"I am not half as fit for Harden's job as I am for yours, Willis," he said; "so you can judge."

"It looks highly complimentary on the outside, though, Jimmy," said Hackett.

"But the inside is crossed on a live wire, and it's me that is up against it. I'll tell you, Willis. My father is a director of the Consolidated Exchange Company." Hackett nodded. "And when J. Emerson Keene came up for election as general manager my father knew him too well, and opposed him." Hackett nodded again. "J. Emerson Keene was elected, and the board was more or less split on him. Next year I went to work in the general office. Jayemerson was delighted — oh, almost tickled to death! — to make a place for me, on the basis of my father's recommendation, you know!" Mather's voice was astringent with irony. Hackett nodded.

"Well, maybe you can see where I think I 'am at,'" continued Mather. "It has never been exactly easy for General Manager Keene either to fire me or shoot me, but just because I am alive and on the pay-roll is no sign of his friendship. Now it comes to this: Westover exchange is an exploded bubble. It is as good as gone, but the directors don't yet know that fact. Harden has failed, but he is out of sight. I am promoted. Father's influence, do you see? I get here just in time to crown myself with reputation as an everlasting failure. Down I go, and Mather, Sr., gets a stab in the tenderest spot. Jayemerson is awfully sorry! Hoped I was going to make a name for myself! All the same, he tells the other directors that he knew it would be that way when he sent me, only Director Mather would have it, and there you are; just as vile a plot as you ever saw hatched out of human hatred. Now, Willis, what I want of you is any cute trick play that will help me to beat this villain."

Hackett looked away in thought. "Jimmy," he said, returning his gaze, "it looks tough. You may be right, or you may guess wrong, but I don't see where you stand any chance to smash Stull's line." He looked away again, studying, with a frown of anxiety.

"I'm going to tell you, in the first place," he said, "this paper I work for is out to beat you, and fouls go with it the same as fair play."

"Nice paper!" commented Mather.

"In the next place," continued Hackett, "the company held a meeting yesterday at which Dr. Dana Webster was elected president. Well, you'll find out who he is. He is the pride of the town, and Doctor Webster; nevertheless he does drag along with him the other doctors, the two hospitals, the drug stores, his coal-mining company, the Westover Lumber Company, all the hardware men, the contractors, and about half the people in town in connection with all these. He doesn't know a telephone from an eight-day clock, but if you can beat a man of his kind with your old monopoly you may win. So, you see, I can't help you much. But while you are waiting for the ax you bring your suit-case up to my room and prepare to die in comfort. We have one of the new mechanical wonder telephones there, and other modern disadvantages."

. . . .

But if Marie Webster did not receive the first call that Jimmy Mather paid in Westover, she did receive the second. She found him more than ever the good-looking, likely lad he was when a student at the Western Military Academy, only more of a man; and he found her the same girl she used to be when she was in school at the seminary across the river — and yet how different! More slender, yet hardly taller; vastly more graceful, yet not weighted with cumbersome dignity. She had become actually pretty, and more charming than pretty, and, somehow, she moved in an atmosphere of such assuring sympathy that, before he had fairly realized it, he had told her almost the whole story.

"You know I think you are giving altogether too much weight to my father's influence," she said, "and not enough to your own chances. You know I am not a partisan of the new company."

Mather opened wide his eyes.

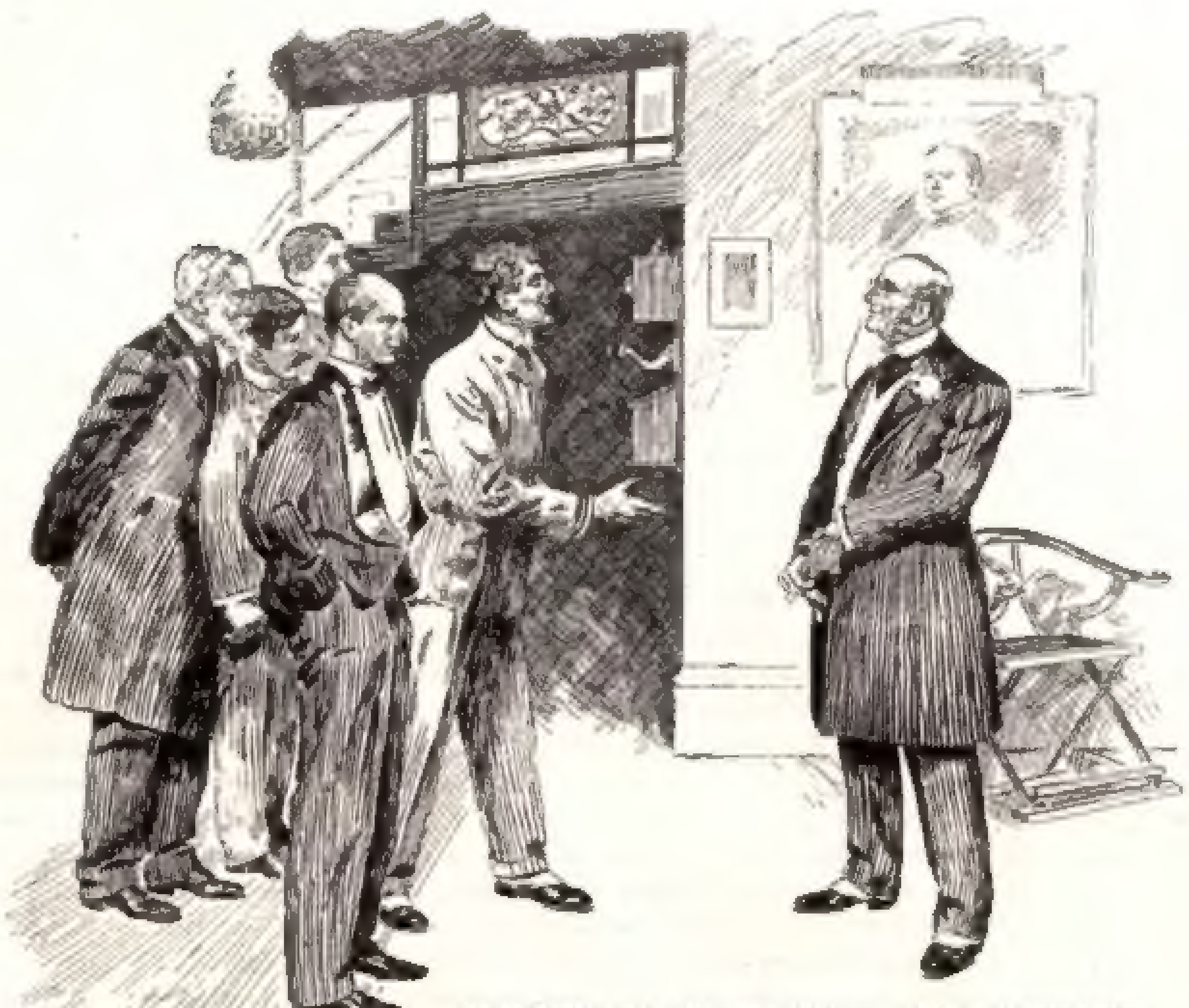
"Don't look so frightened," she laughed. "I mean it. I want the old 'phone and I don't like the new one. I want the toll-lines, and Manager Harden was always very nice to us, and I can't bear this man Stull. You should have heard the battle we had over him at the breakfast-table this morning."

"Now, you are the very person I have been wanting to see, Marie," cried Mather, with undeniable eagerness in his voice, drawing nearer to her for further and more intimate talk.

When he finally rose to go he seemed much like a young man who has plans and hopes of carrying them out.

"You will come again, soon?" she questioned at the door.

"There isn't a doubt of it," he answered heartily. "I can see that I am going to need your head."



MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY CAME FORWARD TO GREET HIM

"But don't forget to use your own," she called after him as he went, lifting his hat to her over a lightsome face.

The rest of that day, and most of the next, Mather spent in a very queer way for the manager of an exchange. He called at his own office and asked if the manager were in, and seemed unconvinced when he was told that the manager had resigned, from illness, and had not yet been succeeded. He blundered into his own stockroom and repair-shop, seeking some impossible bit of electrical apparatus, and lingered so long, so interested, so innocently curious, that he had quite absorbed the place by the time he left, and its contents with it. He did about the same thing at the new exchange which he had come to Westover to fight; only here he got an employee to show him the apparatus and all its working; after which jest and cigars won his way in the supply department till he had a chance to take it in. He saw Stull, but at a safe distance. He demeaned himself toward Stull as though the latter were a pestilence. Then, on the evening of the second day, he wired a rush telegram to Renfrow Wakeley, superintendent of the Consolidated Exchange Company, at Summit City, and next morning Willie Garrigus was on hand.

"It is well that you came dressed in your best suit of clothes, Willie," said Mather, as he shook hands with the smiling, fresh-faced lad. "I want you to change names with me, and play that you are James C. Mather, manager of the Westover exchange, while I keep out of sight. Do you see?"

"Sure I do," said Willie, with the most uncomprehending face he had ever worn, "but switch me if I understand." So Mather told him some things.

"The ould snake!" exclaimed Willie, smitten, but still smiling, till, suddenly sobering, he added: "If he'll do that he'll do more."

"Do you think so?" asked Mather, apparently surprised.

"I'll het yeh!" returned Willie with fervor. "That 'minds me. Comin' from the deepo this mornin' I passed a gang o' these Mechanical men workin', an' if they wasn't slingin' up a ten-pin crossarm that had the Consolidated brand on the end uv ut, then I'll eat ut."

"Is that so, Willie?" asked Mather, wonderfully calm for such a disclosure. "Well, all that kind of news we'll not be puttin' in the pa-apers yit; do yeh see?" When Mather was in Willie's company it was a favorite diversion of his to drop into Willie's warm brogue. "Now you go up and take possession of the exchange, and run it right. Perhaps the less you run it at all the better it will be, but you can look wise. Anything serious bring to me. But don't overwork. Get out among the subscribers in a pleasant way, and find out what ails them, and what we can do to hold them. And if you see anything more of such tricks as that you saw on the way up from the deepo, Willie, be sure you remember it — and the more you see the better."

"I'll bet I see now," said Willie, his face wrinkling terrifically in a tremendous double wink. Then he grew swiftly sober.

"I was thinkin'," he said, "would it be well f'r me to go jollyin' them subscribers of ours by talkin' to them just?" There was a wistful questioning in his face as he spoke. Mather groped helplessly for his meaning.

"Yuh know," Willie explained, "words is cheap, an' they're often good, but they's only a few people that find them a comfortin' an' nourishin' diet."

Light dawned upon Mather with this. He produced a bill of fair denomination, and handed it over. "Be sociable, Willie," he said, "but remember that you are wearing my character; so don't be foolish."

"No, sir," answered Willie. "They ain't no time."

. . . .

Dr. Dana Webster's excellent estimation of himself had not suffered by reason of his seemingly unanimous call to the presidency of the new telephone company, so when Willie Garrigus, in the rôle of Manager Mather, waited upon him at his office, and made effort to convince him that he ought to keep his old 'phone, even though he also had the new one, he would not hear a word. He had no time to waste in such senseless arguings, for he was not open to conviction. So the brevet-manager promised to send a man as soon as he could to get both sets, and came away.

As a matter of fact, Doctor Webster's knowledge of the telephone was the slightest possible. Whatever happened, he called it a cross, and hammered the transmitter by way of first relief to the injured. Whenever the operator happened to give him a "bad cord" he reported that his battery was run down. Naturally he could not have been impressed by any argument; naturally he was as pleased as a child with a new toy when he made answer to the test-call from the new set just installed at his home. "Ah — that works fine!" he congratulated himself. Then he rang up the two or three other doctors who had the Mechanical telephone, ostensibly to tell them to be sure to come to the Medical Society meeting that evening, but actually to try his new plaything. He was delighted.

But tribulation lay in wait for him at his home. Essaying to telephone back to his assistant at the office, soon after reaching his house, he got the signal that indicated that he was already connected with some other telephone. Absurd! He knew better. Yet two minutes later he got the same signal, and again, and yet again. Then he called up over the old 'phone, soon to be removed, and got a prompt reply. He assured himself that the bungling work of the man who installed his house set should be promptly made good next day.

Doctor Webster was not only president of the Westover Mechanical Exchange Company, but he likewise honored the Overton County Medical Society in the same capacity. This held its regular quarterly meeting that evening in the parlors of the Pastime Club. Perceiving the advantages of this occasion for the advertisement of the merits of the new telephone, Doctor Webster had urgently required the installation of a set in the clubhouse. As he entered the big front door he saw it, by the side of the old set, in a recess of the hallway.

Members of the society came forward to greet him. Some of them congratulated him upon his recent election, and one or two mildly prodded him because they had not yet been able to get their telephones installed. Incidentally, he had to take the rasping of H. Clay Virgen, a devoted habitué of the club, with a face and equanimity that nothing could move, a suspicion of the new exchange, and a way of saying things most disagreeably. Virgen had a grievance against his telephone, and he pinned the doctor to the wall till he had unloaded it upon him.

"I don't know what ails the thing," he said in a voice of shrill timbre that reached the farthest corner of the hall; "maybe I am ignorant, but I wish you would call up my house right now. I want to stand here and watch you, so as to learn how."

Sudden fear smote the doctor. He would gladly have denied expert knowledge, but he dared not refuse the test. Locked! Locked, like his own an hour before! He felt himself flushing to the back of his neck, while a dozen men gathered about and looked on.

"This set has just been put in," he extenuated, "and the whole exchange is new yet. It may be some little adjustment that is needed. I will see to it in the morning."

"And in the mean time," rasped Virgen, "if you want the police, or the fire department, or the doctor — why, use the old reliable." He indicated the old telephone with a gesture that made the doctor hate him.

Things went worse before they became better, till the doctor cursed himself for ever thinking of placing a set in the Pastime Club. Other men tried to use the new set and failed, and then had recourse to the old one, with most unpleasant remarks, generally audible in the parlor where the meeting was in progress. While striving to preside with his wonted dignity, the president heard one man profanely wish that "Doc Webster couldn't draw another breath till the blanked thing was fixed." At the conclusion of the meeting, seeking to escape further torture, he had to run the gauntlet of that hall. He glanced at the two telephones. The old one was surmounted by a large placard which read, "Use This Telephone." The new one was placarded, "This One is Busted."

The regrets and promises of his exchange manager next morning half-way mollified him. Strangely enough, his home telephone worked at the touch when he tried it before breakfast; still it proved a vexing day. Only one call came to the office over the new line all day long, omitting from count the several meaningless rings which no voice accompanied. There were a score over the old one, and several of them gave the pleasing intelligence that an effort had been made to reach him by the new line, but had failed. Once when he tried it himself the new line worked beautifully, but time after time he found it tied up by the same strange disability that had tormented him the evening before. And finally, at home again that evening, he found himself cut off as on the previous evening. Exasperated, he walked three blocks to the nearest Mechanical telephone to call up from it. There was no answer. Neither the "trouble" man, Bailey, the manager, nor any lineman was there to reply. The doctor bottled his anger, but it grew to fever heat.

Not by telephone, but by messenger, Bailey was haled into the presence of the president of the company next morning, at the latter's office. The interview was not witnessed, but as it ended by Bailey hurling his job of manager in the teeth of his superior officer, together with superb scorn of him, his money, his company and his town, it may be imagined that the president's grievance was voiced with vigor.

The departure of the seething Bailey was followed, in the shortest possible space of time, by the entrance of the promoter, Stull, excited and nervous. Bailey was Stull's choice, lured away from one of the larger exchanges of the Consolidated, and supposed to exactly fit the place. It had taken fine work to get him; now he would return to the Consolidated with a neat package of inside facts anent Stull and his methods, unless the breach could be closed.

If some one had been in the doctor's office when Stull fluttered in as the timorous dove of peace doubtless they would have retreated to the inner room, and there reached some conclusion in harmony; but as the doctor was alone in his rooms he began to fight the moment they met. Stull's diplomacy lasted a little more than a minute; then he, too, laid on; and as he had built lines in Texas, and been a local agent in Utah, the proceedings did not lack interest. Incidentally the doctor proclaimed his belief that, if the present operation of Stull's exchange were a sample, the whole thing was a fraud; he had given his name to a swindle for the undoing of his friends; he didn't believe the machine was any good, or ever would be.

And all the while, just outside the door, unseen and unsuspected, but absorbing every word, lurked little Hoskins, reporter of the Evening Signal.

Hoskins had not come to spy—only to get Doctor Webster's account of the Medical Society's meeting. It had happened that Stull had entered a quarter of a minute before him, and precipitated the engagement; but it likewise happened that Hoskins was not the man to allow fine-spun sentiment to stand between him and such a newsy tidbit as this fight between the president and the promoter of the new telephone company, against which he had standing orders.

So that evening's Signal contained it all, with substantial accuracy, including the doctor's troubles at home and at the club, and some of Stull's bad language, coupled with the statement that the new exchange lacked two hundred subscribers of the number stipulated; that troubles such as the president cited were not the exception, but the rule; that Manager Bailey was out for good and going back to the Consolidated, with profuse apologies for his wanderings, and that the new exchange was going to smash generally. It filled two columns, and made good reading.

Meantime, Mather's own discoveries, supplemented by those of Willie Garrigus, who was never suspected of lacking acuteness, had replaced doubt with certainty. A telegram to Summit City brought Mather a copy of every bill of material shipped to Westover in the past six months, and credentials that admitted him to the confidence of the freight agent of the railroad whereby they had been forwarded. Hackett grew delighted as the evidence piled up.

"If you don't let me in on this when it happens," he said, "you don't deserve the name of friend."

"I will have it happen on your time if I can," promised Mather.

If it had not been for the call out of town that came just after the doctor had read the Signal's story it is possible that he and Stull might have patched up a peace, but as it was he had much to do to catch his train, and he did not get home till after two A. M. When he arose, late next morning, it was to confront in the Clarion a detailed and emphatic denial of the entire story which the Signal had printed the evening before, including statements purporting to have come from his own lips, in which he not only denied but denounced—not only hoped, but pledged and promised. He gazed at the printed page, unable to believe his own eyes. Stull had simply taken advantage of his absence to put him on record, believing that he would not have the hardihood to deny the denial.

Of course, there was only one way around that incident. The doctor promptly wrote that very denial of the denial. Moreover, he carried it to the Clarion office in a state of fine indignation, and forced its publication, without comment. It was the Signal of the next evening that made the comment, republishing the article with unholy glee, and with it a story of the incident, and an editorial that pilloried Stull as the most brazen adventurer that had ever infested Westover, while it exalted Doctor Webster as an innocent purchaser in the new company, and a man whose honor could not allow a falsehood to pass unchallenged.

And concerning the rejoinder of Stull to this publication, appearing in the next issue of the Clarion, little Hoskins says that it established the high-water mark of vituperative controversy in Westover, and he has no expectation that he will ever see that mark touched. Numerous other residents of Westover were free to say that nothing but shooting could follow.

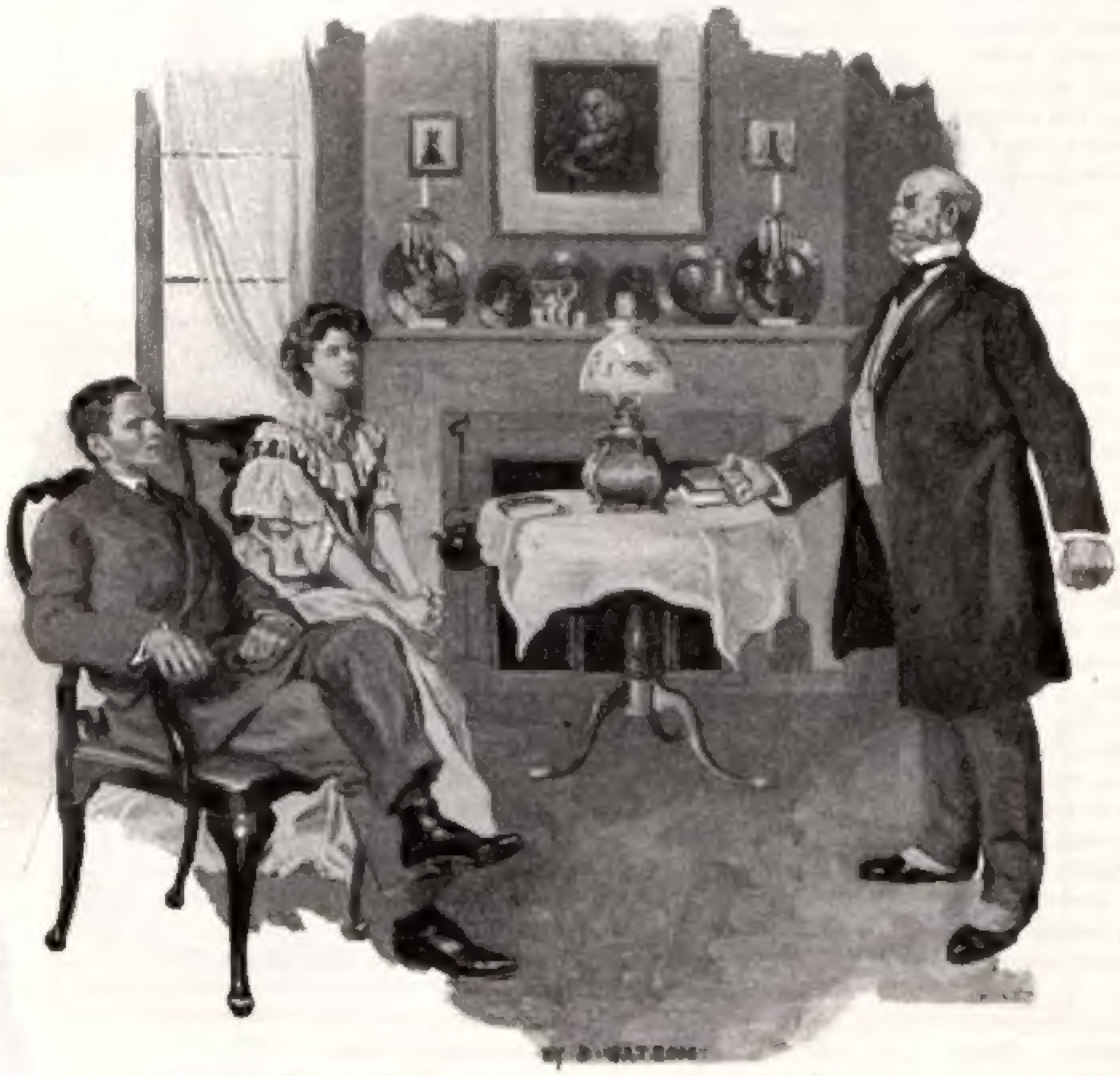
But Doctor Webster had no such revenge in view. When his daughter Marie admitted Mather to the house that forenoon he was in his den, submerged in study of the contract between the company and that man Stull, in the hope of discovering ways and means whereby Stull might be summarily ejected, minus the second installment of his agreed compensation; and as he studied he fast became convinced that Stull had the company about where he wanted it.

Marie smiled enchantingly in welcome of Mather, and then grew charmingly serious.

"I am afraid there is going to be trouble," she said.

"I know there is," assured Mather. "But it isn't coming here. Come on and introduce me to your father. He hasn't the honor of my acquaintance yet."

"I understand you have been experiencing a little trouble with your new telephone, Doctor," began Mather, after the ceremony was over, "so I came up to tell you how it happened. I guess I am to blame for all that misunderstanding."



THE OVERWROUGHT TEMPER OF THE DOCTOR GAVE WAY

The doctor stared, and his daughter sank into a chair at the rear of the room and waited.

"You see," proceeded Mather, "you were bound to throw our instruments out. We could not afford to lose you, and we knew you could not do without us, but you were bound you wouldn't listen to a word, so we had to show you that you cannot get on without the element of human intelligence in a business like yours, no matter how perfect the mechanism of the exchange." Mather's face was so cheerful with this that he actually seemed to smile.

"Well," the doctor said roughly, "whatever you are talking about, get to it and stop your grinning."

"Certainly," agreed Mather. "All I had to do was to ring up your office on one of your lines and then go away and leave the hand 'phone down. Same with your house. I called your office a dozen times a day, but I fixed your house by borrowing an instrument in some store or shop away on the outskirts of town, just about closing-time in the evening. When I left a hand 'phone down there you were tied up for the night. That is what happened at the Medical Society's meeting that evening. I suppose you remember that."

The overwrought temper of the doctor gave way. He leaped to his feet with a roar, and started for Mather. "That's enough!" he said, half-choked with rage. "Now you get out of here!" Mather sat unmoved, not even looking his way. He did not appear to have heard a word. He drew a couple of slips of paper from his wallet.

"Now, Doctor," he said, undisturbed, "here is a little matter of business that interests you still more. I have here in form your resignation as president of this telephone company of yours, and a statement, for publication in both the papers, to the effect that you repudiate this man Stull and all his works, including the Mechanical Exchange, and adhere steadfastly to the Consolidated Exchange Company as the only honorable and reliable telephone purveyor in the field. These are all ready for your signature, Doctor."

The doctor sank into his chair again, and gasped.

"You don't seem to understand," continued Mather, taking a letter from his side pocket, where he had it handy. "Please read this. When Mr. Stull left his last roast of President Webster at the Clarion office he accidentally included this, slipped into its pages in his pocket and overlooked. Next it promptly fell into my hands." He passed it to the doctor, who read:

> *My Dear Stull:* I am sending in Harden's place young Mather, dude son of one of my directors. He is very easy shooting, and I hope you will kill him. How is the canvass going? Don't fail to elect old Doc Webster. He may be a dub, as you say, but he can pull contracts for us, and we want him till we get that second installment. We shall still have the votes, and we can dump him whenever we get done with him. Car of poles sent to-day. Be sure no Consol. marks show. Don't trust our wires. They may leak. Write or telegraph. Address Julian K. Rover, 117 Port Street, Summit City. Yours, J. E. K.

"That, Doctor," said Mather, "is from my general manager to your general agent. How do you like it?"

The doctor was speechless, but his face answered for him.

"When I came here a few days ago," proceeded Mather, "I knew that man Keene, the author of this letter, was my enemy, and I suspected that he was somehow crooked. He hates my father for opposing his election as general manager, and I believed he wanted me to come here to guaranteed failure simply to gratify that grudge! But I didn't know that I was trailing a grand thief into a den of robbers."

The doctor's face wore a hopeless look. Mather felt a sense of pity growing within him, and he spoke very gently when he said: "Your resignation, Doctor, is the only way out for you, and this quarrel with Stull makes it the natural course for you to take."

"I don't see how my resignation is going to help me any," said the doctor. "I don't see anything that I want to run away from."

"Then let me show you something," said Mather, with a display of confidence that made the doctor's heart sink. "General Manager Keene made a great show of friendship for me when he took me into the general office of the Consolidated Exchange Company, at the wish of my father; but, all the same, he tried to plant me where I couldn't amount to anything. One place where he had me buried for months was the supply department, by the favor of a kind Providence! There I learned every mark and every article we use, so that now I know them in the dark.

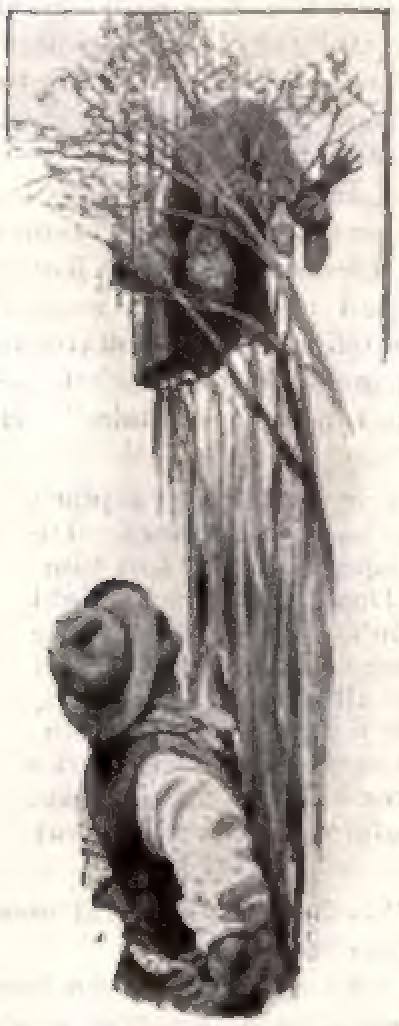
"In the supply department I also learned certain other things that awoke my suspicions. I accepted this place down here in the face of defeat because I expected to get to the bottom of these things. By raking through your supply-room and my own, and checking over shipments, as forwarded from Summit City and as received here, and by intercepting the correspondence of these two rascals, Keene and Stull, and by the aid of Willie Garrigus, who is playing manager for me, I have done more than I expected. Two carloads of poles, a carload of crossarms, ten gross of insulators, twenty-two bundles of copper line wire, six barrels of pins, and plenty of such small stuff as office wire, polesteps, lagscrews, pliers, climbers, safety-belts and the like, all paid for with the money of the Consolidated Company, have lodged in your hands down here in Westover, and been built into this exchange with which you are fighting me. Right now your men are using our tools to put our material into your construction. You are into us now something less than $3000, but the returns are still coming in, and the evidence is of the ironclad brand. I should have arrested Stull here last night, and wired Summit City to nab Keene, if it had not been for one fact. I wanted to let you get from under. Resign to-day, and let people believe you do it because you are mad, and you'll be out of it, and Stull will be the only man to blame. Of course, it is your affair, Doctor. If you prefer to have the arrests take place with you in office—— Ah, thank

(Concluded on Page 32)

Mr. Scragg's Intervenes

BY HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

AUTHOR OF RED SAUNDERS



"HE LANDED ON TOP OF A QUAKIN' ASP"

"THERE was a man," said Mr. Scraggs, "who said: 'Deliver me from my friends.' Now, I ain't goin' so far as to say I indorse that statement, nor I ain't standin' still so strong as to say I don't. But I know this: An enemy will do something for you every time, whilest most friends won't, and, moreover, I ain't ever had any enemy who furnished me with as much light entertainment as my friend Pete.

"I am speakin' from this here point of view. The real joyousness of life consists of being busy. We won't take no vote on the subjeck; we'll just admit it. Hence an enemy, that *is* an enemy, when you be in good health and able for to look after the enemy part from your side, is a great source of innercent amusement. A man gets so dum practical, he don't take no interest in all the pleasant rocks and bushes strewed over the country by the beneficent hand of Providence. He shacks along on his little old cayuse, with his mind occupied on how many things he can't do next, and he gits plumb disgusted. But suppose there's a chance of an able-bodied enemy, aided and abetted with a gun, a-hidin' behind each and every one of them rocks and bushes? Don't life take on an interest? I bet you money! The imaginations of that man's mind gets started up. Life becomes full of chances. The man, he's interested in his life because the other feller wants to take it away from him. A good enemy in a lonesome country means more to that man than her best friend's widower means to a maiden aunt. You bet.

"Red and me differs there, I know, but his idees gets sifted through that crop of red alfalfa he wears, whilest I present a clean proposition to any idee that comes boundin' o'er the lee, or to wind'ard, or any direction she chooses to bound. Yessir; when I begin to feel that life ain't worth livin' give me an enemy or a friend like Pete Douglass.

"It ain't for me to poke no fun at Pete's looks. There's a place where a humorous turn of mind orter stop. Pete's looks was too serious for any man to get comic about. It appeared as if his features had been blowed on to his face by a gale of wind; his whiskers had a horrified expression, like they'd made their escape if they hadn't been fastened on, and he was double-jointed in every point of the compass. When he stood up straight he give you more the impression of sittin' down then a man sick a-bed could. I dunno how it come, but everything old Pete looked like, seemed precisely the reverse.

"The way I got acquainted with Pete was when he put his hard coin agin a French tin-horn's race-track game. There was little horses running around a board, and you put your money where you thought it would win, but you never thought right, because the Dago had a stick under the table that pulled them races to suit his fancy.

"It stood to reason that taking money off'n a man who'd play such a game was inhumanity in the first degree, so when Pete's last dollar departed I entered that horse-race with a gun, just as I had no business to, and I says to the tin-horn: 'Look-a-here, you put that money across the board, or I'll play a tune on you,' and so he shouldn't think I was interferin' out of an idle curiosity, I pointed the weapon at him.

"'O-rrr righ'!' says he; 'Tooty-sweet.' I lost a good deal of patience on the spot. You see, it seemed like he was tryin' to be entertaining. I say, by way of an amoosin' remark, that I'm goin' to play a tune on that tin-horn, and he gayly tells me to toot sweet! Well, I don't want to harrow your feelin's. Anyway, Pete got his money and Frenchy returned to the land where his style of remarks was more appreciated, a little later.

"So Pete, he grasps my hand with tears in his eyes and considerable blood on his nose, where I'd accidently hit him with the Dago, and he says I'm his friend forever, and he'll show me what friendship really means. That's why I'm inclined to say that for rest and recreation I'll take an enemy. Whether our friend and brother, Mr. Douglass, was the luckiest or unluckiest man on earth, I've never been able to figger out. He personally explored the bottom of every old prospeck hole in the country. He was romantic by disposition, Pete was, and loved to go for walks at night. If he didn't turn up for breakfast I took down the coil of rope and proceeded until I found the right hole, because you could bet as safe that he was at the bottom of one of 'em as you could that the bottom itself was there.

"When I asked him, 'How come you to do it, Pete?' he allus answered, 'I dunno; I got to thinkin' about somethin'.' If anything valooable had occurred to Pete, whilest he was in one of them thinking spells, he'd have been one of these here genuises.

"When a sawmill sent a slab sailin', or bust a belt, Pete was at the centre of the disturbed districk. He fell off every foot log in ten miles; why, he was drowned fourteen times in three weeks!

"The bar we was workin' had a tunnel about a hundred foot long. Follerin' the pay streak made us turn at right angles, so it was dark back there. One day Mr. Pete was pushin' the car whilest I got dinner and his candle burned out. He takes a stick of giant powder, lights it careful, jabs it in a frame for a candle, and trots for outdoors with the car — never knowin' anything onusual had took place. Just as I slapped the last flapjack and straightened up to yell, 'Come and get it!' here come Pete and the car like magic right acrosst the creek followed by the most dust I ever see in my life.

"I watched him end-over-ending as he come, and I couldn't get near enough to the happenings to even wonder why.

"He landed on top of a quakin' asp and the car rolled over the dinner.

"I ain't declarin' that I was perfectly reasonable; I was surprised. When I was young and soople I've done twenty-odd foot in a running jump, but to see a man jump two hundred foot and carry a hand-car along with him was a branch of sport new to me, and perticler when done by a man like Pete.

"'Why,' says I, as I climb the tree and helped him down, 'however did you come to do it?'

"'I dunno, Zeke,' says he, 'honest to Gosh' — Pete never used a cuss-word — 'honest to Gosh,' says he; 'I dunno. The last I remember was thinkin' why this here law of gravitation couldn't be made to work as a man wanted it, when "bump" says somethin' behind me, and I went right along, as you see. I tried to figger it out, comin', but turning handsprings made me dizzy.'

"I ain't mentioned but points here and there to show life as lived by my friend Pete Douglass. His autogeography would be plumb full of happenin's. At first sight, lookin' careless, you'd say: 'Why, here's the most unforchinit cuss I ever heared about,' but on a sober second thought, to a man accustomed to havin' sober thoughts, it seemed as if there was luck in the bank, to pull through such performances and live to tell the tale.

"I mentioned this idee to Pete.

"'Why!' says he, 'I should holler horray every time I'm most killed,' he says. 'Is that what you mean?'

"'Look-a-here,' says I, 'I'm able to mean all I'm capable of meanin' without any outside help. I mean you're the great human paradox — less human and more paradox then I've seen advertised at a circus — and whilest you're perpetual dodging one horn or t'other of a dilemma, any friend of yours is getting bunked square between the two. If anything 'ud keep a man from being selfish, you would,' says I. 'D——d if I ain't spent two-thirds of my time and drawed some on the last, fishin' you out of messes. Now,' I says to him, 'why don't you get married and settle up?'

"Dear friends and brothers, that was just a piece of pursyflage. I know women better than any man I ever met that I felt knew less. I've seen wimmen so foolish, I wouldn't believe anything more foolish could exist, if it hadn't a-been I'd seen still more foolish wimmen with these same eyes. But a woman who'd marry Pete was beyond my expectations. It took a lady with a turble brain-power and a deliberate intention to arrive at that state of mind; so when Pete says to me, 'That's just what I be goin' to do, Zeke,' he had me swallowing my breath.

"I gathered my fadin' strength and gained perticlers.

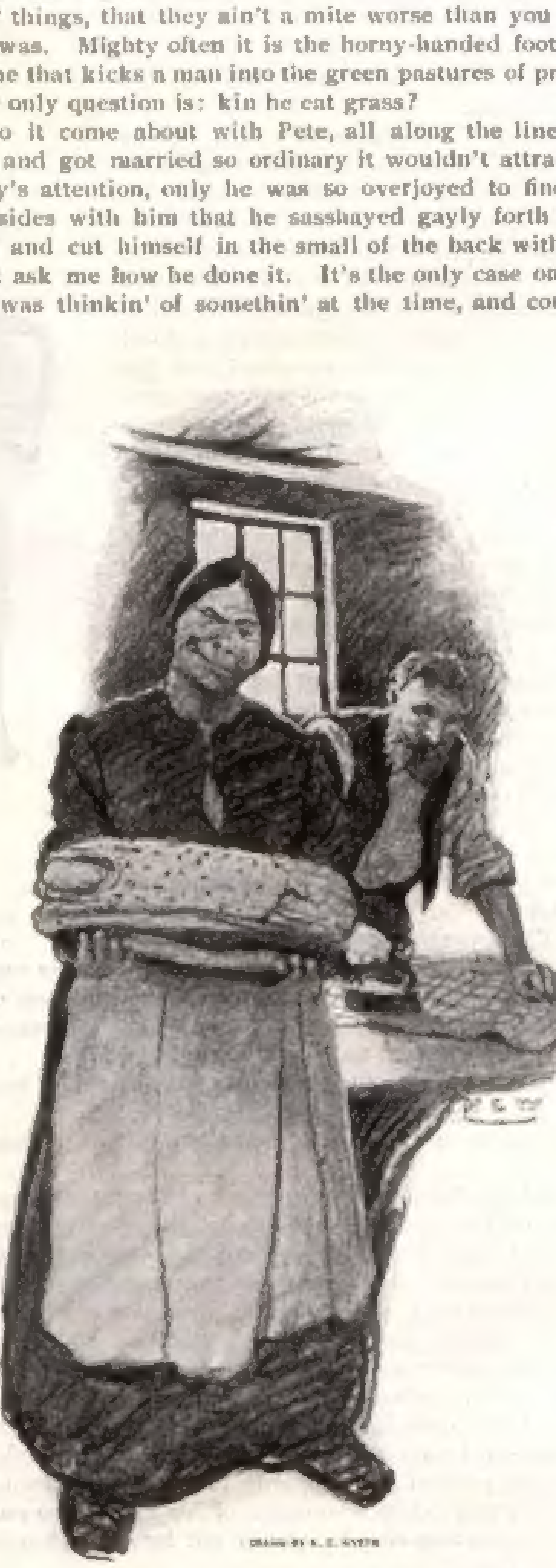
"Seems there was a lady 'bout thirty or forty years older than she oncet had been, who did plain washin' for the Royal Soverign Prince boys. The R. S. P. mine was run rather irregular. The boys took the clean-ups for wages, and the owner took the proceeds from stock he sold as dividends. I may mention there was less in clean-ups than there was in stock, so the future Mrs. P. Douglass was buckin' fate in the shape of a brace game. They was an awful nice set of boys, the Royal Soverign Princes, but when you divide thirty dollars and fifty cents amongst fifteen men for a month's wages, the washer-lady can't expect city prices.

"Pete had gained a holt on this lady's affections by falling into the flume and allowin' himself to be piped over the waste-gate. She took care of him for three weeks, at the end of which time Pete arose, renewed, refreshed, and more full of determined uselessness than ever. Any woman will love any man that bothers her enough. A man's idee of romance is to do what he wants to, or to be comfortable; a woman's idee of romance is to feel that she's obliged to do what she really wants to do, under such circumstances as will allow her to call it a great sackerfice, or to be made uncomfortable, which is her real notion of comfort. You have only to look at a woman's housekeepin' to reelize the restfulness she finds in keepin' things disturbed all the time. I have looked upon the housekeepin' of enough Mrs. Scragges to be able to speak with the v'ice of experience, if not the v'ice of wisdom.

"So Mrs. Maggy Watson, the lady of which I heretofore speak, become unamored of Pete during the time he was such a pesky nuisance around the place, an' when he writ her, later, that he thought they'd orter form a close corporation an' issue the holy bonds of matrimony, why, she writ him straight back again that the scheme had been in her mind for some time, and she'd 'a' mentioned it to him only it seemed like meddlin' in his personal affairs.

"First off, it seems a-kind of unjustitude that a man like me should have a load of Mrs. Scraggs forced on him, whilest a man like Pete gets the kindest and obliginest sort of woman, but after all, I was able to take care of myself, and that bunch of wild cats, too, for a while, and Pete certainly needed a lady with a good disposition. You'll allus find, on investigatin' things, that they ain't a mite worse than you thought they was. Mighty often it is the horny-handed foot of misfortune that kicks a man into the green pastures of prosperity — the only question is: kin he eat grass?

"So it come about with Pete, all along the line. He'd gone and got married so ordinary it wouldn't attracted nobuddy's attention, only he was so overjoyed to find that I took sides with him that he sasshayed gayly forth for firewood and cut himself in the small of the back with the ax. Don't ask me how he done it. It's the only case on record. Pete was thinkin' of somethin' at the time, and could only



"'THERE AIN'T A PERSON IN THESE HERE UNITED STATES THAT KIN SLIDE A FLATIRON OVER DRY-GOODS THE WAY MY PETE KIN'" remember a sudden pain in the back. So Pete was laid on the bed of sufferin' oncet more, him bein' so uset to it he took it without a holler, only this time he thought it was prutty serious.

"'Zeke,' says he, 'I've come to the cash-up so frequent I dunno just what's about to happen, but if it should be I was goin' to die for fair this time, I want Maggy to git my money, and I want you to take it to her.'

"'All right, Pete, I will,' says I.

"'Shack along, then,' says he.

"Pete mixed me some. 'I ain't goin' to leave you like this,' I says.

"'Yes, you be, too,' he says, sassy as thunder. 'The only time I kin git what I want is when I'm sick a-bed. I ain't goin' to rest happy nor do nothin'—not eat nor drink—till I know that woman has the chink. I can't say I've made a great job of livin', but I'm goin' to die like a house a-fire, if so the play comes that way,' he says. 'You put a little grub and water nigh me, and I'll just figger on being a full-sized man for oncet; you don't understand what a power of good it does me to think about it,' says he.

"Well, he had me to a standstill. It was cussed to leave a hurt man all alone, but I could easy appreciate the way he felt. If a man can't take no pride in himself the hull blamed business comes down to shovelin' dirt for nothin'.

"'Pete, I'll do it,' I says, and I shook hands with him.

"'Now, see that!' says he. 'That's the first time you've ever treated me like an ekal, Zeke; and I can tell you I don't like to be pitied no more'n any other man. God knows there wouldn't 'a' been a perter monkey in the bunch, if so it hadn't come I was scart, or thinkin' of somethin' else, when a hot-box arrived. The good Lord took the trouble to make me, and it seems kind of onjustifiable for me to prove He plumb wasted His time. You tell Maggy I done it for her. I ain't hidin' my light under a bushel, because I need it to see by. Ouch!' says he. 'This racket hurts!'

"I reckon it did. I sewed him up with a piece of deer-sinew and a darning needle. Never was a great hand at tailorin', nohow, and Pete's hide was that tough I mostly had to pound the needle through with a chunk of wood.

"Well, I fixed him comfortable as I could, and prepared to start.

"'Zeke,' says he, 'don't'—he kinder swallered hard—'don't be no longer'n you kin help,' says he. There come a tear in his eye. 'An' take my respects to Maggy,' says he.

"'Shaw, Pete!' says I. 'Now, don't you go borrowin' no trouble—that's so easy to git without collaterial, it ain't worth the time. I'll be back imejate.' I patted him on the shoulder and he squeezed my hand hard.

"'No man could be a better pardner than you be, Zeke,' says he. 'I ain't a mite afraid of nothin' when that bald head of your'n is in sight, an' you understand a feller—it's a tough play for a rooster that don't come by sand natural.'

"'You got plenty of sand, Pete,' says I, 'all the trouble is, you let it git choked in your hoppers. By-by.' And away I went, slopin' fast, with Pete's forty-eight dollars down in my jeans.

"I was so took up with his affairs I didn't watch out careful, and that ain't wise in a hard-luck country. All of a suddent I hears a v'ice say: 'Puttee hands light uppee!' Sounds like I'd struck a day nursery, but that ain't so, for just before I hears them words there popped out from behind a rock a Chinaman—not, by no means, one of these here little Charlie-boys that does your wash and gives you a ticket with picters of strange insecks painted on it, but a whoopin', smashin' old Tartar pirate, seven foot by three, with mustaches like two tails of a small hoss, and cheekbones you could hang your hat on. More'n that, he was armed and equipped with two hoss-pistols as required by circumstances.

"That tired feelin' come over me, and I stretched; yessir, the hands of E. G. W. Scraggs went up toward the sky.

"My yaller friend next requested me to produce. Well, now, that was Pete's money. I'd 'a' took a chance at vi'lent physicule exercises, but I see the time had come to talk.

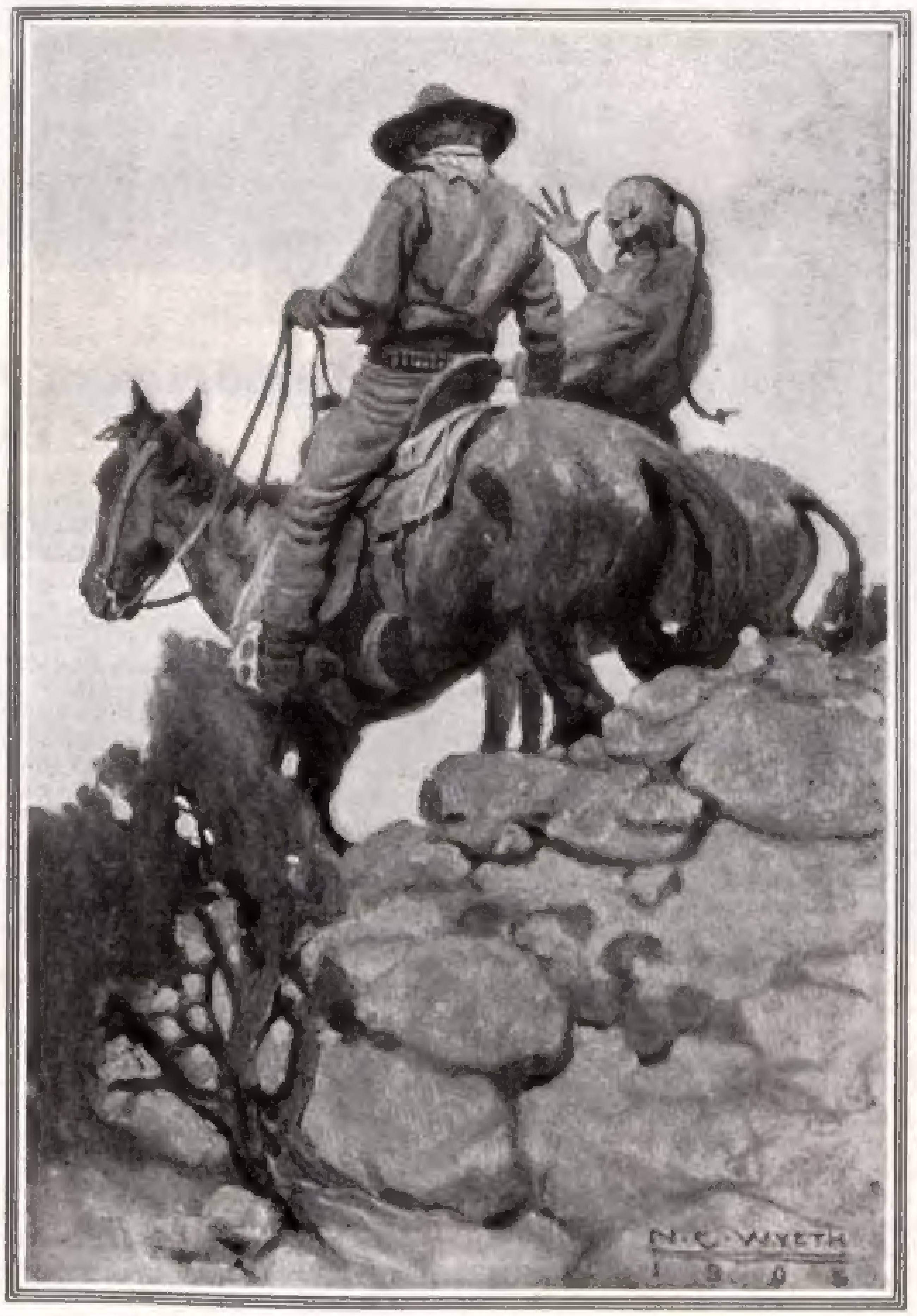
"'My Christian friend and brother,' says I, 'before we converse upon the root of all evil, let me put you on to the fact that my name is E. G. W. Scraggs.'

"'Ah!' says he, backin' up, 'Sclaggsee!'

"'Sclaggsee!' I hollers, and we near met on the spot. 'Don't you say that agin!'

"'Ah!' says he.

"I noticed his guns was wobblin'.



"SO WE RODE IN, RIGHT CHEERFUL"

"'Ah!' says I. 'You're darned right. Now, I'll make you this proposition. I got forty-eight dollars in my pocket that don't belong to me. If we let things slide by as if they had not happened I'll give you two dollars for the use of that money until Tuesday next—pay you fifty dollars next Tuesday, at Jimmy Holt's place—get me?'

"'Gettee money now,' says he, cunnin'.

"'*P'raps*,' says I, 'but you won't be in condition to spend it for some time.' He rolled his eye off'n me, and at that instant Mary Ann, the faithfullest gun that ever stood between me and a gentleman whose intentions weren't good, appeared upon the scene.

"'Don'tee shootee, Sclaggsee!' he screeches.

"'You call me "Sclaggsee" oncet more, and I won't leave nothin' of you but a rim,' says I. 'As for the other proposition, it goes—Tuesday next, Jimmy Holt's place, I put you in hand fifty dollars. You cock-eyed, yaller, mispronouncin' blasphemy on a heathen idol! Although I ain't been near enough to a cherry tree to cut one down, the word of Ezekiel George Washington Scraggs is as good as the Father of his Country,' says I. 'He beat me at that last game, but I can stick to my sayin' like a porous plaster. You get the money; I will lie for the fun of the thing, but not for no dirty fifty dollars,' says I. 'You goin' toward town?'

"'Yes,' says he.

"'Well, git your plug, and we'll amble along together.'

"So we rode in, right cheerful, instead of quar'lin'. I made him come along to Maggy's cabin, to show it weren't a bluff about the money.

"Poor Maggy, she wipes her eye on her apron, and says she'll start for our camp at oncet.

"I called the Chinaman aside, confidential.

"'You take care of lady!' I shrieks at him. 'Lady—you take care!' I dunno why it is you think if you holler loud enough you can make a man understand anything, but it's a fact.

"My chink bobs his head. 'Take clare laly,' he says.

"'Yaas!' says I. 'I rustley monnellee!'

"He bobs his head again.

"'Lusselleemonellee!' he answers, kind of vacant.

"I sot down. 'Twas clear he didn't have no idee of my conversation. So we went over it for two hours, me drawin' maps and wigglin' my fingers, and makin' faces to illustrate a man with an ax-cut in the small of his back, and a lone widder-woman takin' care of him, till at last, by bringin' hands, face and feet all into the game, with a small hunk of kerfoozled English language here and there, a light broke on his heathen soul. He near bobbed his head off.

"'Me makee all lightee for Sclaggsee, you bettee, hellee dammee!' says he.

"He was that earnest I overlooked the name. 'Good,' says I. 'Now, Charlie, you cut wood, haul water, and keep things goin' out there and your fifty is waitin' for you on Tuesday.'

"Maggy did a crow-hop when she found she had to travel with the chink, but I told her it was O. K., so she got aboard an Injin pony and off they goes to Pete.

"Well, dear friends and brothers, I sincerely hope you've never had to raise fifty dollars in a busted camp. The boys done the best they could, but a can of corn had to stand for fifty cents, and a pair of pants that would take Tartar Charlie somewheres about the knees drew a credit of two-fifty. Four iron knives and a busted coffee pot stood for a case, and a pair of scissors with one blade broke half off, and a mouth-organ that only sounded in spots was equal to two iron dollars. I got eighteen fifty in cash and the balance was junk.

"'Well,' says I, 'he's no better'n a road-agent, and I can't help it, nohow.'

"For all that, I sot in Jim Holt's place of a Tuesday afternoon feelin' low-spirited when I looked at the heap, when who comes sailin' in at the door but Tartar Charlie, wearin' a grin that took two turns and a half around his face.

"'Laly comee!' says he. 'Petee comee!'

"'On what?' says I, ashamed to show surprise to a yaller Chinaman.

"'Joss man fetchee!' says he.

"'Certainly!' says I. 'That's what he ought to do; don't get excited.' I did my wonderin' about the joss man in private. 'Sit down, Charlie.'

"So Charlie, he sot down and watched me rifflin' the cards.

"'Playee poker?' says he.

"'As a relaxiation, Charles,' says I. 'Poker is a business for gentlemen of means—gottee no monee!'

"'Me stakee you,' says he. 'Likee poker.'

"So Jim and some of the other boys come over, and Charlie and me begun to draw cards. After we dubbed through a few deals, gettin' on to each other's play, I see Charlie stow away a pair of aces. Now, ordinarly, I'd complained, but, under the circumstances, it didn't appear to me to be the decent thing to do, so I motioned to Jim, and he slid me a pack with the same sort of backs.

"After that you never in all your borned days see such hands on a poker table. Why, a king-full wasn't worth raisin' back on. A set of fours was the least a man could have confidence in, and only if it was on his own deal, at that.

"Howsomever, havin' a hull pack at my disposal, whilest Charlie could only use his hold-outs, I worked him down to tin cans of vegetables, the busted coffee-pot and the pants.

"He, bein' as game as any white man, jack-potted the lot. It was just draw cards and show down for the money. Darned if he didn't get the best of me! How I come to pick out the queen of diamonds to match a straight club flush is one of them things that won't be revealed till Judgment Day. There wasn't nobuddy more surprised than me. This brought us down to even Stevens, and I felt irritated, so I come back at him with one play for the bunch. He agreed, and I dealt him four aces, pat. I was going to draw to fill my straight color. I snaked out the three I had on my knee, and was just goin' to insert 'em where they'd do the most good, when Pete's v'ice says: 'Well, Zeke!'

"It was a joyful v'ice, but I knowed he'd seen my play. I dropped them cards.

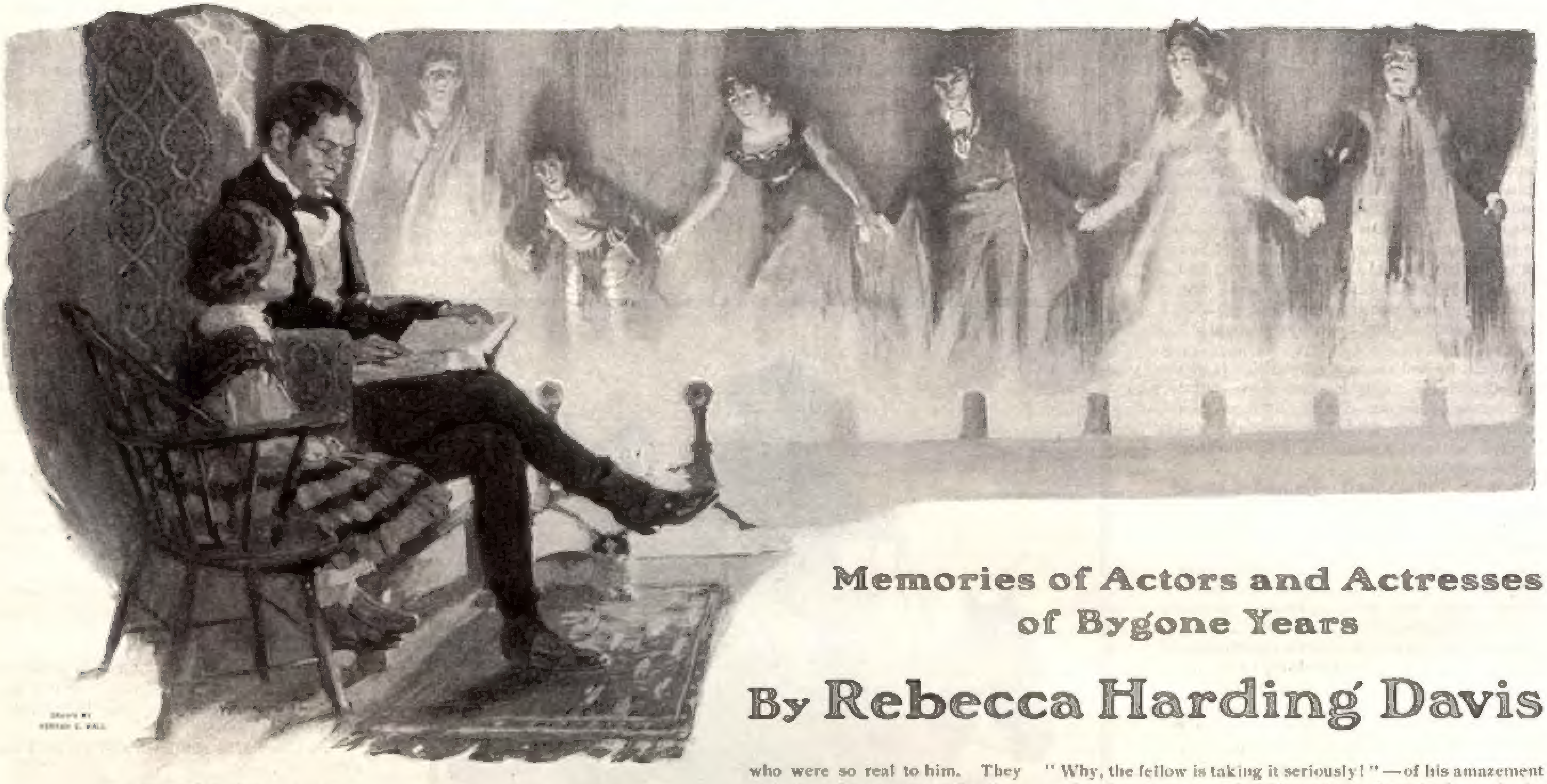
"'One minute, Pete,' says I. I called across the table to Charlie: 'Show openers and win!' And when he laid down them bullets I'd give him with my own hands, my heart broke inside me. But I couldn't stand for a crooked play seen by Old Pete.

"I hopped up from the table and shook his hand, I shook Maggy's hand, where she stood, smilin', bashful, and then I shook the hand of a strange gent in black clothes, whose name was Mr. Somethin'-or-other.

"Pete explained to me that the gent was a minister travelin' through the country, who'd offered him and Maggy a ride to town. 'We thought we might as well get hitched at the

(Concluded on Page 29)

With the Old-Time Players



Memories of Actors and Actresses of Bygone Years

By Rebecca Harding Davis

THE great old actors? What should I know of them, brought up, as I was, in a quiet hill village in Virginia, where the only idea we had of the drama was Dan Rice's Great Consolidated Circus? It was a Presbyterian community, and the clown and the marvelous boys in velvet tights, and the bespangled queens on white, flying horses were held up in the pulpit to public scorn as the "gatekeepers of hell." Dan Rice had been born in this village and had worked as a hostler there, so whenever he came back he gave a free performance for the boys of the town, but this kindly trick to bring a little healthy fun into their lives was denounced as a bit of devilish craft, to murder their souls outright. The Swiss Bell-ringers, too, who gave a yearly performance in the dingy little hall over the market-house, were shunned as "purveyors of carnal delights." Everything pleasant in those days was supposed by the orthodox to come direct from the devil.

My old uncle, who was not orthodox, always took me to a front seat at the concert, and I can feel now that spasm of guilty joy at the first sniff of the smoky lamps and the sight of the row of begilt crimson jackets and peaked black hats, while the soft clangor of the bells — all, I was certain, of the purest silver — filled the air. This I felt might be the doorway into hell — but hell was rapture!

My father, however, did not belong to this hill village. He lived in it for thirty years, but be never fell into its habits or beliefs. His body was there, but his heart stayed in his own country. He honored the President, but he loved Victoria. When he was a young man, fresh from tutors, he had spent a few blissful years in the great cities, "seeing life." Naturally, in the dull monotony of this village, he recalled those years very much as Alexander Selkirk thought, on his barren strip of sand in the midst of the sea, of the home he had lost. To us children every day of his youth was familiar. We had heard its history a thousand times. Now, it was during those years that the great magicians — Kean, Mrs. Siddons and the Kembles — held the English stage. The spell they laid on my father never was lifted. He once had stood apart with them and talked with Cato and Othello; and, secretly, to the end of his days, he felt himself still to be one of that high company. I remember that on Sunday afternoons he invariably would read in his Bible a while, and then lay it reverently in its place on the mantelshelf, and take down Shakespeare or a volume of the British Drama further to feed his soul withal. I have these dingy old books now, and, as I turn over their ragged leaves, I see a crowd of strange folk rise again whom I used to know as his friends and familiars — Kemble as Cato; the O'Neill as Belvidera; Medea, dagger in hand; Sir Anthony, and Joseph Surface and all the rest of the tragic-jolly troupe of shadows who were so real to him. They were as real to us as were Ivanhoe and Greatheart and Crusoe — much more actual parts of our lives than were the carpenter and butcher on the street.

I will try to bring back these recollections as faithfully as I can.

We must remember that the stage itself when he knew it — at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century — was bare and hard. The illusion then depended on the genius of the actor, not on painted boards, furniture and limelights. Indeed, in some of the theatres in the English provinces there was no scenery at all. Kean played more than once before a blank white wall. I remember my father's delight at the stage-setting of a Scotch play — I think Rob Roy — in New York. "There were mountains and cataracts, and a setting sun," he told us. "You were in the highlands; the illusion was complete. You fancied you smelt the heather." But this was a hundred years ago, and now we probably would laugh at the poor effort at enchantment in the old Scotch play.

We owe the change to Henry Irving more than to any other man. Whatever we may think of him as an actor, there can be no doubt that he is the greatest stage-manager who ever lived. Many of the first of modern actors have opposed the excessive realism which he has brought into the setting of their work. "The scenery may be too good. It is the play which should absorb the attention of the house, not the properties," I have heard Mr. Jefferson argue. "For instance, there is a tragedy going on in a room in which a fire is burning. Now, you want only a hint, a suggestion that there is a fire there. But, when it is so perfect that the audience see the coals and the leaping flames and the ashes, they applaud the fire and forget the tragedy."

When that little ragged barnstormer, Edmund Kean, was, by a freak of luck, allowed one night to play Shylock before a London audience, it was not the stately background of Venetian palaces that Irving showed to us from which he entered, but through dingy old slides of stage-houses that had faced the audience at Drury Lane for many a year.

We all know Kean's story — how the little man, half-starved, ragged, shoeless, usually dirty and always drunk, tramped over England for years, at home in slums and dance-houses, owning a poor actress, Nance Carey, as his mother, and claiming as his father the Duke of Norfolk or any other nobleman who happened to be popular in the neighborhood. Once, by some chance, Mrs. Siddons heard him recite. When he waited, breathless, for her verdict she said ponderously: "Not bad, boy. But you're too small. There's not enough of you ever to do anything." But even she acknowledged the strange power and pathos of his voice.

Shylock had always been played as a comic part. The story is well known of the dismay of the manager that night, who, when Kean uttered his first sentence, cried out appalled: "Why, the fellow is taking it seriously!" — of his amazement as the play went on, and of his rapture when the house broke into a wild frenzy of applause.

Kean went home that night to his starving wife. "The pit rose at me!" he sobbed, jerking his boy out of his cradle. From that night he was the monarch of the British stage. No other man has ever worn his crown.

In my father's judgment, Kean reached his highest mark in the moment of exultation, when, looking up at Antonio from the knife which he whetted on his shoe, he muttered, "Come, prepare!" and afterward when, defeated, he staggered to his feet, whispering "I pray you — give me leave to go from hence. I — am not well."

My father, too, told us how the little man became the idol of London. The streets were packed for squares to see him pass into the theatre. Byron had a convulsive fit on seeing him play Sir Giles Overreach. Duchesses and Royalty itself courted him and asked him to their houses. In one place he would eat with his knife and make indecent jokes; in another he would behave with fine courtesy. It probably was only the difference between Philip drunk and Philip sober.

Within the poor little stroller's rum-soaked body there burned that mysterious flame which we call genius, and which to this day we understand no better than we do radium. My father saw Kean but twice, yet after fifty years, at the remembrance of some of his words, his lip would tremble and the tears would rush into his eyes. In Kean's brain there can be little doubt that no "thin partition" divided genius from madness. "The man," said Southey, "is simply insane. He looks like Milton's Fallen Angel." I have here an old picture of Kean, taken in his youth. It is the face of a beautiful boy, noble and sad, but there is undoubtedly in it an obscure meaning which more than hints at madness.

While Kean was holding all London in a kind of hypnotic spell, a boy of twenty was playing Richard the Third to full houses at Covent Garden. He was an undersized, puny lad, with a moody, jealous temper which went far to fit him for the part. Junius Brutus Booth throughout his whole life was in revolt — against Society, which then barred out the actor — against his sickly body — against life itself. These paroxysms of depression alternated with raptures of devotion. He then worshiped in a Jewish synagogue, though I do not know that the Booths by birth belonged to that most unfortunate, most successful and most able of races.

The management at Drury Lane engaged Booth one night to play Iago to Kean's Othello. Now, Kean had played Iago and could not tolerate another man in the part, and, as he could not take both rôles, his smoldering wrath as the play went on burned into fury. Booth, also jealous, warmed into a power which startled the house. He was loudly applauded. This was more than Kean could bear. He held himself in check until the last scene, when he threw himself upon Iago with a wordless shriek of rage, shook him, tore

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Editor's Note — This is the first of a series of articles on the old players. The second will be published in an early number.

him as a dog would a rat, and dashed him to the back of the stage, while the audience broke into a fury of applause. They did not see that the quarrel was not between the Moor and the traitor, but was only the feud of two jealous boys.

Booth soon gave up the contest with Kean. Both men drank too steadily to achieve success. Kean's mind and memory failed at middle age, and at forty-seven he was led from the stage never to return, an imbecile, doddering old man. Booth came to this country and, when he could be kept sober, played with brilliant success. He showed a strange jealousy of his son Edwin, and refused to act under a manager who gave the lad a part, declaring he was only fit to twang a mandolin. Edwin, however, was a gentle, affectionate lad. He refused to irritate his father by pushing himself even into minor parts

The Booths lived on a farm near Baltimore. John Wilkes was the youngest son, and had the picturesque face and bearing peculiar to the family. I have been told by men who knew him well that he was a weak, dull-witted fellow His dominant trait was an inordinate vanity. He was always conscious of his attitude, his look, his very necktie. When he walked the street it was with a strut, as who should say: "Behold me! I am John Wilkes Booth!" Those acquaintances of his were confident that he was not driven to the deed which made him infamous by any patriotic feeling for the lost cause of the South, or personal feeling against Lincoln. It was the dramatic part to be played out, with the world looking on, that allured him. "Sic semper tyrannis!" he shouted, leaping on to the stage, waving a dagger for which he had no use—and felt himself a hero for all time.

His father, fortunately, was dead long before the deed which crushed the family. They were a race with noble aims and tender feeling. Edwin never recovered from the blow, and his sister left this country never to return.

But to go back to the old players. In comparing them with the actors of to-day, we should remember that it was an excitable generation which crowded the theatres to watch Kean and Sarah Siddons. Men shouted aloud then, and women were carried out insensible when they were moved by the so potent art of the actor. All emotion was grossly exaggerated at that time. We are told that when the three Miss Gunnings entered a ballroom, women fainted and men wept with sheer delight at the sight of such matchless beauty. If we read over our own old family letters written at that period we are amazed by the labored pomp of words, and wonder how genuine was the feeling which thus uttered itself. It is certain that now it would be hidden under the simplest phrases—perhaps even a little slang.

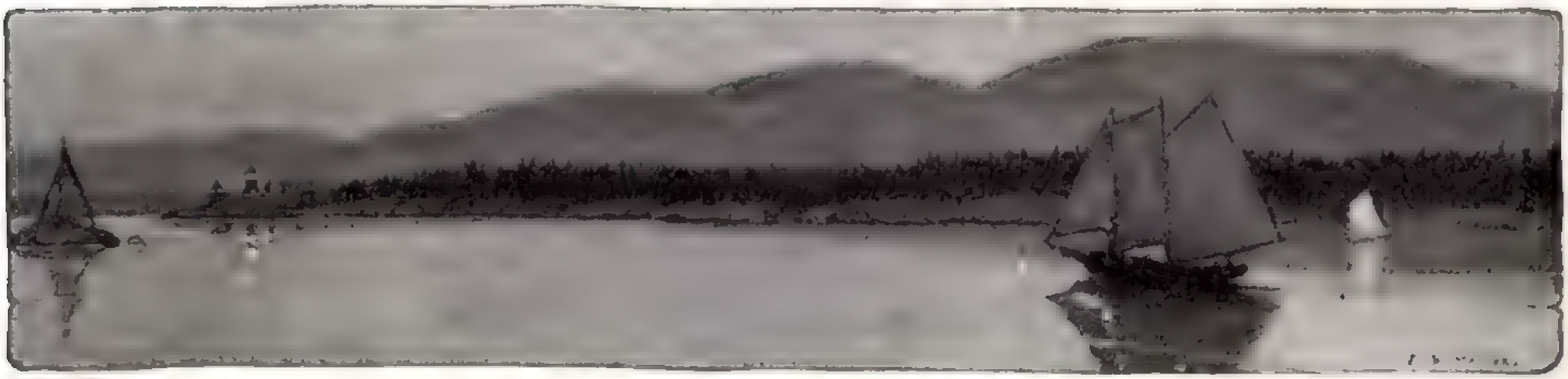
Now we have no possible means of judging of the power of these famous actors except through accounts by the spectators of the effect produced on them. May it not be that the ponderous rendition of tragic emotions which overwhelmed those excitable audiences would not seem so great to us—might, indeed, appear a trifle ridiculous?

Mrs. Siddons, the idol of that generation, fully met this demand for flamboyant expression of emotion. She was over fifty when my father saw her. He said that her voice, and still more her silence, stifled you. Your heart stopped beating. Yet, secretly, you wished that she would not be so incessantly urgent in her tragedy. You wondered why it did not occur to her that a well bred woman, though she may kill a man, does not flaunt the dagger about with which she does it—that she is quiet, even in her fury. But Mrs. Siddons, though she is reported to have been a dull-witted, kindly woman, never laid aside the manner of the stage. She was Medea when she buttered her bread at breakfast, and if she sewed a button on her glove, she snipped the thread as though she were a Fate cutting the line of life. She stood apart from the other women of her profession on higher grounds than her genius. Her name was never touched by a breath of slander

Her brothers, John Philip and Charles Kemble, were held by their contemporaries to be second in their profession only to their great sister, but the same incessant ponderous effort at stately dignity weakened their efforts on the stage and also materially lessened their popularity. The man in the pit, even in those days, wanted to believe that the man in the King's robe on the stage was a good fellow at heart, not a pompous pretender. For the man in the pit, then as now, was whimsical in his tastes, to the despair of managers

When Madame Catalani sang in London the crowd followed her and deserted Kean and Mrs. Siddons. The marvelous voice was met by the same tempest of adulation which had welcomed Othello and Lady Macbeth. Again, women were carried out swooning and men sobbed We are told that she made of her hearers nervous wrecks.

The Memoirs of an American



THE BLACK ROCKS STARTING RIGHT OUT OF THE WATER, THE STIFF LITTLE FIR TREES, THE BIG HILLS ROLLING BACK FROM THE SEA

BY ROBERT HERRICK

Author of The Common Lot, The Web of Life, etc.

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CHAPTER XV

MR. DROUND'S illness kept him away from business for a month or more. He had always been in delicate health, and this worry over the loss of Carmichael and the bad outlook in his affairs was too much for him. His absence gave me the opportunity to perfect my plan undisturbed by his timidity and doubts. Even after he recovered his time was much absorbed by the preparations for the Fair, in which he was prominent. In all this I could see a deft hand guiding and restraining—giving me my rein. When I was ready to lay my plans before Mr. Dround I made an appointment with him at his house.

He was sitting alone in his great library, looking at a picture which one of the artists, attracted to the city by the Fair, was painting of him. When he heard my step he got up sheepishly and hung a bit of cloth over the portrait, but not before I had seen the cruel truth the painter had been telling his patron. For the face on the canvas was old and gray—the daring and spirit to fight, whatever the man had been born with, had gone out of it. I pitied him as he stood there by his picture, his thin lips trembling with nervousness. He seemed to shrink from me as though afraid. We sat down, and after the first words of politeness neither of us spoke Finally he asked

"Well, Harrington, how do you find matters now that you have had time to look into the situation?"

"Very much as I expected to find them," I replied bluntly "And that is as bad as could be. Something must be done at once, and I have come to you to-day to settle what that shall be."

He flushed a little proudly at my words, but I plunged in and sketched the situation to him as it had become familiar to me. At first he was inclined to interrupt and question my statements, but he saw that I had my facts. As I went on, showing him how his big rivals had taken his markets—how his business had fallen so that he could no longer get those special rates he had been too virtuous to accept—he seemed to slink into his chair. It was like an operation; but there was no use in wasting time in pity. His mind must be opened. Toward the end, he closed his eyes and looked so weak that once I stopped. But he motioned to me to go on.

"And what do you advise?" he asked weakly.

"I have already begun to act," I replied briskly, and outlined what had been done

He shook his head

"That plan has been tried before. All such combinations have failed. Strauss, or one of the others, will split it up"

I did not believe that the combination which I had to propose would be so easily disturbed. In the midst of our argument some one came into the room behind us and paused, listening. I stopped

"It is Mrs. Dround," Mr. Dround said, looking up. "We are talking business, my dear!"

"Yes," she said slowly. She was in street clothes, with her hat on, and she began to draw off her gloves slowly. "Shall I disturb you?"

"Why, no," he answered indifferently, and I resumed my argument. Mrs. Dround sat down behind the table, and opened some letters, busying herself there. But I felt her eyes on my words; and unconsciously I addressed my plea to her. When I had finished Mr. Dround leaned back wearily in his seat and sighed

"Yours is a very bold plan, Mr. Harrington. It might succeed if we could get the necessary financial support. But, as you know well enough, this is hardly the time to get money for any venture. The banks would not look favorably upon such a speculative suggestion. We shall have to wait until better times."

"We can't wait," I said brusquely. "Bad times or not we must act"

"Well, well, I will think it over. It is time for my medicine, isn't it, Jane?" he said, looking fretfully at his wife.

It was a broad hint for me to take myself off and my wild schemes with me. For the moment I felt disgusted for believing that anything could be accomplished with this failing reed! Mrs. Dround came softly up to her husband's chair and leaned over him

"You are too tired for more business to-day, dear. Come—let me get your medicine."

She took his arm and with all the gentleness in the world led him from the room, motioning to me with one hand to keep my seat. When they had gone I removed the cloth from the portrait on the easel and took a good look at it. It was the picture of a gentleman, surely. While I was looking at it, and wondering about the man, Mrs. Dround came back into the room and stood at my side.

"It is good, isn't it?"

"Yes," I admitted reluctantly, thinking it was only too good. I replaced the cloth over the picture. Perhaps we were harboring the same thoughts. I had read a part of their story in that pathetic little way in which she had led him from the room.

"So you have started," she said soon, turning away from the picture. "How are you getting on? Tell me everything!"

When she had the situation before her she remarked

"Now is the time to take the next step, and for that you need Mr. Dround's help."

"Exactly. These separate plants must be taken over, a holding company incorporated, and the whole financed. It can be done, if——"

"If Mr. Dround will consent," she finished my sentence, "and give his aid in raising the money?"

Her shrewdness, immediate comprehension, roused my admiration. But what was her interest in the scheme? As Sarah had told me, it was generally believed that Jane Dround had a large fortune in her own right. Why should she bother with the packing business? She might spend her time more agreeably picking up Italian marbles. Her next words partly answered my wonder:

"Of course, Mr. Dround will see this, and will consent."

"Or prepare to lose everything."

"I don't like to pull out of things," she said slowly.

"Mr. Dround is in such poor health," I objected.

"This is not his fight; it is yours. All that he can do is to give you your first support. Leave that to me. Tell me what you will do with this corporation — what next?"

She was seated in a little chair, resting her dark head upon her hands. Her eyes read my face as I spoke. Again, as the other time when we had spoken in the garden, I felt as though lifted suddenly on the wings of a strong will. At a bound my mind swept up to meet her mind. On the shelf near by there was a large atlas. I took it down, and, placing it on the rug at our feet, turned the leaves until I came to the plate of the United States.

"Come here. Look there!" I said, indicating the entire Eastern third of the map with a sweep of my hand. "There is nothing that way to be had. We could never get to the seaboard. The others have that territory."

The map was streaked with lines of railroad running like the currents of a great river from the broad prairies of the Dakotas, across the upper Mississippi Valley, around the curve of the Great Lakes, eastward to the Atlantic seaboard.

"Those are the old highroads," I went on, following the lines of trade with my finger. "And those are the old markets. We must find a new territory, make it, create the roads. And it must be a territory that is waiting — fertile, unexplored! Here it is!"

My hand ran down the map southwestward, crossing Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, resting on the broad tract marked Texas.

"For us that will be what the Northwest has been for our fathers. There lies the future — our future!"

"Our future," she repeated slowly, with pleasure in the words. "You plan to feed this land?"

"Settlers are pouring in there like vermin. The railroads will follow, and there already are the only strong markets we have to-day — those I have been building up for five years."

We sat there on the floor before the atlas, and the bigness of the idea got hold of both of us. I pointed out the great currents of world trade, and plotted a new current, to rise from that same golden wheat-land of the Dakotas, flowing southward to the ports of the Gulf. Already, as I knew, the wheat and corn and meat of this Western land had begun to turn that way, avoiding the gate of Chicago and its heavy tolls, to flow by the path of least resistance out through the ports of the Gulf to Europe and Asia.

"This is but the beginning, then — this packing company?" she questioned slowly, putting her finger on the inner truth, as was her wont.

"Perhaps!" I laughed back in the recklessness of large ideals. "The meat business is nothing to what's coming. We shall have a charter that will let us build elevators, railroads, own land, run steamship lines — everything that has to do with the handling of food stuffs. Some day that canal will be dug, and then, then ——"

I can't say how long we were there on our knees before that atlas. It may seem childish, but the most astonishing thing is that most of what we imagined then has come true in one way or another. And faster than I ever dreamed it would come about!

At last we looked up, at the same moment, and our eyes rested on the portrait above us. The cloth had slipped from the canvas, and there was the speaking face, old and saddened — the face without hope, without desire. It seemed the face of despair, chiding us for our thoughts of youth and hope. Mrs. Dround arose from the floor and hung the cloth in its place, touching the portrait softly here and there. Then she stood, resting her hands on the frame, absorbed in thought. A kind of gloom had come over her features.

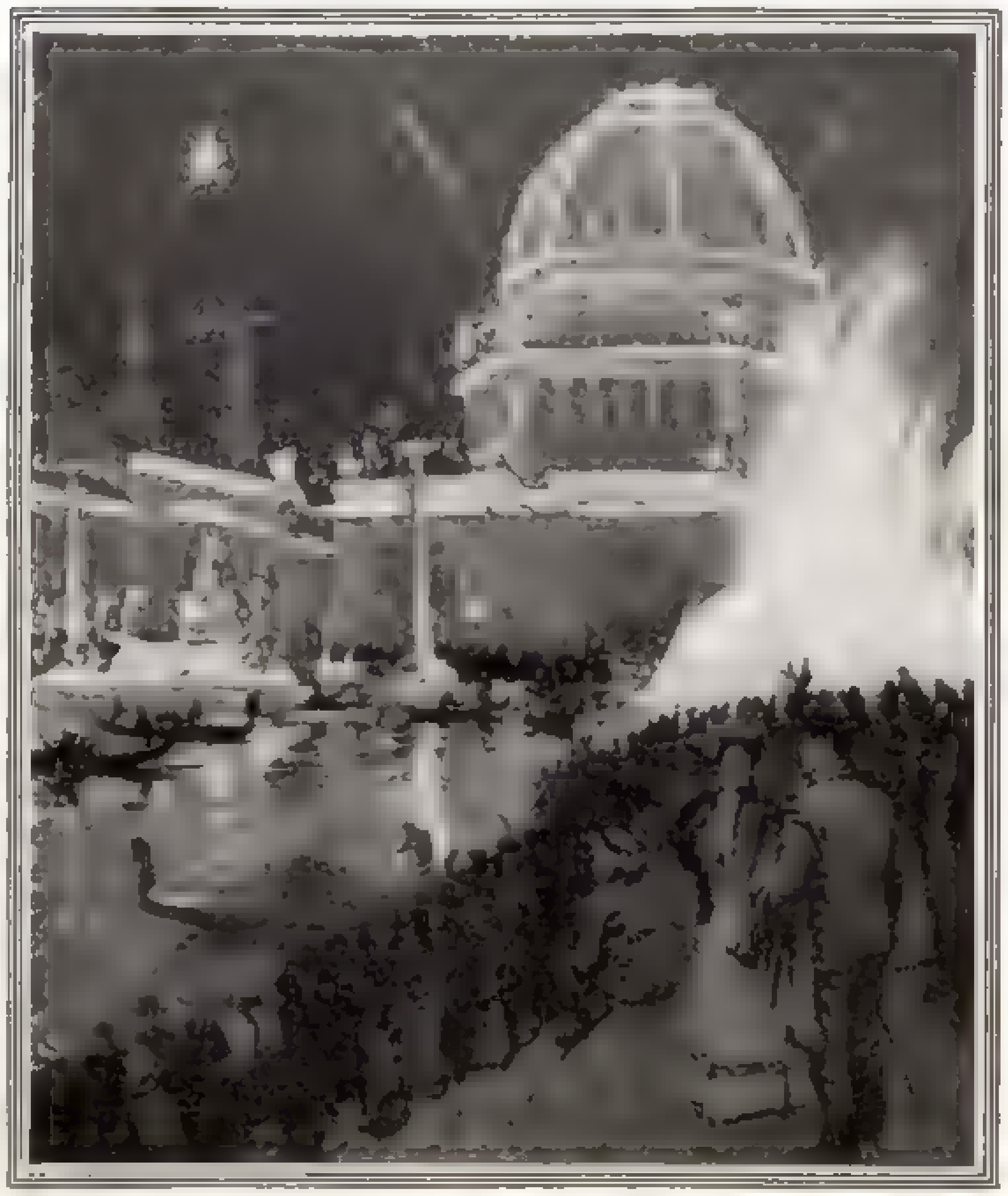
"This — this scheme you have plotted is life! It is imagination!" She drew a long breath as though to shake off the lethargy of years. "That art," she pointed to the picture of a pale, ghostly woman's face, hanging near by on the wall — "that is a mere plaything beside yours."

"I don't know much about art: that is the work of a man's own two hands. But mine is the work of thousands and thousands, hands and brains. But it can be ruined by a trick of Fate."

"No, never! You shall have your chance — I promise it — I know! Sit down here and let us go back to the first steps, and work it out again carefully."

So there, in the fading twilight of the afternoon, was formed the American Meat Products Company. Again and again we went over the companies to be included, the sources of credit, the men to interest, the bankers from whom help might be had.

"It is here we must have Mr. Dround's help," I pointed out significantly.



"AND WHEN THE TIME COMES THAT YOU WANT HELP, WHEN YOU CANNOT GO ON ALONE ——"

She nodded, and remarked:

"When this is over I think he ought to go abroad — he needs the rest. He could leave all else to you, I think."

I understood; the corporation once formed, he would drop out.

"There might be matters to which he would object ——"

She translated my vague words.

"No one asks, if you *succeed*," she answered tranquilly.

And with that observation were settled for good those questions of morality which had worried Mr. Dround.

As I left I said in homage:

"If this thing is pulled off it will be *yours*!"

"Oh, no! Mr. Dround doesn't like women to meddle with business. It is all yours, all yours — and I am glad to have it so."

Her eyes came back to mine, and she smiled in dismissal. That was the last I saw of her for many weeks.

CHAPTER XVI

IT IS not my purpose to recall all the details of the crowded years that followed. From the autumn of '92, when the events that I have just related occurred, through the period of deepening depression in all business and the succeeding era of prosperity, I can do little more than touch here and there upon more vital events. Suffice it to say that we were met at the start with hard times, a period of tight money, which prevented the quick realization of my plan to incorporate the properties that had been gathered together. One way and another, the companies were carried along, by issuing notes and securing what financial help could be got, waiting for the favorable time to launch the enterprise. Here Mr. Dround was a strong help: once committed to the undertaking, he persuaded others and used his credit generously. Sometimes he looked back, seeking to retreat from the positions to which he was being forced, but he saw ruin behind him, and perforce went ahead.

Strange to say, we met at first little or no opposition from our strong rivals. Whether it was that Strauss and his crowd were willing to let the mice foregather into one trap before showing their claws, or that they despised us as weaklings, no one could say. We were able, even, to get from Strauss one of those private agreements that made it possible for us to exist. Mr. Dround was aware of this fact, but averted his eyes. Necessity knows little squeamishness. But it must have filled John Carmichael with unholy joy to know that Dround had come to this compromise with his virtue.

In spite of the hard times we pushed on, branching out here and there as the chance offered, building a plant in Texas, where Will was sent, and making a deal with a car line that had been started by some Boston men. But the time came when we had to have more money, and have it at once. There was none to be raised in Chicago, where the frost of the panic had settled first and hardest. Slocum, who was my right hand in all these undertakings, suggested that the money might be had from the Boston men who owned the car line. So in July, '93, we made a hurried trip to the East. They were frightened in Boston, and we met with little but disappointment. Men were waiting for Congress to repeal the silver law, or do something else to make it pleasant, and wouldn't listen to putting out a dollar in a Chicago enterprise. Then it occurred to Slocum that we might interest a man he knew by the name of Farson, the rich man of his old home, Portland.

Farson, we found, was down the coast somewhere on his vacation, and we followed after him. It was the first time I had ever been in that part of the country, and the look of it was queer to me — a lot of scrawny, rocky fields and wooden-built towns. When we failed to find Farson in Portland it did not seem to me worth while to go on — I doubted if there was as much money in the whole State as I had to have — but Sloco was strongly of the opinion that these people had fortunes tucked away in their old stockings. So we kept on down the coast, and found our man at his summer cottage, on a little rocky island.

This Mr. Farson was a short, wiry, little man, almost sixty years old, with a close cropped gray mustache, and looked for all the world like a retired schoolteacher. He received us on his front piazza, and it took him and Slocum half an hour to establish just the degree of cousinship they were to each other. I wanted to laugh and to put in: "We've come to make your fortune, cousin. It don't make any difference whether you are third once removed or second twice removed." But I thought probably Slocum knew his business best with these people and held my tongue.

When Slocum got around to saying that we were interested in various Western enterprises the weather seemed to grow cool all of a sudden. But Cousin Farson listened politely and asked some good questions at the end. Then he let us go all the way across the harbor to the hotel where we had put up to get our dinner. I thought we had lost him, but Slocum thought not, for Cousin Farson had asked us to go fishing with him in the afternoon.

"He might have given us a sandwich," I growled to Slocum. "That place of his looks as if he could afford it."

Slocum smiled at my irritation.

"He did not ask you down here. He doesn't feel responsible for your coming. Probably Cousin Susan would need a warning."

Well, the little old schoolmaster came over in the afternoon with a very pretty steam-launch. The fishing was not all a pretense. He liked to fish, but I never saw a man who listened as keenly as that man. And I did the talking. I let him see that we were engaged on a big work; that in putting his dollars into our packing-houses he wasn't just taking a flyer, 'way off at the end of the earth. I had had some experience in dealing with men by this time, and it was no raw schoolboy who came to this fishing party. And I have observed that what men want when they are thinking of putting their money into a new enterprise is to have confidence in the men who will spend their dollars. My experience has shown me that the cheapest thing to get in this world is money. If you have the ideas, the money will flow like water downhill. At any rate, that was the way it worked with good Mr. Farson.

We stayed there in Deer Isle three days — and had one simple meal in the banker's house. At the end of the time Farson thought he would give us a couple of hundred thousand dollars and take some of our bonds, and he thought maybe his brother-in-law would take a few more, and also his brother-in-law's brother. In short, Mr. Farson was the first one in a long row of bricks. He went up with us on the Boston boat when we started back to secure the others. It was a glorious night early in August, and, after Slocum had gone to bed, the old banker and I sat up there on the deck watching the coast fade away in the moonlight. I had never seen anything like it before in my life — the black rocks starting right out of the water, the stiff little fir trees, the big hills rolling back from the sea.

"This is the prettiest thing I have ever seen!" I exclaimed. "My wife must come down here next summer."

"Yes," the old gentleman replied, with evident pleasure in my praise of his native rocks. "I can tell you that there is very little in the world to compare with the charm of this coast."

Then he began to talk of other places like it, and I found that he had been all over the earth. He talked of Italy, and India, and Japan, and parts of Russia. After a time he began to ask me questions about myself, and being an easy talker and happy over the success we had had, I told him a good deal of my story and how I had come to enter the present undertaking. It was easy to tell him things — he had quick sympathy and was as simple as a boy. He seemed to approve of my general plan, but advised patience.

"This silver trouble will lead to a period of bad times," he remarked.

"The very time to prepare for good times," I retorted.

"True," he laughed, "when you have the faith and the energy. But I am an old man. I wish to live in peace the rest of my life. Young man, I have been through two panics and the war. I lost a son while I was in the Wilderness. He would have been about your age," he added.

That switched the talk from business, and we sat there on deck until nearly dawn, talking religion all the time! As he bade me good by the next evening, I remember his saying to me with one of the pleasantest smiles I ever saw on a man's face:

"Now, Mr. Harrington, I can see that yours will be a busy life. Success will come not merely in these matters, but in many others." He wagged his head confidently. "I don't make many mistakes in men. But if you ever want to have such pleasant talks as we had last night, when you get to be an old man like me, you must see to it that your hands are kept clean. Remember that, my boy!" And he patted my shoulder like a father.

It was a queer thing for one man to say to another at the end of a business deal. I had occasion to think of it later, although at the time I put it down to the old gentleman's eccentricity. We parted very cordially. I felt that we had secured a valuable ally, one who had it in his power to bring others with him to our aid.

Among other things, Mr. Farson had asked me casually about a little line of Missouri railroad — the Kansas and Great Southern, it was called. He and his friends were pretty well loaded with the securities of this bankrupt little road, and the banker wanted me to look into it and advise him what to do with the property. Thus it happened that the Kansas and Great Southern became another link in my plan of conquest. Altogether it was a most important connection, that between us and Farson's crowd, and it was fortunate that Slocum thought of Cousin Farson in our hour of need.

All this time there had been building the beautiful city of white palaces on the lake, and it was now open for the world to see what Chicago had dreamed and made. Although it had made me impatient to have Mr. Dround spend on this plaything his energy that was needed in his own business, now that it was accomplished, in all its beauty and grandeur, it filled me with admiration.

There were few hours that I could spend in its enjoyment, but I remember one evening after my return from the East when we had a family party at the Fair. May and Will were spending his vacation with us during the hot weather, and the four of us, having had our dinner, took an electric launch and glided through the lagoons beneath the lofty peristyle out to the lake, which was as quiet as a pond. The long lines of white buildings were ablaze with countless lights; the music from the bands scattered over the grounds floated softly out upon the water; all else was silent and dark. In that lovely hour, soft and gentle as was ever a summer night, the toil and trouble of men, the fear that was gripping men's hearts in the market, fell away from me, and in its place came faith. The people who could dream this vision and make it real, these people from all parts of the land who thronged here day after day — their sturdy wills and strong hearts would rise above failure, would press on to greater victories than this triumph of beauty — victories greater than the world had yet witnessed!

Nevertheless, in spite of hopeful thoughts like these, none knew better than I the skeleton that lay at the feast, the dread of want and failure that was stealing over all business. But for that night we were happy and without fear.

As our launch drew up at the landing beside the great fountain, another launch glided by our side, holding a number of the Commissioners and some guests of distinction. Among them were the Drounds, who had entertained liberally all this season. The two boat-parties came to shore together, and stood looking at the display of fireworks. The Court of Honor was thronged with thousands and thousands; the great fountain rippled in a blaze of light, the dark peristyle glowed for a moment in the fantastic flame from the fireworks. I turned and caught the light of the illumination in the dark face of Jane Dround. She bowed and smiled.

"In your honor!" she murmured half mockingly, as a rocket burst into a shower of fiery spray in the heavens above. "So you return from your journey victor? You should hear Henry! He has no doubts now." She laughed, and we stood there gazing.

"To-night I have none; but to-morrow — who knows?"

Her brows contracted seriously.

"You need, my friend, one great quality, and you must get it somehow — patience!"

"That is true, but ——"

"Patience!" she repeated slowly; "the patience that covers years. Perhaps you think that is a woman's virtue, but men must have it if they are to endure. Remember — patience! Now, before any one comes, let me tell you: we are to leave for Europe as soon as the Fair closes. Do you think that it will be all right by that time? Say yes or no," she added, as we were approached by May and Sarah.

"Yes," I answered with a strange feeling of sadness.

Once more, before we left the grounds, I caught a moment of talk with Mrs. Dround.

"To you the game — the great game!" she exclaimed softly. "And to me the waiting. But remember, one useless woman is watching across the water every move you make, and when the time comes that you want help, when you cannot go on alone ——"

It sounded like woman's sentiment, and I interrupted jokingly:

"When I am in the last ditch, cable you?"

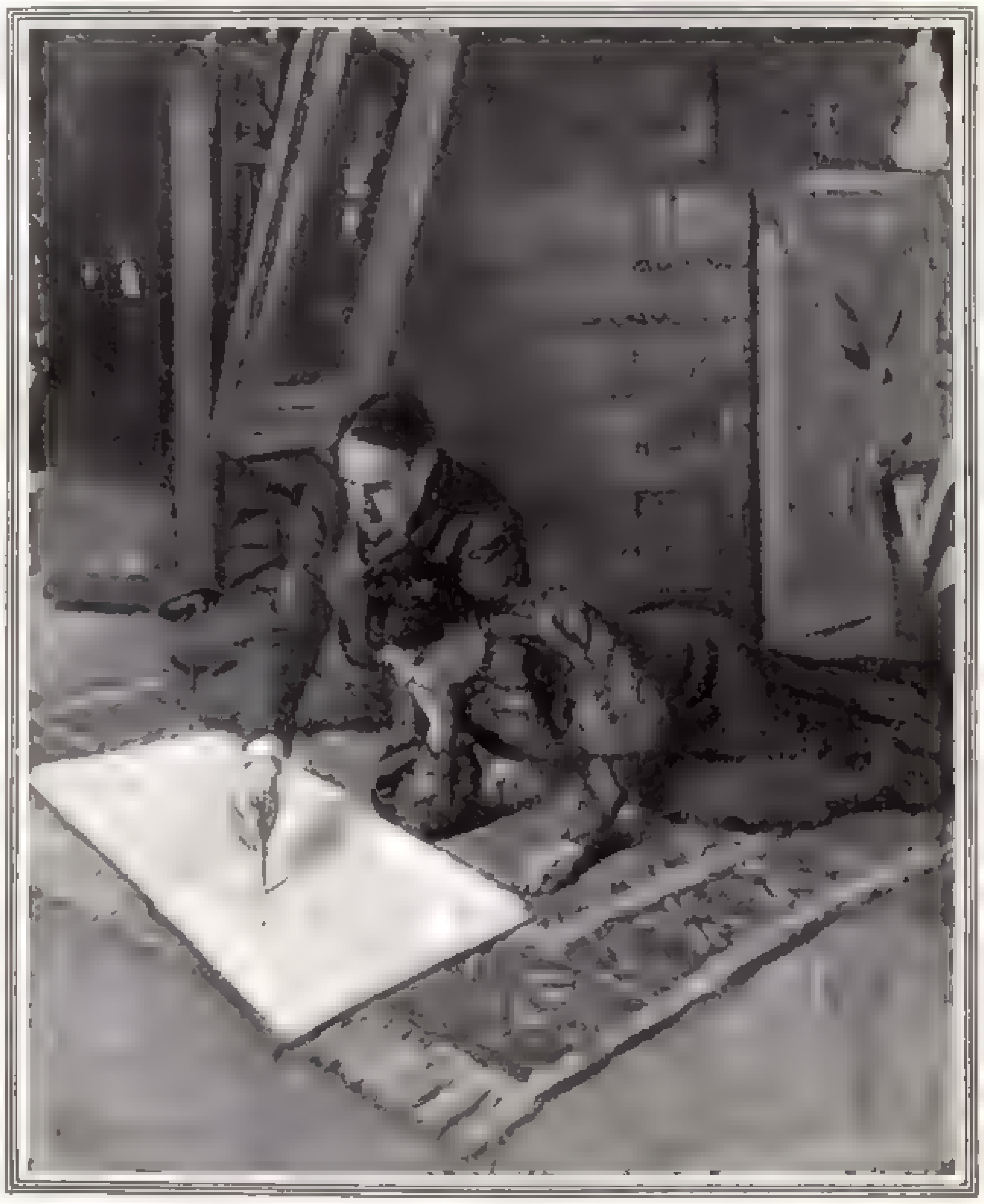
"Don't laugh at me! I am more earnest than you know. If that time comes — the need of advice from an old, shrewd head, for money — yes, a large amount of money — then ——"

We were standing beside a bandstand, and at that moment the music crashed out, flooding us with deafening sound.

She pressed my hand, smiled, and turned away. I thought no more of her words then. But some weeks later, before the Drounds sailed for Europe, there came in my mail an envelope addressed in a woman's hand. Inside there was only another envelope, marked:

"For the last ditch!"

I tossed it into a drawer, rather annoyed by the silliness of it all. It was the first evidence of weakness I had ever detected in this woman.



I POINTED OUT THE GREAT CURRENTS OF WORLD TRADE, AND PLOTTED A NEW CURRENT

CHAPTER XIII

SARAH and I were sitting over our coffee one morning six months after the Fair had closed its gates for the last time. Our second child, a little girl, was but a few weeks old, and this was the first morning that Sarah had breakfasted with me for some weeks. She had been glancing at the paper, and suddenly she looked up from it with wonder on her face.

"It says the Tenth National Bank has failed. Isn't that Mr. Cross' bank?"

I nodded.

"Will the Crosses lose all their money?"

"It's likely enough — what's left of it — all his and her folks', too."

"Yesterday some one told me the Kentons were trying to sell their place at the lake. What does it mean? Why are people growing poor?"

"It's the panic," I answered briefly. "Business has been getting worse and worse ever since the Fair. Some think it started with the Fair, but the trouble goes back of that."

She put aside the paper and looked at me seriously.

"Van, what is a panic?"

It seemed strange that she should ask such a question in a simple, childish way. But she had been shut away from people and things of late, and it was not her nature to look for what was not right in her path.

"A panic," I replied, finishing my coffee, "is hell! Now I must run and see what has happened to us."

She looked at me in round mouthed astonishment, and when I bent over her to kiss her good by she said fearfully:

"You don't mean it could touch us, Van?"

"It might," I replied, thinking of the troubled waters where we were swimming.

"We must trust Providence ——"

"And me."

"Van!" she kissed me with a bit of reproof. "I wish you were more religious."

My wife had been growing very serious of late. Under May's example, she had taken to church work and attended religious meetings. She and May had discovered lately a new preacher, who seemed a very earnest young man. The Bible-class he had formed sometimes met at our house, and Sarah preferred to go to his church, which was a long way from us, to the church where we had a pew. It made little difference where I was taken to church, and I was glad to have Sarah pleased with her young preacher.

So I kissed my wife good by, and hurried off, half an hour late as it was. For there was trouble brewing. It had shown a hand some months back, darkly and mysteriously. One day, while I was East, a man had walked into Slocum's office, introduced himself as a Henry A. Frost, and said that he represented some minority bondholders of the defunct London and Chicago Company. We knew that there were a few scattered bonds outstanding, not more than $40,000 all told, but we had never looked for trouble from them. Mr. Frost represented that his "syndicate" did not wish to make us trouble, but that before the property of the London and Chicago concern was finally turned over to our corporation he wished to effect a settlement. Slocum asked him his figure for the bonds held by his "syndicate," believing at the worst Frost would demand little more than the cash price of fifty. To his astonishment Frost wanted par and interest, and when Slocum laughed at his proposal he threw out hints of trouble that might come if his "syndicate" were not satisfied.

Slocum referred the matter to me, and advised me to seek some compromise with Frost. "For," he said, "our record is not altogether clear in that transaction," referring to the sum we had paid for services to the treasurer of the bankrupt corporation. Frost's demand was blackmail, of course, but the lawyer advised compromise. It would have been the wise thing to do; but, having succeeded so far, I felt my oats too much to be held up in this fashion. I refused peremptorily to deal with the man, and Slocum intimated to him, when he called for a reply, that we would not consider giving him more than the other bondholders had received — namely, fifty per cent. in new bonds. Frost went off, and we heard nothing more for several months.

Meanwhile we had gone our way, making ready to turn over our properties, rounding up this matter and that, guarding against the tight money market, and quietly getting things in order for putting out our securities. Then one day had come, like a thunderbolt from the open sky, an injunction, restraining the American Meat Products Company from taking over the properties of the London and Chicago Company, the petitioners alleging that they held bonds of the latter concern, and that the sale of its properties to the representatives of the American Meat Products Company had been tainted with fraud. A Judge Garretson, of the Circuit Court, had granted the temporary injunction one night at his house, and the argument for the permanent decree was set for April 10, a fortnight later. The names of the petitioners, all but Frost's, were unknown to us.

"There is the trail of the snake!" Slocum muttered when he read the injunction. "We had better find Lokes. This will be in the papers to-night, and in the Eastern papers to-morrow morning — you will hear from it all over."

Sure enough, the next noon I had a telegram from Farson in Boston:

> Papers print injunction A. M. P. Co.; charge fraud. Wire explanation. FARSON.

"Cousin John didn't let the grass grow under him," Slocum grimly remarked when I handed him this telegram at luncheon. "You had better let me answer him. Now for Lokes: he denies all knowledge, and it's plain enough that

(Continued on Page 28)

THE WOOD FIRE IN NUMBER THREE—By F. Hopkinson Smith

MacWhirter's Footpad

MAC had invited three or four of us to luncheon Boggs, Lonnegan, Marny and myself. These feasts were "Dutch" in the strictest sense, the sum total paid being divided, share and share alike, between the host of the day and his guests. That was the custom among the students in Munich and Paris—even at Florian's in Venice—and the custom was still observed. It did away with unpleasant comparisons—Lonnegan's inherited bank account, for instance, and Woods' income from his rich aunt who refused him nothing, in contrast to my own and Boggs' annual earnings. The only liberty given to the host of the day was the choice of restaurants. At Maroni's we could get a hot sandwich and a glass of beer for fifteen cents; at Brown's, in Twenty-eighth Street, a chop, a baked potato and a mug of Bass for half of a trade dollar. When some one of the less opulent had sold a picture, like Wharton or Ford or myself, and had become temporarily rich over and above the amount due for the month's rent, Lonnegan or Pitkin—Pitkin had a father who cut off coupons—selected Delmonico's. These occasions were rare and ever afterward became historic

This day, it being Mac's turn, he selected Oscar Pusch's, on Fourth Avenue—a modest little beerhouse near the corner of Twenty-fourth Street, its only distinguishing mark being a swinging, double-shutter door and the advertisement of a brewery in the window. Inside was a long bar, drenched with the foam of countless mugs of Hofbrau, facing a line of tables centred by cheap castors and dishes of cole-slaw, and flanked at one end by a back room. This last apartment was for the elect. One table was always reserved for the exalted. Of this group MacWhirter was high priest

Here often, at night, Mac held forth to an admiring crowd of young painters who believed in his brush, and who loved the man who wielded it. When I look back now down the vista of years, and see how fine and strong and superb that brush was, how true, how wonderful in color, how much better than any other painter of his time—Barbizon, London or Dusseldorf—and think of how many lies the resident picture-dealer told his patrons to discredit Mac's genius, I always experience a peculiar hotness under my collar-button. It cools off, it is true, whenever I see one of his masterpieces hung to-day on the walls of the redeemed. My anger then turns to a genial warmth suffusing my cheeks and permeating my being, especially when I learn the sum paid for the smallest product of his brush

"One of MacWhirter's, sir—one of his choicest—painted in his best period," says this same fraud to-day (the period, remember, when he used to say: "What can one expect of the Hudson Rivery School, sirs?"). And then the dealer demands a price which, had it been paid in Mac's earlier days, would have resulted in his breaking all students' rules and setting up Johannisberger of '41 instead of the simple steins of Hofbrau with which Lonnegan, Boggs and the rest of us were being regaled

The hospitable and ever-alert Oscar did not welcome us this time, but a new waiter, who sprang at Mac as if he had been his lost brother—a joyous sort of waiter, clean-shaven as a priest, ruddy-cheeked, blue-eyed, with short, tan-colored hair sticking straight up on his head, looking as if, at some time in his life, he had been frightened half out of his wits and had never been able to keep his hair down since.

The appearance of this overjoyed individual produced a peculiar effect on Mac.

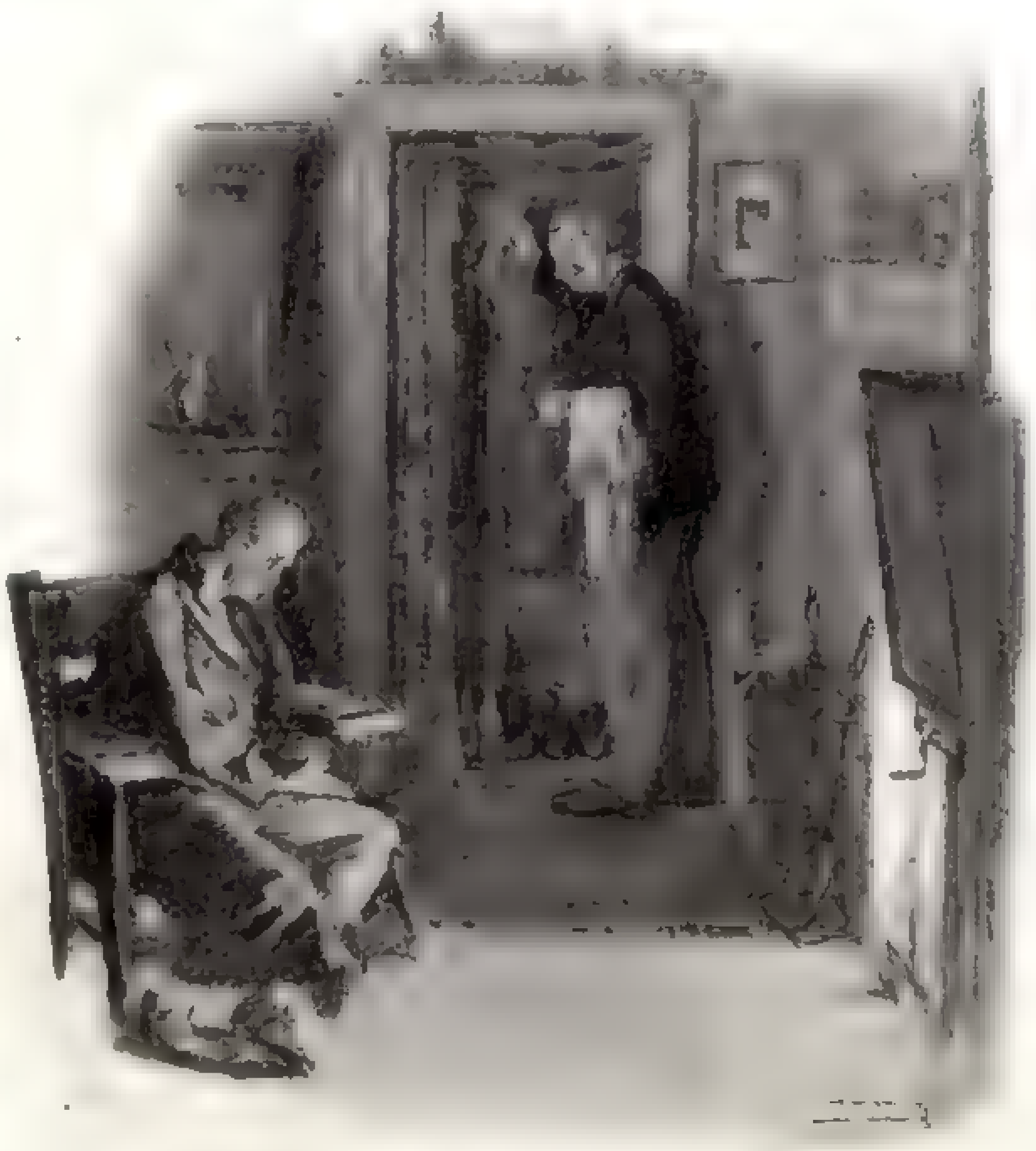
"Oh, Mr. Pusch found a place for you at last, did he, Carl?" he burst out. "Glad you're here," and Mac stepped forward and shook the waiter's hand with more than his usual warmth.

Boggs looked at me and winked. What would Mac be doing next?

"Some member of the royal family, Mac?" asked Boggs, when the waiter had left the room to execute Mac's orders

"No," said Mac, unfolding his napkin, "just a plain man."

"I know," said Boggs; "ran off with a soprano at the Imperial Opera House; disinherited by his father; fought a duel with his colonel on account of her; dismissed from his club; sought refuge in flight to God's free country where for years he worked in a small café on Fourth Avenue. Was known for years as 'Carl' where——'



"TWO DAYS BEFORE SOME ONE HAD STOLEN HIS CLOTHES, ALL BUT HIS OVERCOAT"

Mac raised his eyes at Boggs.

"Lively imagination you've got, Boggs. If I were you I——"

"On the deathbed of his father, the late Baron Schweitzerkase," continued Boggs in the nasal tone of an exhibitor of waxworks, completely ignoring Mac's interruption, "the exile, who was none other than Prince Pumpernickel, returned to his estates, where his beautiful and accomplished wife, though not of royal blood, now dispenses the hospitality of his noble house with all the honors——"

"Will you shut up, Boggs!" cried Lonnegan. "Your tongue goes like an eight-day clock." Then he turned to Mac. "Seems to me I've seen that waiter before—last summer, if I remember. Where was it? Florian's or the Pantheon?"

"No, I don't think so," said Mac. "Carl hasn't been out of the country for two years to my knowledge. Much obliged, Oscar, for giving him a place." This to the proprietor, who was now beaming across the bar at Mac. "You'll find Carl all right," and he nodded toward the waiter, who was again approaching the table.

"Everything suit you, Carl?"

"Oh, yes, yes, Mr. MacWhirter; I was comin' to see you about it, but I just got back from Philadelphia." The man seemed hardly able to keep his arms from around Mac's neck I've seen a dog, sometimes, show that peculiar form of trembling joy when brought suddenly into his master's presence after a long absence, but never a man

Marny now spoke up

"Tell us about this waiter, Mac"

"There's nothing to tell—just one of my acquaintances, that's all. Some I bow to, some I shake hands with. Carl is one of the last." And Mac nodded and emptied his glass at a single draft, shutting off all discussion. No one knew better than Mac how to avoid a subject on which he preferred to keep silence.

On the way back to the Old Building Marny and I walked together, Lonnegan, Mac and Boggs behind.

"Something in that waiter, Carl," remarked Marny, "or Mac wouldn't have shaken hands with him. These waiters are a queer lot; they're never in the same city more than a year. I drew my chair up to a table in Moscow two years ago in that swell café—forget the name—outside of a park, and sat me down wondering which one of my ragged languages I could use in getting something to eat, when the waiter behind my chair leaned over and said in perfect English 'What wine, Mr. Marny?' He'd waited at Brown's, on Twenty-eighth Street, for years Hello!—who's Mac talking to now? A street beggar! Just like him!'

We were crossing the square and nearing the Old Building and No. 3. There was evidently some dispute over the beggar, for Mac was apparently defending the woman, while the others were objecting to her asking for alms.

"They've got a password and signal call for Mac," continued Boggs. "He never goes to luncheon but there's half a dozen of them strung along his way."

We had now reached our companions.

"Did you give that tramp anything, Mac?" burst out Marny

"Let not your right hand know what your left hand doeth, my boy," answered Mac with a wave of his hand as he strode along.

"Did he, Lonnegan?" persisted Boggs.

"Yes, and wanted to know where she lived."

"I can tell you where she lives," exploded Boggs. "She lives in a brownstone front somewhere facing the Park. Drives up Riverside every Sunday in her carriage, and all because fools like you, Mac, support her. Only last week a man I know gave some pennies to a woman who was crying with hunger, with two little babes to feed—'For the love of God, kind sir,' and all that sort of thing—and that night, going home from the club, he found her on a doorstep under a gaslight counting out her earnings; all the cents in one pile, all the dimes in another; then the quarters, halves and so on She'd earned more money that day than he had. When she saw him she laughed and went right on with her counting."

Mac was now entering the building, we following him upstairs, the discussion still going on. Lonnegan insisted that there were city charities that took care of such tramps, Boggs interrupted that they ought to be turned over to the police. Marny thought that there might be some of them deserving, but the chances were that the greater part of them were too lazy to work

Our heads were now level with the top of the Chinese screen, and the next instant the whole party were inside No. 3, and warming themselves at MacWhirter's wood fire.

Our host hung up his coat, threw some fresh logs on the andirons, swept the hearth, and dragged up the chairs for his guests alongside of some of the other habitués—Charley Woods and Wharton among them—who had already arrived and were awaiting our return.

"Mac's been doing the noble act again, Woods," said Boggs; "that's why we're late. Shook hands with a red headed waiter named Carl, down at Pusch's, who seemed glad enough to eat him up; then he emptied his pockets to a bag of bones outside with a basket—'God knows I haven't eaten anything, kind sir, for three days! Got three children.'" (Boggs' drawl was inimitable.) "That sort of an old hag He would have invited her to dinner if we hadn't been along If he wasn't a natural born fool with his money it might do Mac some good to prove to him that——"

"You will get left every time, Mac," interrupted Woods from his chair, "over this foolishness of yours." It was never considered rude to interrupt Boggs—not even by Boggs. "Half of those beggars are dead beats. I've had some experience"

"Never 'left' when you're right, Woods," shouted back Mac, who had crossed the room to his basin and was busy washing his brushes

"It's never right, Mac, to allow yourself to be buncoed—and that's what happened to me last fall," retorted Woods.

Boggs leaned forward in his chair and fixed his eyes on Woods. For Woods to be buncoed—a man who prided himself on knowing everything—was too delicious a story to lose even a single word. The men were now all drawn up to the blaze, particularly those of us who had just come out of the

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of stories by F. Hopkinson Smith, each complete in itself, but all told beside The Wood Fire in No. 3. The next will appear in an early number.

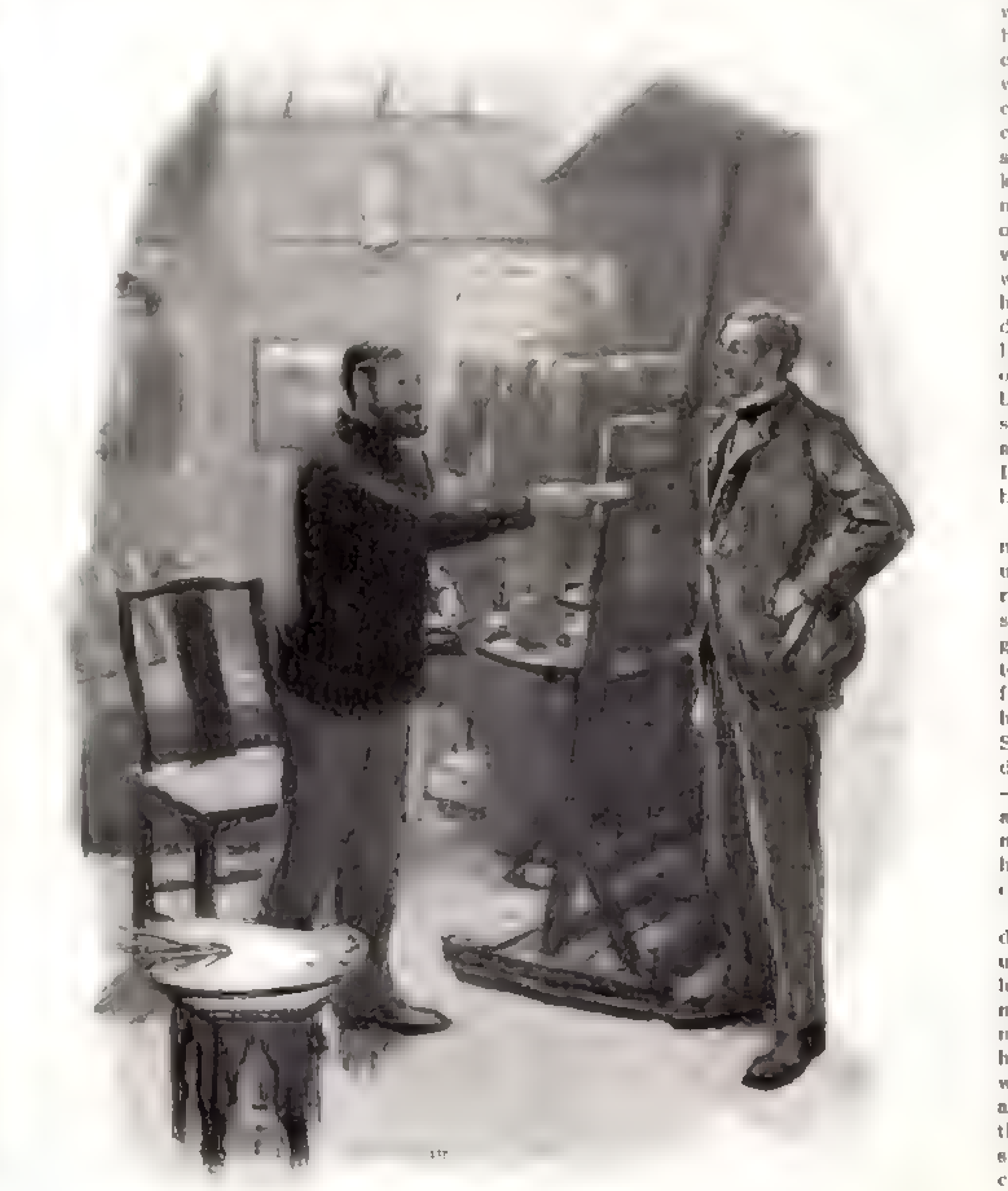
cold—the keen wind on our back when we crossed the square having chilled most of us through

"You don't know, of course, for I have never told you," Woods continued, "but when I was real pious—and I was once—I used to oblige my dear old aunt and go down to the Bowery and read to the tramps that hived in a room rented by the church to which she belonged. I used to read them short stories—touch of pathos, broad farce or dramatic incident; whatever I thought would suit them best, from Charles O'Malley, Boots at Holly Tree Inn, Hans Breitmann's yarns—things like those. I got along pretty well with the Irish, Dutch and English dialects, but a new story just out at that time, 'That Lass o' Lowrie's,' in the Lancashire dialect, upset me completely. I didn't know how to read it properly and I couldn't find any one who could teach me. I tried it there one night, and after making a first class fizzle of it I suddenly thought that in an audience representing almost every nationality on the globe there might be some one from Lancashire, and so I stepped again to the edge of the platform, told them why I made the inquiry, and invited any one from that part of England to stand up so that I could see and talk to him. Nobody moved, and I went away determined never to read it again.

"The next day I was pegging away at my easel—it was when I had my studio over Duncan's grocery store, on Fourteenth Street and Union Square—next to Quartley's and Sheldon's rooms—you remember it—when there came a rap at the door, and there stood a young fellow about twenty-five years of age, dressed in a shabby suit of once-good clothes. Not a tramp—rather a good-looking, well-mannered man, who had evidently seen better days. I believe that you can always tell when a man has been a gentleman; there is something about the cut of his jib that indicates his blood, no matter how low he may have fallen. Something in the quality of his skin, the lines about his nose and the way it is fastened to his face; the way the hair grows on his temples and its fineness; the rise of the forehead, and the ears—especially the ears. Small, well-modeled ears are as true an indication of gentle blood as small, well-turned hands and feet. I have painted too many portraits not to have found that out. This fellow had all these marks.

"He had, moreover, a way of looking you right in the eye without flinching, following yours about like a search light without letting go of his hold. His voice, too, was the voice of a man of refinement—a reedlike voice—like a clarinet, well-modulated, even musical at times, and with an intonation and accent which showed me at once that he was an Englishman.

"'I heard what you said last night about the Lancashire dialect,' he began, 'but I didn't like to stand up to speak to you. I was afraid you might not be satisfied with what I could do for you; but I am in such straits to-day that I couldn't help coming, and so I asked the superintendent for your address. I don't want any money, but I must have some food. If you will help me you will do a kind act. I am out of money and I may never get any more from home, so that what you do for me I may not be able to repay. I haven't really had much to eat for nearly a week—and my strength is giving out. I could hardly get up your stairs.'



"'GO DOWN,' I SAID, 'ON SIXTH AVENUE, AND GET SOMETHING TO EAT'"

"All this, remember, without giving me a chance to ask him a single question, and without stopping to take breath—just as a book-agent rattles on—he standing all the time on my doorsill, his hat in his hand—not as a beggar would carry it, but as some well-bred friend who had dropped in for an afternoon call. Good deal in the way a man holds a hat, let me tell you, when you are sizing up a stranger. That's another one of my beliefs.

"I brought him inside and he stood under my skylight, his face and figure making an even better impression on me than when he was in the dark of the doorway.

"'And you speak the Lancashire dialect, of course?' I asked, my eyes now taking in the military curl to his mustache, his broad shoulders, and the way his really fine head was set upon them.

"'No,' he answered, 'to tell you the truth I do not—not to be of any great service to you. I know some words, of course, but not many. I ought to be able to speak it perfectly, for my father's place is in the next county, but I have been a good deal away from home. I didn't come for that—I came because you seemed to me last night to be the sort of a man I could talk to. I don't like to stop people in the street, and my clothes now are not fit to enter any one's office, and it would do no good if I did, for I know no one here.'

"'Where have you lived?' I asked.

"'Oh, all over—Australia part of the time—three years in Canada——'

"'You don't look over twenty-five.'

"He dropped his eyes now, and looked down at the floor.

"'I wish I was twenty-five,' he answered slowly, 'I might have done differently. You are wrong. I am thirty-one will be my next birthday. I was home last summer to see my father, but I stayed only an hour with him. He wouldn't talk to me, so I left and came here.'

"'Why not?'

"'Well, I'd rather not go into that—it's a family matter.'

"'Pretty rough, turning you out, wasn't it?' I was getting interested in him now.

"'No, I can't say that it was. I hadn't been square with him—not the year before.'

"'Well, you were ready to do the decent thing then, I hope?'

"'Yes, but my governor is a peculiar sort of man that doesn't forget easily. But he's my father all the same, and so I'd rather keep away than have him hate me. No, please don't ask me anything about it. I don't think he was quite fair, but I'm not going to say so.'

"I had him in a chair now and had laid down my palette and brushes. When a man is thrown out into the world by his father and then refuses to abuse him, or let anybody else do so, there's something inside of him that you can build on.

"I handed him a greenback. 'Go down,' I said, 'on Sixth Avenue, and get something to eat, and anything else you need for your comfort, and then come back to me.'

"He folded the bill up carefully, put it in his waistcoat pocket, thanked me in a simple, straightforward way, just as any of you would have done had I loaned you an equal amount to tide you over some temporary emergency, and, with the bow of a thoroughbred, closed my door behind him and went downstairs.

"While he was gone I began, unconsciously, to let my imagination loose on him. I immediately invested him with all the attributes I had failed to discover in him while he stood hat in hand under my skylight. 'Some young blood, no doubt, of good family,' I said to myself; 'ran through his allowance; shipped off to Australia; returned and was forgiven. Then more debts, more escapades; father a choleric old Britisher who gets purple in the face when he is mad—"Out you go, you dog! Never more shall you be son of mine!"' You remember George Holland as an irate father of the old school—that sort of an old sardine. No question, though, but that his son was in hard lines and on the verge of suicide or, what was worse, crime.

"What, then, was my duty under the circumstances? What would my own governor expect of a man who had found me in a similar strait in London—penniless, half clothed and hungry—and turned me again into the cold?

"Before I had decided what to do he was back again in my studio, looking like a different man. Not only had he been fed, but he was clean-shaven and clean-collared.

"'I took you at your word,' he said. 'I had a bath, and bought me a clean collar. Here is the change,' and he handed me back some silver. 'I don't want to promise anything I can't do, and I don't say I'll pay it back, for I may not be able to, but I'll try my best to do so. Good by, and thank you again.'

"'Hold on,' I said. 'Sit down, and let me talk to you.' Now, right here, gentlemen, I want to tell you"—Woods swept his eye around the circle as he spoke; then rose to his feet as if to give greater emphasis to what he was about to say—his round bullet head, eyeglasses, and immaculate shirt-collar glistening in the overhead light—"I want to tell you right here, that the buying of that clean collar and the return of the change settled the matter for me. I'm a student of human nature, as most of you know, and I have certain fixed rules to guide me which never fail. All that I had thought over I knew was true; my duty was clear: I would play the Good Samaritan for all I was worth. I wouldn't cross over and ask him how the Cripple was getting on; I'd walk down both sides of the street, call an ambulance, lift him into a down-covered cot run on C springs, and trundle him off to flowery beds of ease—or whatever else I could scrape up that was comforting. Now listen and Mac, I want you to take all this in, for I am telling this yarn for your special benefit.

"That same afternoon I took him up to my rooms—I was living with my aunt then, up on Murray Hill—opened up my wardrobe, pulled out a shirt, underwear, socks, shoes, cutaway coat, waistcoat and trousers, gave him a scarf, and then, to add a touch to his whole get-up, I picked a scarfpin from my cushion and stuck it in. Next I handed him a cigar, opened up a bottle of Scotch, and after dinner—my aunt was dining out and we had the table to ourselves—sat up with him till near midnight, he and I talking together like any other two men who had met for the first time and who had, to their delight, found something in common.

"Nor would any of you have known the difference had you happened to drop in upon us. No reference, of course, was made to his condition, or to the way in which we had met. He was clean, well-dressed, well-mannered, perfectly at ease and entirely at home. You could see that by the way in which he waved his hand over his wineglass as a sign to the waiter not to refill it; passed the end of his cigar toward me that I might snip it with the cutter attached to my watch chain—having none of his own, of course—a fact he made no comment upon—did everything, in fact, down to the smallest detail—(and I watched and studied him pretty closely)—that any one of you would have done under similar circumstances. Everything he did proved his birth and breeding—all of which, you will admit, no man not born to it can acquire and not be detected by any one who knows. My idea was—and this is another one of my theories—that you can restore a man's energies only when you restore his self-respect, and I intended to prove my theory on this Englishman. What I was after was first to bring him back to his old self—he taking his place where he belonged—shutting out the hideous nightmare that was pursuing him, and then get him a situation where he could be self-sustaining. This done, I proposed to write to his father and patch it up somehow between them, and the next time I went abroad we would go together and kill the fatted calf—haul in the Yule-log, summon the tenants, build triumphal arches, and all that sort of thing.

"The following morning promptly at ten o'clock he rapped at my studio door. Pitkin saw him and thought he had come to buy out the studio, he was so well dressed—you remember him, Pit."

Pitkin shook his head and smiled.

"Then commenced the hunt for work, and I tell you it was hard sledding, but I stuck at it, and at the end of the week old

(Continued on Page 30)

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Single Subscriptions, $2.00 the Year
In Clubs, $1.25 Each
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

How to Tell When Your Subscription Expires

At the head of the first inside page of each copy of this magazine is printed the serial number of that issue. Each volume begins with the first issue in July. The first issue in July is number 1, the last issue in June number 52.

Following the name of the subscriber on the address label attached to each copy of the magazine sent by mail is the number of the issue with which the subscription expires. By consulting this number you can get the information desired. Renew as far in advance of expiration as is convenient, stating that the order is a renewal. By so doing, any possible delay in entering your renewal because of rush of business will be avoided

Educational Advertising

ADVERTISING is one of the greatest of educational forces. Education means rousing the spirit of inquiry. The easy and the sensible way to rouse this spirit in any human being is to tell him of something which he does not know and which it will be clearly to his advantage to know. The man with something good to sell is therefore in a position to increase the sum of human comfort and happiness—and the more he benefits himself, the more does he increase that sum.

A few years ago advertising was in a very crude state; it is still not quite the exact science it is going to be. For an exact science it must be—just as any other form of teaching.

Commerce is the great civilizer; advertising is to commerce what the teacher is to learning.

Prophecy and the Republic

A LOT of fun is being poked at the late Jules Verne because of his prognostication of the future of our republic. It is contained in a letter to Etienne Rochet, the discoverer of the sources of the Yukon, and it is perhaps Verne's most serious document since his Voyage to the Moon, and his Journey to the Centre of the Earth. "It is safe to expect," he says, "that, realizing the apprehensions of its founder, the illustrious Washington, the American Colossus will fall to pieces and three or four great States will rise on its ruins. Confronted by this prospect, whoever knows the tendencies of the Germanic race and the position it holds in America can predict that a German Empire will form in the Mississippi Valley, which it controls by its language, its literature, and its influence in public affairs. This empire to be born on the banks of the Mississippi—does it not evoke the dream of another empire beside the St. Lawrence, playing on the Western Continent the rôle of France in Europe; land of civilization and of liberty, a generous land, ready to fight for a noble principle or in defense of a holy cause, evidencing in the New World the ready initiative and the brilliant virtues of the French soul?"

Jules Verne is not the only prophet who has read our future in the light of his own desires. During our Civil War the historian Freeman published the first two volumes of a work entitled The History of Republican Institutions, from the Formation of the Athenian Confederacy to the Fall of the American Republic. Of this work Adams, in his Bibliography of History, gravely remarks: "Whether the historian despaired of being able to complete his great task, or for whatever other reason, no further volumes were issued."

To-day you will find those who see in the acquisition of foreign dependencies and the gradual strengthening of the executive power an irresistible movement toward the formation of an American Empire. Utopians regard the strengthening of trusts and labor unions, and the extension of municipal control, as the sure precursors of the millennium of socialism. Things are happening so rapidly that even the wildest possibility is interesting; but as yet, in spite of alarmists, the Constitution stands about where it has always stood.

In the mean time, the game is interesting to watch, and more interesting still to take a hand in. Those are wisest, however, who are wise after the event.

When the Honeymoon Wanes

THIS is peculiarly the season for the launching of matrimonial enterprises. All over the land each morning the bride and the groom, just back from the honeymoon, are parting for the day with smiling neighbors peeping from behind curtains. Usually the bride's last word is: "Come home early." And usually her evening greeting is: "Now, dear, forget all about the business, and let us be happy."

A natural start; but a mighty bad one. "Dear" ought not to come home early; "dear" ought not to forget all about the business. The honeymoon vacation is over; life has begun—not a bird-life of twittering and singing in the branches all day long with no necessity for thought of the morrow, but human life with its many and ever pressing serious matters. And "dear" should stay at the office until his business there is finished, and his wife should realize that it is her business as well as his, and should urge him to let her know all about it. They've got to talk about something while they hold hands; why not about that which must be the main source of the development of their characters and careers?

When Doctors Disagree

THE census is silent as to the annual emoluments of the legal profession in the United States; but the sum total must rank somewhere between dairy products and the hay crop. Nobody with an economic conscience would seek to lay rash hands upon so vast an industry; but its theoretic basis needs reorganization.

The fee is paid and accepted in the complimentary assumption that the lawyer knows what the law is; but every day brings its depressing evidence that, in fact, the lawyer does not know and cannot possibly know.

To take only one day's evidence: the Supreme Court of the United States, four out of the nine justices dissenting, has declared unconstitutional a New York law limiting the hours of work in bakeries. The highest court of New York, three out of seven justices dissenting, had declared the same law constitutional. Thus sixteen of the most eminent judges in the land—nine of the Federal Supreme Bench and seven of the New York Court of Appeals—have passed upon this law, and eight of the sixteen were wrong about it. If that is the proportion of error among the highest judges, what chance has the poor, busy barrister to be right?

Almost at the same time, the Federal tribunal handed down a decision in a railroad land damage case, also from New York. On the same set of facts, the New York Court of Appeals had once held against the railroad. In this particular case, the lower court held against the railroad; then the Court of Appeals, by a divided bench, held in favor of the railroad. The Washington court, four of the nine justices dissenting, reversed the Court of Appeals which had previously reversed itself, and upheld the lower court. In the famous Northern Securities case four of the nine Supreme Court justices dissented, and a fifth, while casting the determining vote which settled what the law is, reached his conclusions on grounds different from those taken by his colleagues of the majority.

The law must and will be upheld. It means civilization. It is civilization. Whoever raises a hand to it save by way of kindness is a public enemy. But the assumption that any merely finite being can tell you what it is cannot be tolerated. If you must pay somebody because you think he can tell you what the law is, go to a fortune-teller or a spiritualistic medium. The knowledge you seek lies beyond the bounds of the tangible. Pay your lawyer, if you will, as your philosopher and friend, and the less he tells you of what he knows about the law the better friend he will be.

Woman's Inhumanity to Woman

WHETHER or not man's enemies be of his own household, woman's are assuredly of her own sex. The Reverend Anna Howard Shaw, president of the National Woman's Suffrage Association, has been saying all she could for her cause at the National Council of Women at Washington. There isn't a country in Europe where women get as little credit as they do from the harsh, tyrannical American husband; and she is indignant that President Roosevelt should exalt mothers above women who devote their lives to achieve the ballot. "As for me," she exclaimed, "I would rather be a free woman in Hell than a bond slave in Heaven!"

In the very face of all this, just look at what Mrs. Craigie has been saying—Mrs. Craigie, who in her own aspiring youth published her novels under the manly name of John Oliver Hobbes: "The more I see of women's work in public life, their action on committees and so forth, the more I am convinced that they were never intended to govern. Feminine nature is charming, but it does not contain the first element of justice, nor is it to be produced artificially by means of education. In the very unfairness of women is often to be found the main source of their fascination. I have met women who have made themselves reasonable, but they told me that they had found the process dehumanizing. They became at once reasonable and unlovely."

Very black indeed is the picture Mrs. Craigie draws of the fate of the husband who comes home weary from his day's labor "only to find there the forewoman of a jury."

When women disagree, who shall decide? Mere man, tyrant though he is, will, if he is wise, clamber up on the fence. If Mrs. Craigie finds Mrs. Shaw "unlovely," Mrs. Shaw can retort that Mrs. Craigie is her own best example of the demoralizing perniciousness of woman's wit. Woman's inhumanity to woman, meanwhile, makes millions of menfolk mourn

The Easy Way Out

BARRIE'S latest successful play is a plea for teaching children to believe in fairies. For producing his illusions he relies upon electricity and sundry other discoveries of modern science. And he has caused in England, and in certain quarters here, a wild outburst of enthusiastic approval.

When children used to be taught all about the fairies, the grown up teachers were themselves believers in fairies. Fairies, good and bad, were the lazy, ignorant way of appealing to the sense of the marvelous, and of explaining the phenomena of Nature. But where is the excuse for teaching such falsehoods now, when those crude and stupid explanations of the unseen world about us have been supplanted by science's infinitely more amazing truths?

Where, indeed, is this excuse? Why, in the slovenly laziness of the grown-ups. It is so much easier to repeat the stories one learned in one's own childhood, and to answer a child's question with chatter about gnomes and fairies. It would require study and thought to inquire into the wonders of science and to explain them in simple language.

America's Problem

PROFESSOR MUNSTERBERG, of Germany and Harvard, finds that we Americans are chiefly proud of the American temperament and character—which is the product of the spirit that pervades this continent and lies back of our institutions of every kind, and makes their shortcomings, however grave, trifling and passing phenomena. Mr. Munsterberg is the first distinguished foreign observer who has put his finger on the American essential. The others have tried to find us in our politics, in our industries, in our social life; and they have failed. For "American" is, as Mr. Munsterberg has discovered, something far deeper than political or economic or social institutions.

Our problem is to remain American. And it looks as if that were not to be easy, as the inequalities of wealth pass from the almost incidental and accidental to the vital and permanent, as the strong take advantage of the ever increasing opportunities to put industrial bondage upon the weaker and the weaker's children and children's children.

The Bench and the Game

A WESTERN court has given a decision which may assist materially in clearing up a number of very tangled affairs

Unfortunately, the text of this decision is not at hand and one must rely, therefore, upon the all-too-brief dispatches. From these it appears that the complainant had played at a game of cards called poker, lost considerable money, and sued the other players to recover. The case turned upon the contention of the defendants that each party played for himself alone, and the loser could hold only the party to whom he lost

The court declares this contention to be unsound and holds that all the players are equally liable.

This would logically imply that the loser, being one of the players, is liable for the loss and must sue himself if he wishes to recover. To the lay mind, therefore, the decision appears entirely admirable, and it may be hoped that its broad principle of equal responsibility will be generally applied in cases of this nature. For instance, it is reported that a famous cotton plunger may be freed of liability to his creditors by having his deal adjudged a gambling transaction, debts arising from such transactions being non-enforceable at law. But under the Western rule, if his deal was a gambling transaction, he, being a participant therein, is liable for the losses. It will therefore become his duty to recover judgment against himself; and his creditors, by an action of garnishment, can divert the judgment to the satisfaction of their own claims.

All gambling is immoral; but welching is nowhere regarded as one of the beatitudes.

THE CARTOON PROPHET

How He Plays Heads-I-Win-Tails-You-Lose, and is Beaten Only by the Weather

By JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

CARTOONISTS working on the big American dailies draw their cartoons as near the hour of publication as possible, which, in the case of a morning paper, would be in the afternoon preceding. In this way the cartoons are up-to-date, a quality which the people and the editor demand.

There come times, however, when the cartoonist may find it necessary to draw considerably ahead of the date of publication. For instance, he may want to take a vacation, or, rather, he may be granted a vacation — which is very different. At the same time the paper may wish to continue the cartoons without a lapse, and so it devolves upon the artist to draw a sufficient number to bridge his absence without a break in their continuity. Into such a condition the element of prophecy enters. The cartoonist looks ahead and makes his drawings to fit probable emergencies and problematical situations.

I had a vacation last summer which involved an elaborate as well as an industrious campaign of preparation. My paper granted me the vacation on condition that cartoons be provided against my absence. I was not particular where I should go, but there was one requirement, and that was ocean travel. To a man who has been breathing coal dust for several months there is something tremendously appealing in the thought of cool ocean breezes with lots of elbow room on the side, and as there seemed to be more ocean to the westward than to the eastward, I laid my plans for a quick trip to Japan and return. This I found to be quite practicable. By taking an Empress steamer at Vancouver on August 15, I could land in Yokohama on August 29; and, by taking another Empress on September 3, I could return to Vancouver on September 14. Allowing four days each way from Chicago to Vancouver, I found that I should have to make cartoons for thirty-eight days.

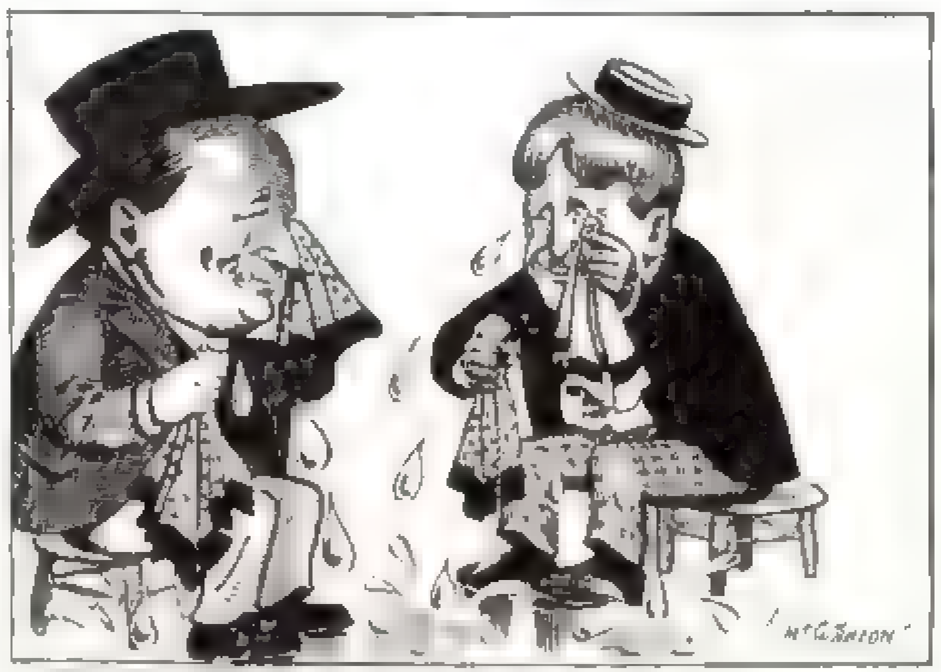
In the twenty days preceding August 10, the date planned for my departure, I drew the extra cartoons that I hoped would fit any emergency that might arise during my absence.

The prophecies were evolved as follows.

Six cartoons illustrating events at the St. Louis Fair were drawn, for I knew that the fair would continue during my trip and that my cartoons relating to it would be timely.

I also knew that Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia, would be notified of his nomination for the Vice-Presidency on August 15; and a cartoon was made to fit this event. The same was done for the date of Mr. Parker's notification.

Another cartoon was made for September 1, the opening of the oyster season, and the cartoon expressed the activity that would exist at Oyster Bay, where Mr. Roosevelt was living.



A cartoon was made for September 5, as that was known to be Labor Day. Four cartoons were made to fit any possible weather condition, and my long and intimate acquaintance with Chicago weather convinced me that I could count upon at least that number of changes.

Four more cartoons were drawn of each of the Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates, all of which the political campaign would make appropriate and timely.

I also knew, from my observation of former Presidential campaigns, that Congressman Grosvenor, of Ohio, would issue his quadrennial prediction of the political result — a prediction that generally puts pretty nearly every State save Texas into the Republican column.

It was also a foreordained fact that the usual crop of campaign lies would blossom forth at some time during my absence, so a cartoon was made to hit off such a condition.

A half dozen cartoons of a mildly didactic nature were made for the Sunday editions, cartoons which were not particularly dependent upon the news of the day but were appropriate in a general way to Sunday papers. Two or three war cartoons were prepared to fit probable relations in the Russo-Japanese war and half a dozen more were made to illustrate child-life in the good old summertime.

The last cartoon I made was one in which I took a gambler's chance. It was a picture that represented the Czar smiling broadly as he said: "It's a boy!" The prophecy was fortunately fulfilled, and if there be aught in the power of telepathic suggestion, I feel that I am entitled to a Russian decoration. The Czarowitz was born several days after I had started on my vacation.

Upon my return I found that few persons beyond my immediate circle of friends were aware that I had been out of the city. The readers of the paper evidently considered that the cartoons were as timely as usual — which may or may not be a welcome commentary.

It frequently happens that the prophetic cartoon falls down with a prodigious concussion. This is what often occurs when we draw pictures illustrating weather conditions. Those who have visited Chicago for more than a few hours will readily believe that the climate at that place is versatile, to say the least. Some might even use a different adjective, but, for the purposes of this article, "versatile" will do well enough — and also look better. The weather to day may not be the weather to morrow. In one afternoon, spring and sunshine may ride triumphant, with the bugles of the south wind blowing the softest sort of a symphony. The next morning old Boreas, rampant from Medicine Hat, will be battering at the doors and rattling the sign boards with one prolonged and angry yowl.

Last March we had a succession of lovely spring days. Going to work became an ordeal. The parks and the open fields beckoned to everybody and the air was full of cheeriness and sunshine. In an ecstasy of optimism I drew a buoyant cartoon to show that spring was here. It was an X-ray picture of "winter," and one could see that the backbone was badly fractured. The following morning when the readers of the Tribune glanced at this optimistic cartoon and then looked out of the window they must have suffered something of a shock, for a blizzard was screeching along the streets, several inches of snow covered the sidewalks, and the general view was about as unspringlike as one could imagine.

The result of this ill-fated prophecy was a conspicuous absence of further cartoons of that sort for some days. At length the winter again moderated and, about the middle of March, we had more lovely spring days.

Another exuberant cartoon was made to chronicle the real, sure-enough advent of spring. A funeral procession was shown winding down the countryside. In the hearse was the casket containing the last wilted remains of "Winter," behind which were a number of mourners' carriages, all empty save one, and in this was a disconsolate looking coal-dealer. Along the sidewalk were vast throngs of people manifesting their grief by making sundry cheerful noises.

The following morning the weather was twice as bad as it had been on the occasion of the first cartoon. The thermometer was about ten degrees below zero.

In a vain attempt to redeem myself as a prophet, I drew a cartoon showing a poor frozen citizen hugging a radiator, while in the shadowy outlines was a mental vision of the sunny South. He was softly muttering:

Ship me somewhere south of winter! Oh, it's there
 that I would go,
Where there ain't no ten or twelve degrees of
 Fahrenheit below!
For I hear the South a-callin' and the Southern
 breezes say
"Come ye down to where the sunbeams chase the
 sleet and ice away."

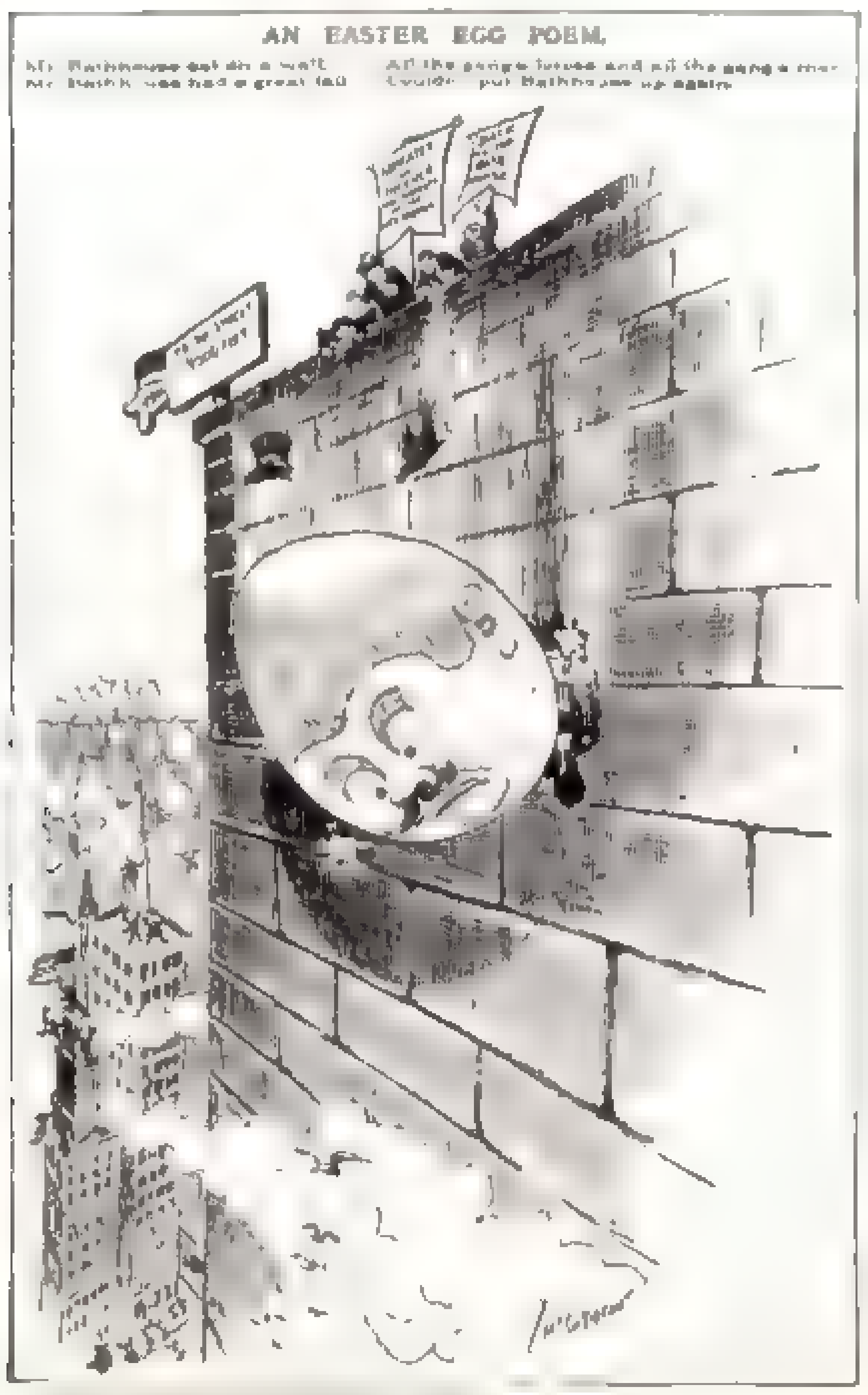
When this cartoon appeared in print the following day the sun was shining brightly and the weather was as beautiful as the poet's dream of Paradise.

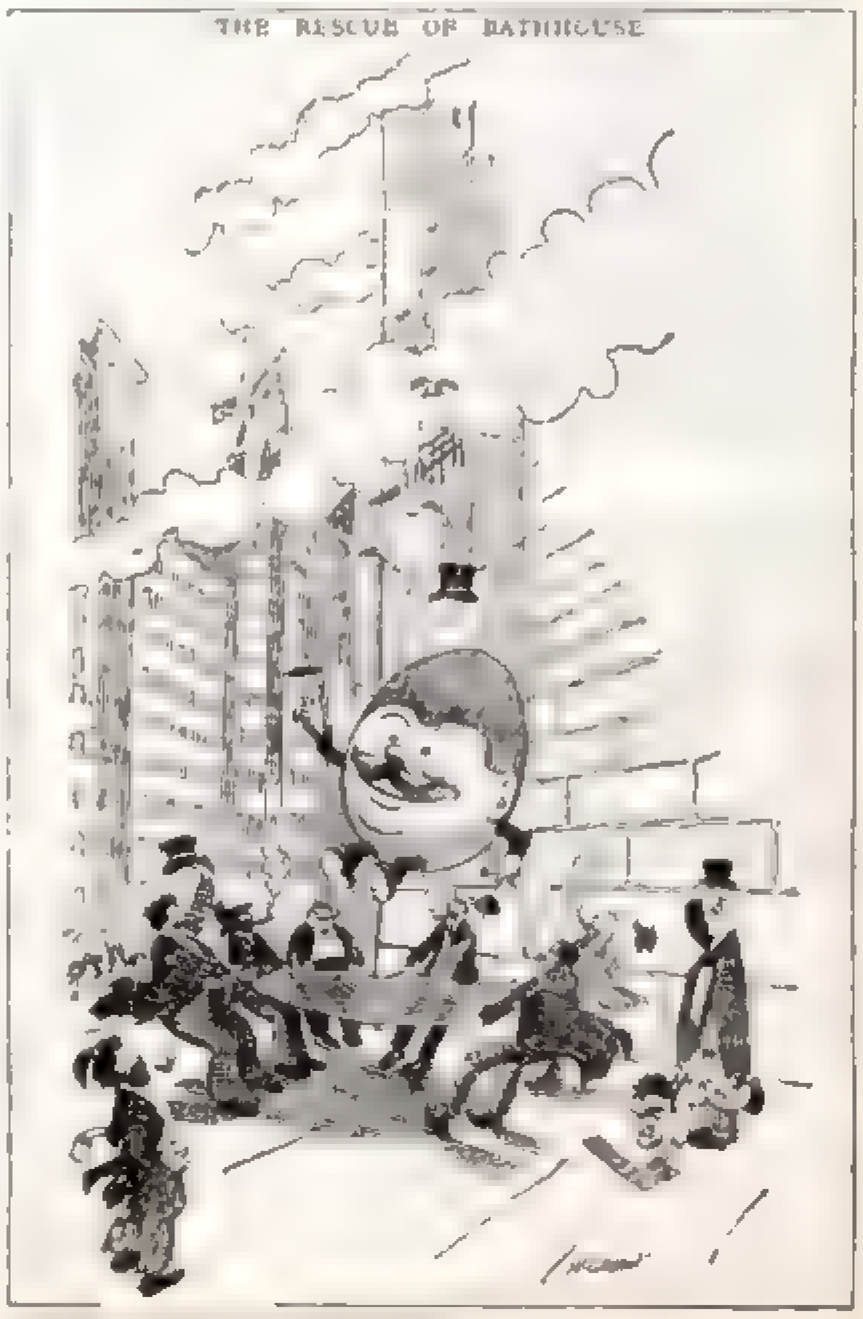
In profound disgust I quit prophesying about Chicago weather.

On the nineteenth of July, when there were scores of heat prostrations in the city, a cartoon was drawn showing another X ray of the backbone of winter. The vertebræ were scattered all over the page. The backbone of winter was this time broken for certain!

The next day it did not snow, and so I redeemed my reputation as a reliable weather prophet.

After observing what a lot of mistakes a cartoonist makes in his weather cartoons, it may be wondered that he is always so successful in his political predictions. You doubtless have observed that on the morning after an important election there is nearly always a cartoon showing the result, and as this result is seldom known before eleven or twelve o'clock at night, the cartoon must necessarily have been drawn before the result was known. The explanation is





The Duty of Dressing Well

STEIN-BLOCH SMART CLOTHES simplify that duty which every man owes to himself—the duty of dressing well.

More than artistic, they are masculine, possessing virility of style, vigor of outline, strength of character.

By emphasizing good points, they overcome defects and develop the possibilities of the figure in a wonderful manner.

So unobtrusive are they, so perfect their good taste, that you forget them—the sure sign of being correctly clothed.

From foundation to finish STEIN-BLOCH SMART CLOTHES exemplify the ideals of half a century of earnest effort.

From an absolutely all wool fabric they are built up step by step, through cut and design, through interior parts and tailoring, into that thoroughbred excellence which wins instant approval from discriminating dressers.

If you are perplexed with the trouble and expense of dressing well, you will find happy relief in garments bearing the STEIN-BLOCH label.

The Stein-Bloch Co. Wholesale Tailors
REGISTERED 1905

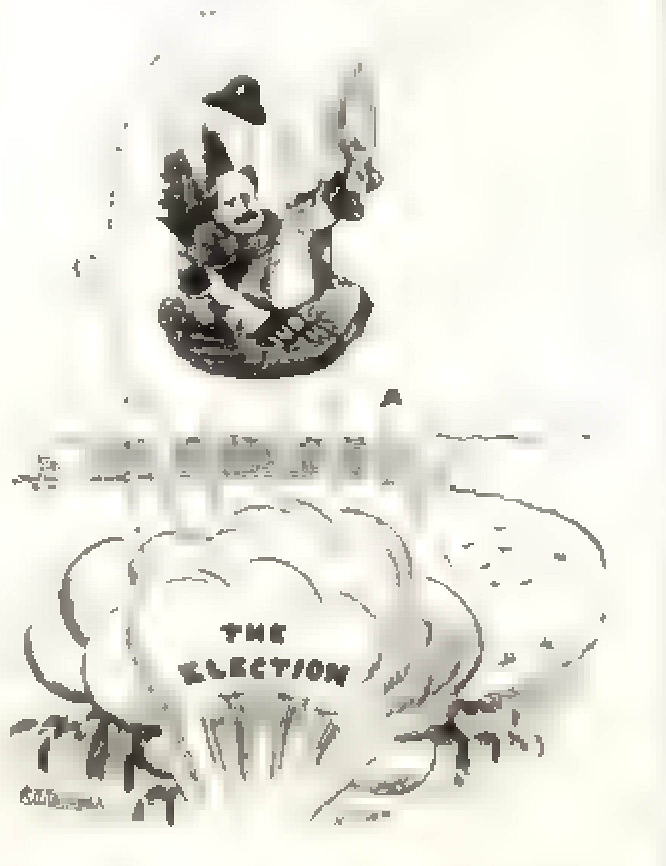
Write for "*Smartness*," an education in correct dress, which also explains the wonderful Wool Test and tells you where Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes are sold in your city.

THE STEIN-BLOCH CO.,
Wholesale Tailors,
130-32 Fifth Ave., New York
Tailor Shops, Rochester, N. Y.

both simple and obvious. Two cartoons are drawn and the editor uses the one that suits the situation.

Yet even with the precautionary measure of two cartoons, the work of the cartoonist may fail of its purpose. Sometimes the result is not known in time to be chronicled in the paper the morning after election-day. On one occasion of this sort the editor used both cartoons, headed by a large question mark. In one a candidate was represented clinging to a slender tree which was labeled "machine support," while all about him were the evidences of a violent hurricane. His clothes were torn, his body was bruised, but he was smiling broadly as he said: "Thank goodness, I had this tree to cling to!" The other cartoon represented the same man dolefully going up the gangplank of a Salt River steamer. On his arms and hat were broad bands of crape, and in his hand was a one-way ticket good for his passage.

When all the returns were in it was definitely decided that the former cartoon was the one that correctly represented the result, and instead of taking a one-way passage up Salt River, the candidate secured pleasant quarters down in a large and beautiful building on the Potomac.

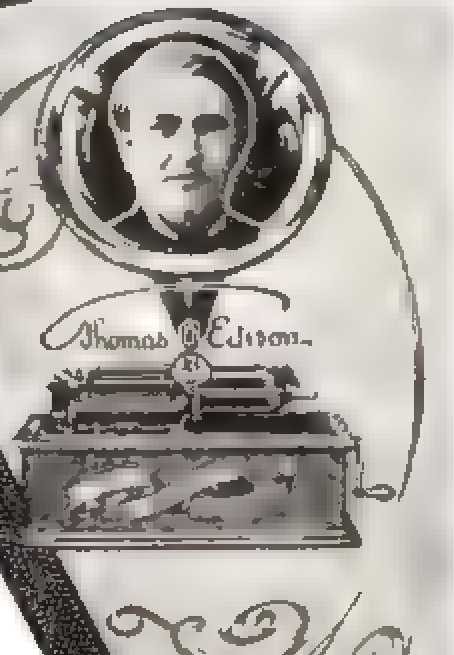


In 1902 there was a notable municipal election in Chicago. One of the candidates for Alderman was John Coughlin, more familiarly known as Bathhouse John, and all the reform influences were exerted to accomplish his defeat. It was a picturesque fight, for Bathhouse's position in the First Ward was well nigh impregnable, and his followers included all the riffraff of the levee district. As the campaign approached its end the reform elements made a mighty effort, and there were some optimistic persons who believed the legions of Bathhouse John would be routed.

On election morning a cartoon was printed to show the downfall of this candidate. He was represented as an egg, which conformed fairly well to the physical architecture of Bathhouse, and this egg was being pushed from the top of an eighteen-story building by the reform forces. The cartoon indicated that Mr. Bathhouse was likely to sustain a profound jar in the near future.

When the returns were in Bathhouse was something over three thousand to the good. It was a mighty victory, and it necessitated some quick side-stepping on the part of the cartoonist. The next day a cartoon appeared which represented Mr. Bathhouse exultantly alighting in a net held by his friends, the gang, down on the sidewalk.

When Mr. McClellan ran for mayor of New York, two cartoons were prepared, one to fit his election and the other to fit his defeat. Tammany was assumed to be the chief motive power of his candidacy, and for this reason Tammany entered largely into both cartoons. One was called "The Triumph of Tammanicus" and was an adaptation of Piloty's painting entitled "The Triumph of Germanicus." On the splendid throne sat a figure symbolizing Tammany surrounded by heelers and the gay characters of the tenderloin. Before this throne marched the Tammany tiger held in leash by a Tammany man, and behind them, roped together, were figures representing Father Knickerbocker and the conventional robed lady labeled "Decency." In the foreground were a few of the faithful, sitting joyfully upon huge bags of riches marked "Tithes of Vice" and "Spoils of Crime." This cartoon was an elaborate one, for the indications pointed to the great likelihood of its being the right guess.



Why YOU Should Buy an
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BECAUSE Your family needs it. It is the hostess' safe reliance. It teaches the children to know music by finding pleasure in good music, played artistically and blended correctly.
BECAUSE Used at home, everyone enjoys it.
BECAUSE Its present value is worthy of much self-denial, if need be, to save the price.

New April Records

Make a choice and ask the nearest dealer to play the [illegible]

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8954 If Mr. Boston Lawson Has His Way [illegible] Murray
8955 Jasper, Don't You Hear Me Calling You? *Coon Duet*, Collins & Harlan
8956 A Summer Dream, *Bells & Chimes* [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] MacDonough & Biehling
[illegible] Edison Concert Band
[illegible] Harry Anthony
[illegible] Arthur Collins
[illegible]

Mail this coupon—check item wanted
"Concert Ticket"
Phonograph Catalogue
Catalogue of Edison Records
Sample Copy of Phonogram
[illegible]

A TREAT FOR YOU

[illegible] YOU [illegible]

National Phonograph Co., Orange, N. J.
[illegible]
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Northern
No expense but the gasolene

Silent Northern Touring Car
18 h. p., side entrance—$1700

The Northern is the only dustless touring car. The 24 inch Fly Wheel with fan blades [illegible] sends a strong [illegible] under car toward rear, destroying the vacuum [illegible] driving the dust away and [illegible] protecting passengers from dust, no matter which way the wind blows.
The Northern is also a noiseless car. [illegible] sound [illegible] Northern method, which [illegible] a double expansion of the exhaust gases [illegible] any back pressure. [illegible] the Northern costs the least [illegible] dust, sand and gravel proof.

[illegible] Northern parts in detail.
Northern Manufacturing Company
Member A. L. A. M. Detroit, U. S. A.

25%

WHY risk your money in fickle speculation when an opportunity to make 25% a year is offered you in

ARLINGTON

The greatest realty offer of the year.

Right in the Heart of Greater Pittsburg

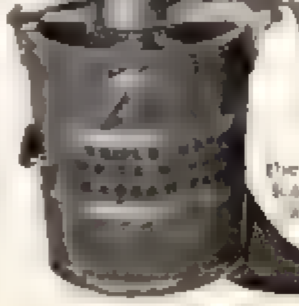
Where fortunes are made in realty. Realty is a staple, safe and sure investment. Arlington is the hub of a district that pays out $130,000,000.00 a year in wages. $10 secures any lot—$5 to $10 a month pays for it. Free deed in case of death—Free life insurance.

[illegible] from all points east of the Mississippi [illegible] lot buyers.

We guarantee that any unsold lot in ARLINGTON in 1907 will not be sold for less than 50% above present prices.

Send today for Booklet "S"—It tells all about it.

G. M. CYPHER & CO.
Pittsburg, Pa. McKeesport, Pa.
References: Treasury Trust Co., Pittsburg, [illegible] *Bank, McKeesport, Pa.*



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A Book of 50 Receipts Sent You FREE

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WHITE MOUNTAIN
ICE CREAM FREEZER

the easiest, quickest and most economical freezer ever invented. [illegible]
White Mountain Freezer Co.,
Dept. D, Nashua, N. H.

There is Money For You In
JOURNALISM

There [illegible]

Sprague Corres. School of Journalism,
241 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.

We Teach Telegraphy Quickly
and put our graduates at work. Railroads write us daily for men and furnish Railroad Passes to Destination. Expenses very low and students can earn their board while attending school. 40-page book telling about it—Free.
Valentine's School of Telegraphy
Estab. 33 yrs. Janesville, Wis.

The other cartoon was extremely simple, for there seemed to be no need of spending much time on a drawing which seemed foredoomed never to find itself in print. It was simply the tail of a tiger with a supplementary attachment of cans. This cartoon was, of course, never used.

In some elections the result seems to be so definitely foreshadowed that no preparation is made for two possible results. The last Presidential election was one of this sort. Only cartoons illustrative of a Roosevelt triumph were made, and if by reason of some terrific reversal of public opinion Mr. Parker had been elected I doubt if there would have been any cartoons the following morning to show the result. Several cartoons were made on this occasion to illustrate the probable verdict of the voters. In one of them Mr. Hearst and Mr. Bryan were weeping crocodile tears and from behind their handkerchiefs were winking at each other. "Poor Alton!" they sobbed gleefully. Another represented the whirlwind finish, the *dramatis personæ* being the whirlwind, Mr. Parker and Mr. Davis.

In the recent Chicago mayoralty election the one vital issue at stake was municipal ownership of the street-car service. Mr. Harlan, the Republican nominee, was in favor of municipal ownership some time in the vague future, and Judge Dunne, the Democratic nominee, was in favor of immediate municipal ownership. Judge Dunne had the popular side and every indication foreshadowed his election. Yet, in spite of the comparative certainty of his success, he was disposed to play safe. He refused to resign his position on the bench and made the campaign with a substitute occupying his chair in the courts. Whichever way the election went, he was certain of something soft to fall upon, either the mayor's chair or back on the bench.

Two cartoons were made in preparation for the morning after election day. One was elaborately drawn and represented Judge Dunne's victory. The other represented a Harlan victory. In the latter, Judge Dunne was shown high in the air, having been propelled to that lofty altitude by a violent explosion symbolizing the election. Beneath him he clutched a large cushion labeled "Judgeship" upon which he expected to alight when he came down. A startled smile was faintly revealed, and above the cartoon were to be the words: "Thank goodness, I have something soft to light on!"

Mr. Dunne has since resigned from the bench and is now creditably occupying a suite of rooms in the City Hall.

* * *

If One is Rich

A POPULAR game among the very well-to-do is "racquets," a kind of tennis, which requires a spacious walled court. Such courts can be found only at the racquet clubs, which are very exclusive and proportionately expensive institutions. A modification of racquets, known as "squash," is played in a smaller court, about thirty feet by sixteen, roofed over. Many rich people have squash courts in their houses nowadays, and the mansion of any millionaire who has grown sons is likely to possess a suitable inclosure for the game. It affords a more healthful exercise than billiards, and is admirably adapted for developing the muscles.

Squash is one of the swiftest games played, and because it furnishes a great deal of exercise in a very short space of time, and because the game may be played day or night, all winter and in any weather, it is rapidly increasing in popularity.

One of the greatest advantages enjoyed by Mr. Millionaire is that, when he goes traveling on land as well as on water, he can carry his home and even the minor appurtenances of his household with him. The conveniences afforded by his steam yacht are made equally available by the use of a private railroad car in overland journeys, the wheeled vehicle being fitted up with a magnificence scarcely inferior to that of his city residence. Indeed, he may have it constructed to suit his own ideas, at a cost of $25,000 to $40,000, by a car-building company, though his plans will be subject to modification in accordance with the rules of the railroads, which cannot be expected to convey along their lines rows of Queen Anne cottages and other eccentric architectural creations evolved from the brains of luxury-loving individuals.

Summer Suits
$6 to $25
Everything Made to Order. Nothing Ready-Made.
Catalogue, Samples and Simple Measurement Directions Sent Free.
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Our Catalogue of New York Fashions illustrates 156 [illegible]
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We Guarantee to Fit You or Refund Your Money.
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We Send FREE [illegible] of the United States [illegible] Summer Catalogue [illegible] Samples of the Newest Materials [illegible]
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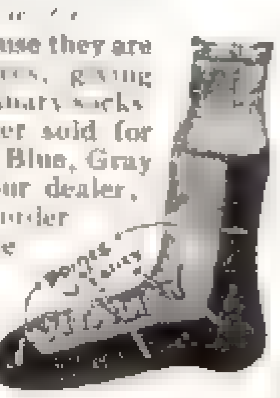
119 and 121 West 23d St., New York City.
Mail Orders Only. No Agents or Branches. [illegible] 17 years

NO unpacking when [illegible]
The ABC Wardrobe Trunk
is the one perfect trunk for both men and women. [illegible] a lifetime
Price $30.00 and Upwards
Abel & Bach Company,
Largest [illegible]
Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A.
ABC [illegible]


WIVES and MOTHERS Find NO HOLES TO MEND In Vitality REGISTERED THE SOCK WITH LIFE
3 Pairs for 50c
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Require no mending, because they are [illegible] giving four times the service of ordinary socks. The only sock of merit ever sold for less than 25c. Black, Tan, Blue, Gray [illegible] fast colors. Ask your dealer, if he cannot supply you, order direct from the factory, prepaid, on receipt of price.
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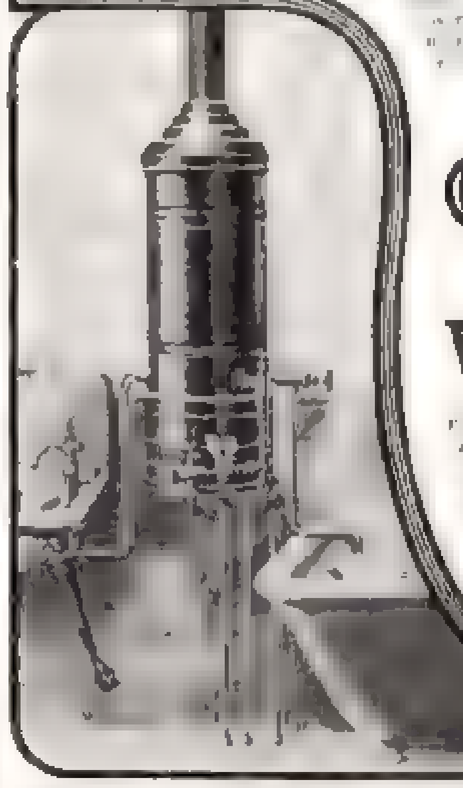
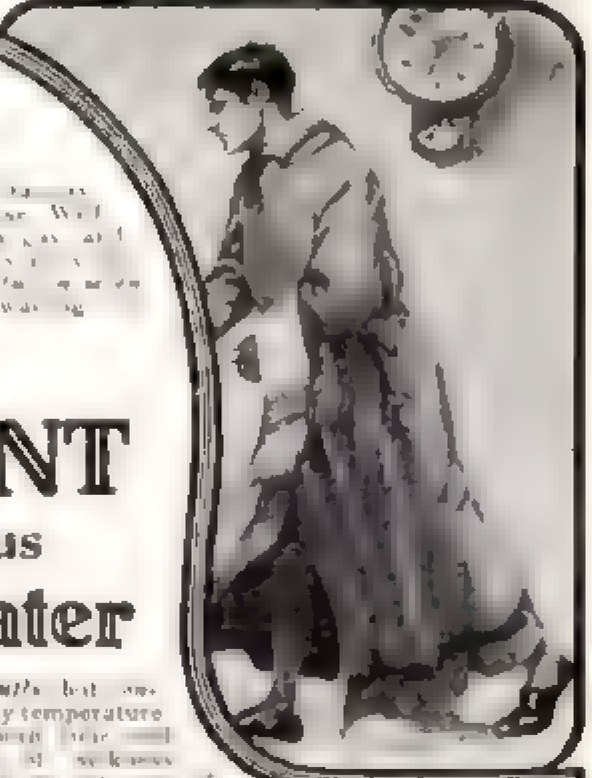
$12.00 For this Winking Sign Complete with lamps.
SKEDOODLE Devices give the wink to electric signs and show windows. [illegible] compelling and artistic [illegible] required to put up. Skedoodle [illegible] Skedoodle Plug [illegible] Prices and circulars on request.
Agents Wanted in Every Town
THE PHELPS COMPANY, 33 Rowland St., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

Williams' Shaving Soap Philosophy
REFLECTIONS OF A VILLAGE PHILOSOPHER
SHAVINGS—IV.
"A MAN'S face has a good deal to put up with; March winds, mosquito bites, sun-burn and kisses from female relations. But I reckon the worst of all is a shave with ordinary shaving soap. This last would take the Gold Medal in the Trouble Class at any exposition. I'll state, however, that WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP is not 'ordinary;' it is an extraordinary collection of ease and luxury while shaving, and of face health and comfort afterward." "Be fair to your face."
"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face."
WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICKS, SHAVING TABLETS, TOILET WATERS, TALCUM POWDER, JERSEY CREAM TOILET SOAP, WILLIAMS' TAR SOAP, ETC., SOLD EVERYWHERE
Williams' Shaving Stick (Trial Size) Sent for 4 cents in Stamps
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.
Write for "The Shaver's Guide and Correct Dress."



The Man Who Catches the 7:22
[illegible] Instantaneous Water Heater [illegible]
Humphrey CRESCENT Instantaneous Water Heater
[illegible] supplies hot water instantly [illegible] quantity and at any temperature [illegible] nickel plated, should last a lifetime. 50,000 giving daily satisfaction. Send for our handsome descriptive booklet, "The Luxury of a Bath." It's FREE.
Our other Instantaneous Heater — the Crescent AUTOMATIC — supplies hot water to all parts of a building [illegible] the trouble of lighting. Gas turns on and off automatically. Catalogue on request.
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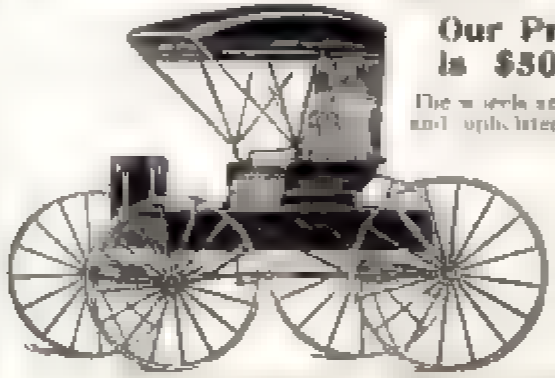
The Wheels and Running Gear of a Split Hickory Buggy
[illegible] gears of some of the bargain-counter buggies offered at $26.50 or lower you would not have the buggy at any price. They cannot afford to use in the manufacture of a buggy [illegible] material that can be secured. Split Hickory Buggies [illegible] in their construction is, every piece of it, carefully selected, thoroughly tested and guaranteed for two years.
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The wheels and running gear are the best selected split hickory, the workmanship, painting and upholstering [illegible] every part of it strictly first class in every way as a first class buggy [illegible]
OUR 30 DAYS' FREE USE PLAN
gives you an opportunity to closely inspect every part of our buggy. [illegible] Free 1905 Catalogue [illegible] Write for it to-day. It is a money saver for you.
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We will place a Wing Piano in any home in the United States on trial without asking for any advance payment or deposit. We pay the freight and all other charges in advance. There is nothing to be paid either before the piano is sent or when it is received. If the piano is not satisfactory after 20 days' trial in your home, we take it back entirely at our expense. You pay us nothing and are under no more obligation to keep the piano than if you were examining it at our factory. There can be absolutely no risk or expense to you.

Do not imagine that it is impossible to do as we say. Our system is so perfect that we can without any trouble deliver a piano in the smallest town in any part of the United States just as easily as we can in New York City, and with absolutely no trouble or annoyance to you, and without anything being paid in advance or on arrival either for freight or any other expense. We take old pianos and organs in exchange. A guarantee for 12 years against any defect in tone, action, workmanship or material is given with every Wing Piano.

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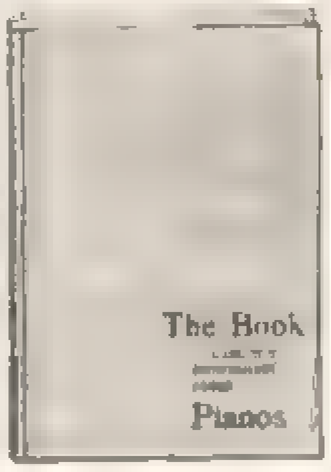
A book — not a catalogue — that gives you all the information possessed by experts. It tells about the different materials used in the different parts of a piano; the way the different parts are put together, what causes pianos to get out of order and in fact is a complete encyclopedia. It makes the selection of a piano easy. If read carefully, it will make you a judge of tone, action, workmanship, and finish, it tells you how to test a piano and how to tell good from bad. It is absolutely the only book of its kind ever published. It contains 156 large pages, and hundreds of illustrations, all devoted to piano construction. Its name is "The Book of Complete Information About Pianos." We send it free to anyone wishing to buy a piano. All you have to do is to send us your name and address.



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The Whimsical Consumer

Color, Not Quality, is What He Seeks in Food

BY RENÉ BACHE

FOOD is necessary to sustain life. This, undoubtedly, is the chief reason why people buy it. But the notion commonly held that, apart from this consideration, the gratification of the sense of taste constitutes the principal attraction that food offers to the average consumer appears to be an error. Fancies of many kinds enter into the problem, and the farmer, as well as the dealer who handles his products, if they would get the best prices, must make a special study of such whims.

With a view to giving useful hints to the farmers on this subject the Department of Agriculture has looked into the matter of consumers' fancies pretty thoroughly, and has made note of many curious facts in this line. Though to most people, for example, the idea has never occurred, it is none the less true that fruits, generally speaking, are not cultivated for the purpose of improving their flavor, but merely to make them larger and more beautiful. The finest blackberries in the market are, in this respect, poor as compared with the common roadside variety, and the great strawberries served with our desserts, however attractive to the eye, are coarse and tasteless compared with the wild strawberries which children pick in the woods.

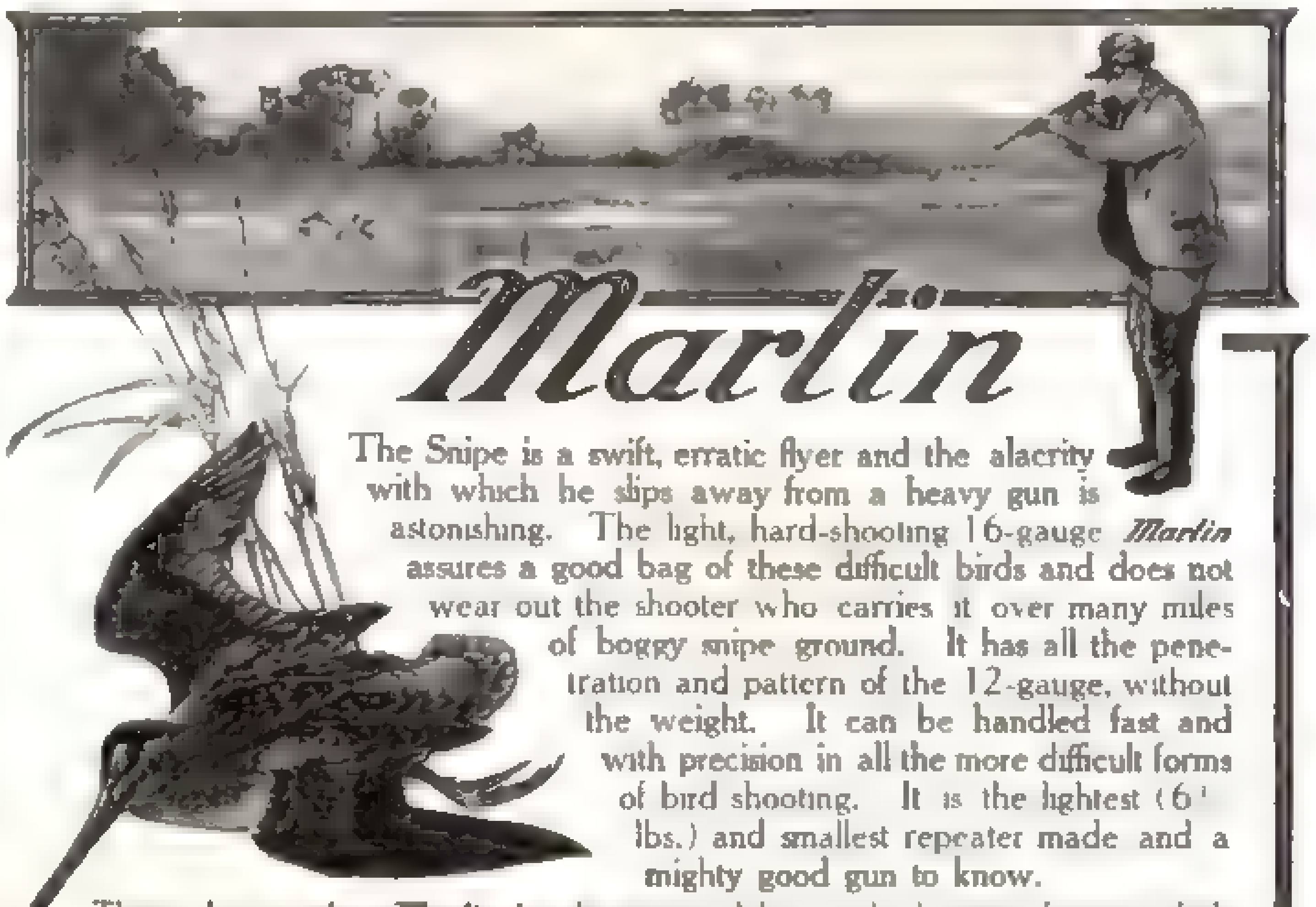
Appearance counts for vastly more than taste in rendering any food product marketable. In a city "the look of an apple" is everything and the taste nothing. Red is so markedly preferred in this kind of fruit that an apple of that color, though wretchedly "poor eating," will usually sell for a high price, especially if it be smooth and shapely. At the great centres of population, apples have come into extensive use for merely decorative purposes, and in this way the "king of fruits" is made to serve as a latter-day substitute for the brilliantly-tinted wax apple which satisfied the less exacting taste of an earlier generation.

Similarly, when the season for ripe oranges is six weeks away in California, large quantities of this fruit, beautiful to look upon, of a fine yellow color — but sour as lemons because immature, and utterly unfit to eat — are shipped to the East. Such oranges command high prices, being used not for eating but for table decorations. This, of course, is an exceptional case, but where an actual food product is under consideration, no matter of what kind, flavor is always of minor importance from a market viewpoint. In judging peaches at the St. Louis Fair, twenty-five points in a total of one hundred were allowed for taste, while seventy-five were allotted to eye-pleasing qualities, including size, color, form and freedom from blemishes. The allowance for flavor in the case of cherries was twenty per cent., for grapes twenty per cent., and for apples only fifteen per cent.

One of the oddest of consumers' whims relates to the color of eggs. In Boston brown eggs sell for a cent or two per dozen more than white eggs, while the opposite is the case in New York. If white and brown eggs be mixed a dozen of them will sell for less than a dozen of either assorted. In New England, where brown eggs are favored, it is said to be not uncommon to color the shells of white eggs with coffee decoction or some dye-stuff. There is a thoroughly accepted popular belief in some parts of the country that dark-colored eggs are richer, better-flavored, and more nutritious than white ones, though the notion has not the slightest actual basis in fact.

The growing, preparing and selling of many of the products of the farm have become to a certain extent problems of psychology. Many experienced shippers and marketmen are so accurate in estimating the nature and value of consumers' notions as to analyze and translate them into sense-impressions, giving to these impressions definite numerical weights. For example, the butter score of excellence in general use by dairymen, in a total of a hundred points, allows forty-five points for flavor — less than half, it will be noticed. To grain and texture, which are perceived by the nerves of touch in the mouth, twenty-five points are allotted. Salting counts for ten points, color for fifteen points, and the style of the package for five points.

Cheese experts say that the consumer buys cheese with less regard for flavor than in the



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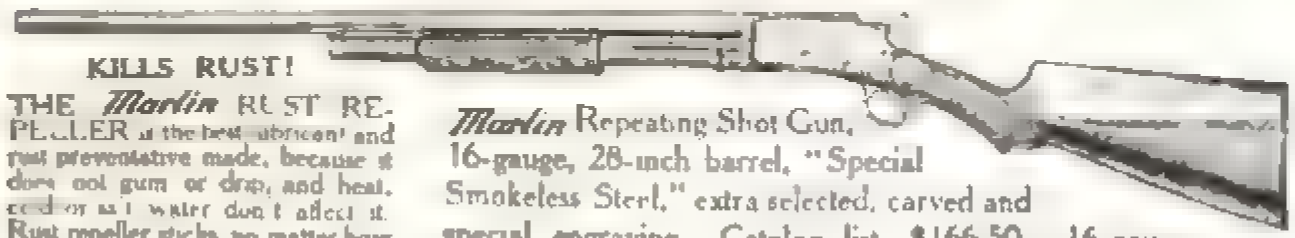
The Snipe is a swift, erratic flyer and the alacrity with which he slips away from a heavy gun is astonishing. The light, hard-shooting 16-gauge *Marlin* assures a good bag of these difficult birds and does not wear out the shooter who carries it over many miles of boggy snipe ground. It has all the penetration and pattern of the 12-gauge, without the weight. It can be handled fast and with precision in all the more difficult forms of bird shooting. It is the lightest (6¼ lbs.) and smallest repeater made and a mighty good gun to know.

This, and every other *Marlin*, has the unique solid top and side ejector features, which guarantee strength and prevent the ejected shell from getting into the line of sight or flying in your face. There's a *solid wall of metal* between you and the cartridge all the time.

The *Marlin* Breech Bolt keeps out water, twigs, leaves or sand, and keeps the shells dry. It makes the *Marlin* the gun for hard usage and bad weather — serviceable and dependable *always*. *No other gun has this feature.*

Become a *Marlin* user. It means better bags and eternal satisfaction. Hundreds of *Marlin* enthusiasts tell rousing stories of what their *Marlin* has done in the "*Marlin* Experience Book" — let us send it to you. Free, with 1905 Catalog — six cents postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
19 Willow Street New Haven, Conn.



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Marlin Repeating Shot Gun, 16-gauge, 28-inch barrel, "Special Smokeless Steel," extra selected, carved and special engraving. Catalog list, $166.50. 16-gauge Repeating Shot Guns from $25.00 to $250.00. Catalog prices. Illustration shows 28-inch barrel.

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[illegible] safe — speedy — as much better than a wooden [illegible] crack, dry out, wear out or become waterlogged and can't sink [illegible] fully guaranteed.

Motor Boats, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats

Mullins Steel Motor Boats are [illegible]

Motor Boats, 16 foot, 1½ h. p. $135, 18 foot, 3 h. p. $240. Row Boats, $20 up.

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72-p. Book No. 4 Mailed Free
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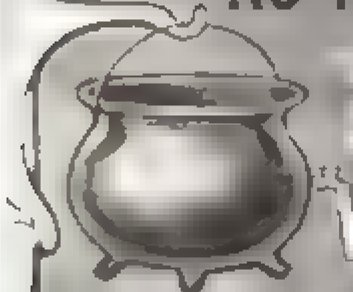

NO "POT LUCK"

[illegible]

WEAREVER

IT'S THE ONLY

ALUMINUM WARE

NO hap-hazard results in the cooking; no metallic poisoning from copper, brass or plated ware; no enamel to peel off in spots and *burn* the food just as it's done to a turn.

Aluminum Ware

does not corrode nor become rusty. It is as near *indestructible* as anything in regular daily use *can* be

¶ Send 25c and we will forward, [illegible] paid, a 1 pint sauce pan, [illegible] Wearever Aluminum, for you to try

¶ It is susceptible of a very *high polish*, and utensils made of this metal in sufficient *weight* to insure the proper degree of [illegible] It is [illegible] bright, shining [illegible] kitchens that look as [illegible]

¶ The idea that *Aluminum*, being [illegible] the *newer* metals, is at first costly, has dissuaded many *thrifty* housewives from considering it as practicable in their kitchen [illegible] *Aluminum Ware* is [illegible] even at the first cost. And when the length of time it lasts is considered [illegible] *sanitary all the time* [illegible] the *cheapest* [illegible] cooking.

¶ *Even heat* is necessary to perfect cookery. *Aluminum* [illegible] that it produce [illegible] best results in the cooking of foods that contain [illegible] It *regulates* [illegible] the "*temper*" of the cook

¶ Don't trust to "Pot Luck," [illegible] using Aluminum Ware always.

WEAREVER T.A.C.U.Co ALUMINUM TRADE MARK

ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL CO.
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[illegible]

"A KALAMAZOO Direct to You"

We will send you [illegible] freight prepaid any Kalamazoo [illegible] Range on a

360 Days Approval Test

If not as represented [illegible] We save you from 20 [illegible] because we give you

Lowest Factory Prices,

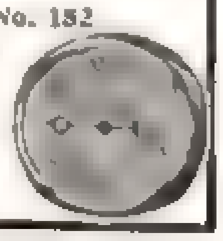
cutting out all dealers' [illegible] and agents' profits. We are the only stove manufacturers in the world who sell their entire product direct to the user. We guarantee quality under a $20,000 bond.

Send Postal for Catalog No. 152

describing full line of ranges, [illegible] and heaters of all kinds.

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs.,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

[illegible]



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100% Profit

Sales Agents Wanted

[illegible] Restaurants and [illegible] Coffee Men [illegible] Pure Aluminum, never rusts [illegible] a lifetime. Good coffee [illegible] flavor by removal of grounds. **Fits Any Pot.** 12 cup size, 75c; 9 cup, 50c; 4 cup, 35c. Agents outfit of all three, $1 prepaid, and liberal proposition. Money back if not suited.
The Wisconsin Mfg. Co., Dept. 40, Manitowoc, Wis.

case of butter, more for touch with the tongue, and more for appearance, while at the same time entirely ignoring every qualification of the product that has to do with nutritiousness and digestibility. It is a fact known to everybody that both cheese and butter are almost universally colored to meet the popular demand, which varies to such an extent in different parts of the country that manufacturers and shippers are obliged to cater in this respect to the wants of this or that section. For instance, Washington calls for a darker butter than Chicago, and New Orleans for brands still darker than Washington, while in New York, through the influence of the great restaurants and clubs, artificial coloring is being to a great extent dispensed with.

Glucose, made of appropriate consistency, suitably colored, and containing pieces of genuine honeycomb, is bought by many people in preference to real comb honey. Honey is supposed to be light yellow, and, if darker, it finds a less ready sale. On the other hand, California comb honey is looked upon with suspicion in the East on account of its almost colorless appearance, the whiteness of the wax, and the perfect filling of all the cells. Purchasers frequently reject it on the supposition that it is machine-made, comb and all—the idea that comb honey is ingeniously counterfeited and to some extent manufactured being, notwithstanding its absurdity, one of the most widespread of popular delusions.

Yellow-skinned chickens are preferred in parts of this country to those whose skin is more nearly white—possibly because the hue is suggestive of fat, though, as a matter of fact, the two things have nothing to do with each other. Again, popular prejudice favors meats that have been cured and colored with the help of saltpetre. Sausages and other forms of minced meats are also frequently tinted with aniline dyes.

In an article on this subject that will appear in the forthcoming Year Book of the Department of Agriculture, from advanced proof-sheets of which the information here given has been obtained, the writer, Mr. George K. Holmes, says that one of the weaknesses of consumers is an admiration for foods that are polished or have a gloss. This "nickel-plate" fancy plays some queer pranks. The lifelong resident of a large city, for example, who has no first-hand knowledge of an apple orchard, may buy from an apple woman at the street corner a pretty red apple with a fine waxlike polish on the surface, secured by a lick with the tongue and a wipe with a dirty rag. A countryman, on the other hand, prefers the natural bloom of the fruit. Several kinds of nuts, such as pecans, are put through a polishing process to render them more marketable, and walnuts are bleached with chemicals to make them as white as possible.

Pumpkins with deep-yellow flesh are preferred in the North, while in the South the lighter-colored kinds are more popular. Rhubarb must be dark red if the producer is to get a good price for it, and carrots must be of a deep orange hue. Tomato catsup will remain on the dealer's shelf unless it is tinted freely with aniline dye. Indeed, wherever vegetables and fruits, or their products, are concerned there is a constant tendency to a preference for red. Beets for table purposes must be deep red in color, and cherries require vivid hues—unless they happen to be white oxhearts—if they are to sell to advantage. Canned corn is frequently bleached with sulphur for the purpose of making it white, while the sale of prunes depends largely on the gloss given to them by dipping them in glycerine.

The moral drawn from these considerations is that the farmer, in the production of whatever he grows for market, should realize that it is of relatively small importance whether or not his fruits, vegetables, or what not are pleasant to the taste. He must raise pretty red apples, though they have no more flavor than if stuffed with cotton. His blackberries must be large and pleasing to the eye, and it will then not matter how sour they are. The same remark applies to his strawberries, which, if they look well, will sell to advantage even though they are coarse and flavorless. He must remember that the consumer has an inexhaustible fondness for red, for white, and sometimes for yellow, if the thing be large in size. Polish and lustre are particularly in demand. As far as practicable, things should be big, uniform in size, shapely, and done up in convenient and showy packages. If the intelligent farmer will carefully observe these rules, the foolishness of the consumer will be to him a source of wealth; he will easily command a sale for his products at high prices, and will grow fat in purse and person.

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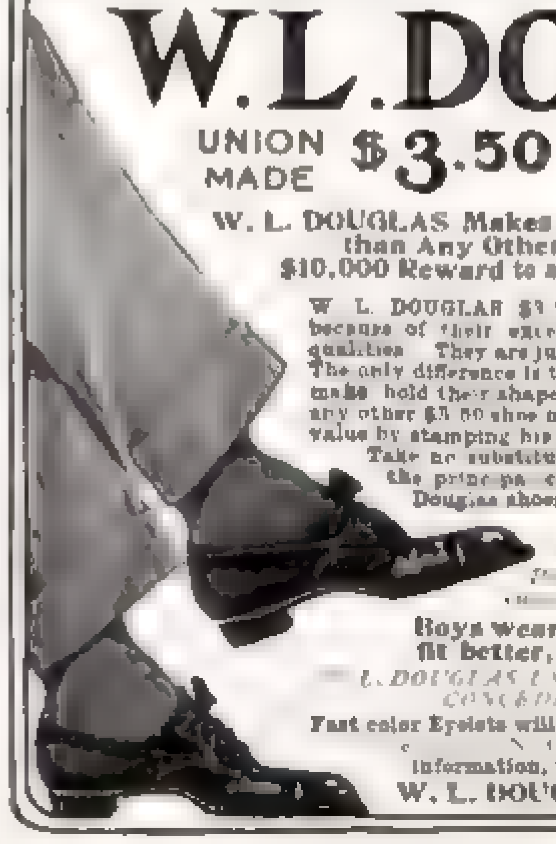

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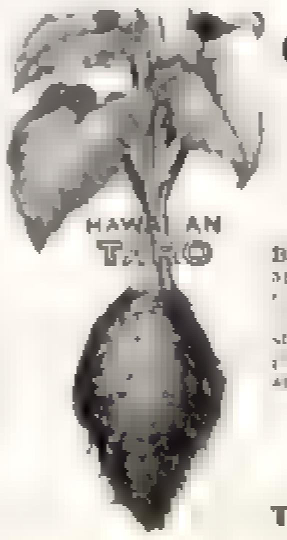

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Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

A CHRISTIAN SCIENCE DETECTIVE STORY —What the believers and the unbelievers are likely to think of it

¶The novel is the heir and successor of the play, and neither on the boards or between covers has the religious drama ever won any notable success. Ben Hur, Quo Vadis, The Christian and others of the day have their contemporary following, as the Mysteries and the Miracle plays had theirs, but alas! they were only temporary. Give their triumphs full measure and they still will take no place in the history of literature at all comparable with the altitudes of the great poets—with Paradise Lost and the Divina Commedia.

Yet the concern of man for the future of his own personality is one which never slackens in intensity. Any spoken conviction on that subject presenting even the appearance of sincerity commands an instant hearing. Any novel dealing earnestly with the problems of belief is sure to provoke discussion out of all proportion to its literary significance. On this score The Mother Light *(D. Appleton & Co.)* ought at first sight to stir up much dust of contention. For it is with the mysteries of Christian Science that the anonymous author grapples. There are some millions of believers who, it is to be supposed, are deeply interested, and many more millions of the unbelievers who are scarcely less interested. The practice of the Church of Christ, Scientist, and the practice of the schools of medicine as upheld by boards of health, constantly clash in the courts; there is widespread curiosity ready to flash at any moment into the most general publicity; every element attendant upon a great popular success save one is favorable to a novel of such merit as The Mother Light. That element is sincerity. The author does not believe in Christian Science. He is interested in it; he is interested as a psychologist in whether his Anne Banks, the "Mother Light"—a courteous alias for Mrs. Eddy—believes; he is interested as a keen newspaper man might be in the sensational possibilities that the Church presents as an organization: but he does not believe himself. To be sure, he takes no sides. Those minds that delight in arguing the sanity of Hamlet can turn with equal satisfaction to the belief of the Mother Light in her own belief. Like the question of the Colonel's Lady, "nobody never knew." It is all prodigiously clever, all worked up with the greatest attention to detail, with a most ingenious ritual and terminology, with a candid and plausible psychology, but it rings heartlessly and hollowly intellectual, merely curiously speculative at bottom, and in none but a masquerader's sense at all absorbed in the problems with which it plays. In brief, as a revelation it speaks alike to the believer and the unbeliever without authority, and as a work of fiction pure and simple, measured by the profane standards of literary criticism, it has the weight of a rattling good detective story and nothing more.

AMONG THE SOLITARIES—A picture of the curious life of the eighteenth-century celibates at Ephrata.

¶On the banks of the Cocalico Creek, near Ephrata, in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, stand a few queerly-shaped old buildings, gradually crumbling under the slow accumulation of the burdening years. Unworldly and unlovely, but little known and hopelessly anachronous, they are the vanishing stigmata of the old Lager der Einsamen, the Settlement of the Solitary, the relics of a community of German celibates—both men and women—who, in the earlier half of the eighteenth century, went "into the wilderness of the Conestogas" to live their interpretation of the Law of God. It was a life which now, at all events, is softened and gilded by time, and which was even then no more lacking in impressiveness than in hard labor, but it was, of its very nature, scarcely a life to lend material for a story—in the modern, colloquial sense of that changing term—and one is, therefore, not surprised to find no rush of incident, no suspended climax and no thrill of adventure in A Tale of the Kloster *(The Griffith & Rowland Press)*, which is the title of Ulysses S. Koons' book about it.

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—*A. S. Van Westrum, N.Y. Evening Mail.*

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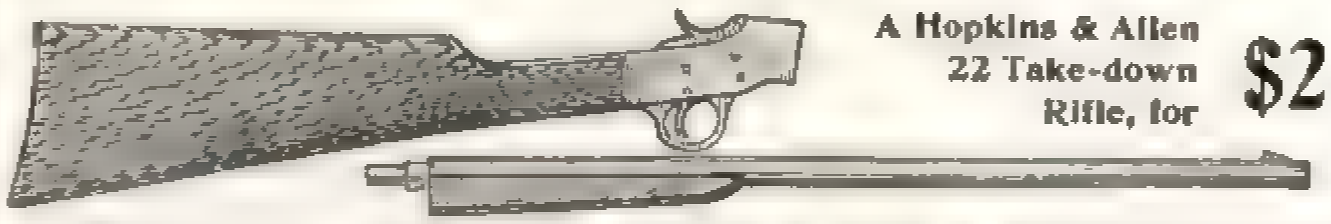

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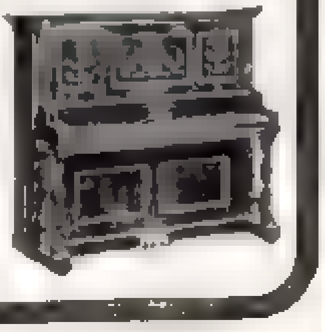

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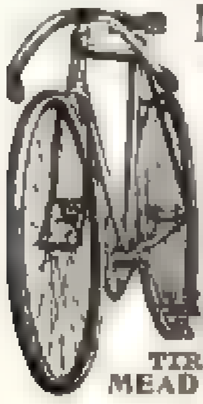

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he has not succeeded as a stylist nor constructed anything bearing even a shadowy resemblance to plot, he has none the less authentically evoked the quaint atmosphere of the vanished order of which he writes, has given a faithful picture of the solitaries with all their high endeavors and narrow lives, their fine natures and petty jealousies, their lofty aim and their small accomplishment. The real romances of the early German settlers in Pennsylvania remain yet to be written, but A Tale of the Kloster is at least a faithful picture of a curiously interesting community.

¶ **MINOR MENTION — The Morocco** incident makes it interesting in this active moment of European politics to hear what Mr. Henri de Noussanne has to say about the Bad Boy of Europe. M. de Noussanne has very positive opinions about William of Germany, many of them opinions with which Americans find it not very difficult to agree. As a people, we like the Kaiser's alertness, his intelligence and dash, his restlessness arouse and quicken our sympathies, but we scarcely succeed in concealing a yawn over his rhetoric, and his purely personal conception of patriotism seems to us a flippant anachronism. Were it not for the power of his position we should concede to M. de Noussanne that not only France but all the world has "been wrong in taking so seriously the merits and influence of this superfluously important Teutonic monarch."

"Superfluously important" is rather a hard epithet. It is far from being the worst, however, that M. de Noussanne can say. Not every one will agree with the translator that his author is always "polite, gracious and free from malice." Too much should not be expected from contemporary biography, but few reflective readers will feel that The Kaiser As He Is *(G. P. Putnam's Sons)* realizes any final presentment of a man who, if he fails to typify his age, is at least significant as the exponent of an unwilling transition. The book is too insistent, too catchy. It reads like random conversation, and one misses the spoken inflexion and the apt gesture. Certain attitudes of mind are described as French just as certain forms of humor are characterized as American — not, perhaps, that they are in any large way representative, but that they are nowhere else to be found in full perfection. In that sense M. de Noussanne is typical of the most insular of continental peoples. However, there is no obligation to applaud or to quarrel with his conclusions. He has a host of authenticated anecdotes, and one can draw one's own conclusions.

¶ **It is sometimes difficult to determine** which is the best novel of the season, but in the mind of any one who has read Billy Duane, by Frances Aymar Matthews *(Dodd, Mead & Co.)*, there can no longer be any doubt that it is not the best, nor the tenth best, novel of the spring of 1905. The author has a passion for paragraphs of one short sentence each and has written, for the most part, in the present tense, although she retells a melodrama the end of which was obvious when its first line was first written. She would have us believe that a man clever enough to have himself elected mayor of New York, and his wife clever enough to twist politicians about her little finger, required a matter of many years, and narrow escapes from vulgar temptations and sordid divorce-courts, to discover the all absorbing love which from the beginning they had the one for the other.

¶ **If one is to believe** The Wolverine *(Little, Brown & Co.)* the early days of Michigan were sufficiently strenuous. The scene is Detroit; the time just before Michigan became a State and just when the controversy over the Ohio boundary line rose almost to the pitch of open warfare. As for the *dramatis personæ*, they are many, but the chief ones are a pair of lovers: Perry North, the somewhat Puritanic civil engineer, and Marie Beaucoan, the delightful girl of French descent and Romanist upbringing. Albert Lathrop Laurence, the author, has not done anything remarkable, but he has written a pleasantly interesting story of a romantic period in American history.

¶ **Mr. Elliott Flower knows** his politics and the men who make them. That, and an ability to make a story, he displayed in The Spoilsman where his field was the fight for a city. Now, in Slaves of Success *(L. C. Page & Co.)* his field is State politics, and the eight short tales that go to make up the volume are all well-constructed stories and veracious pictures of that vital phase of American life which they were written to illustrate.

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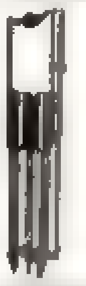

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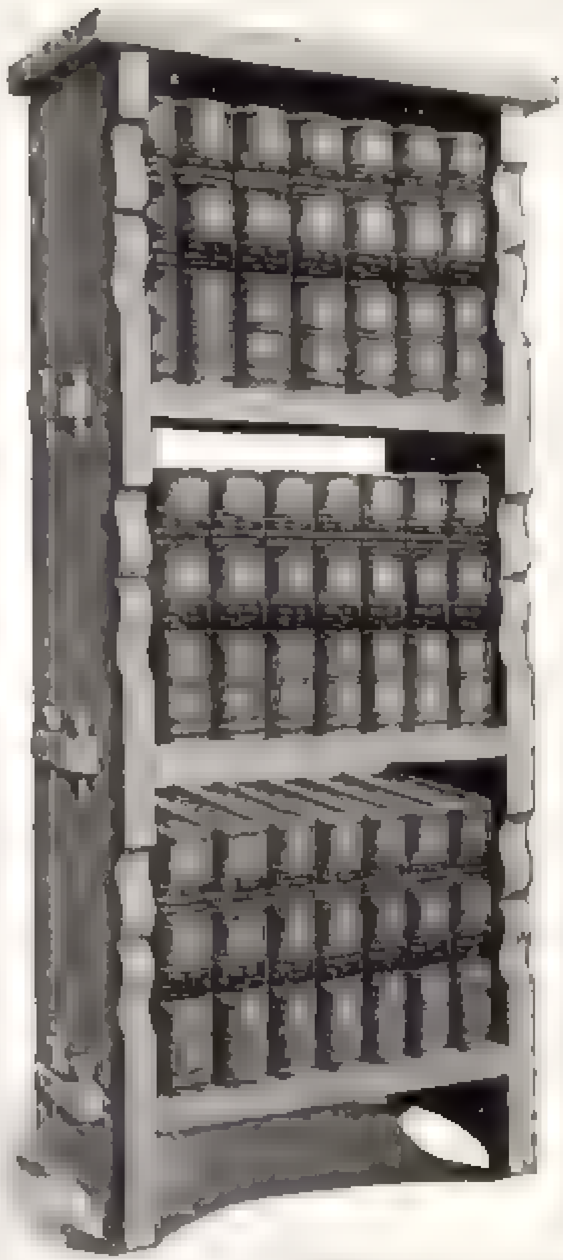

¶ The Editors-in-Chief are: **Daniel Coit Gilman**, LL.D., President of Johns Hopkins University (1876-1901), afterwards President of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, **Harry Thurston Peck**, Ph. D., L. H. D., Professor in Columbia University, and **Frank Moore Colby**, M. A., late Professor in New York University, assisted by over three hundred eminent scholars as assistants.

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The Reading Table

Melancholy

Spring come like a dream a-flowerin',
A-blowin', a-showerin',
Birds were a-singin',
Butterflies a-wingin',
An' all de worl' a-beamin'
An' a-gleamin'.

Fall come like a gipsy a-dancin',
A-frolickin', a-prancin';
Rosy apples growin',
Corn-bins overflowin',
An' big fat pumpkins yellerin'
An' mellerin'.

An' in de ruddy sunset on de road,
Nea' maple trees a-flamin' red an' gol',
Ah seen a lil' niggar kiss his gal—
Ah turns ma back, Ah feels so poor an' ole

—*Agnes M. Schulenburg*

Speer Didn't Care a Straw

JUDGE EMORY SPEER, who presides over the United States Circuit and District Courts for the Southern District of Georgia, and whose decisions in peonage cases have recently attracted wide attention throughout the country, is the possessor of a nimble and facile wit. In earlier days, before he had attained the ermine, Judge Speer was a politician and a power on the stump.

Shortly after reconstruction he ran against Allen D. Candler for Congress. Speer was a Republican and his politics sufficed to bring him unpopularity among a large majority of the white population. It was his wit, his good humor and his unfailing courage that carried him through the campaign without a serious difference, and finally brought him victory.

On one occasion, when the young candidate was addressing a very Democratic and hostile audience, a brawny countryman was observed fighting his way through the crowd to the speaker's rostrum. It was evident that he had spent the preceding night with John Barleycorn, for his clothes were rumpled, his hair disheveled, and his face of a fiery red that rivaled the noonday sun in brilliancy. Shaking a belligerent fist under the nose of the orator he exclaimed:

"Sir, you are a demagogue!"

The crowd howled, but Speer was not disturbed. He waited for the noise to subside and then, with a smile and in a tone of entire good humor, rejoined:

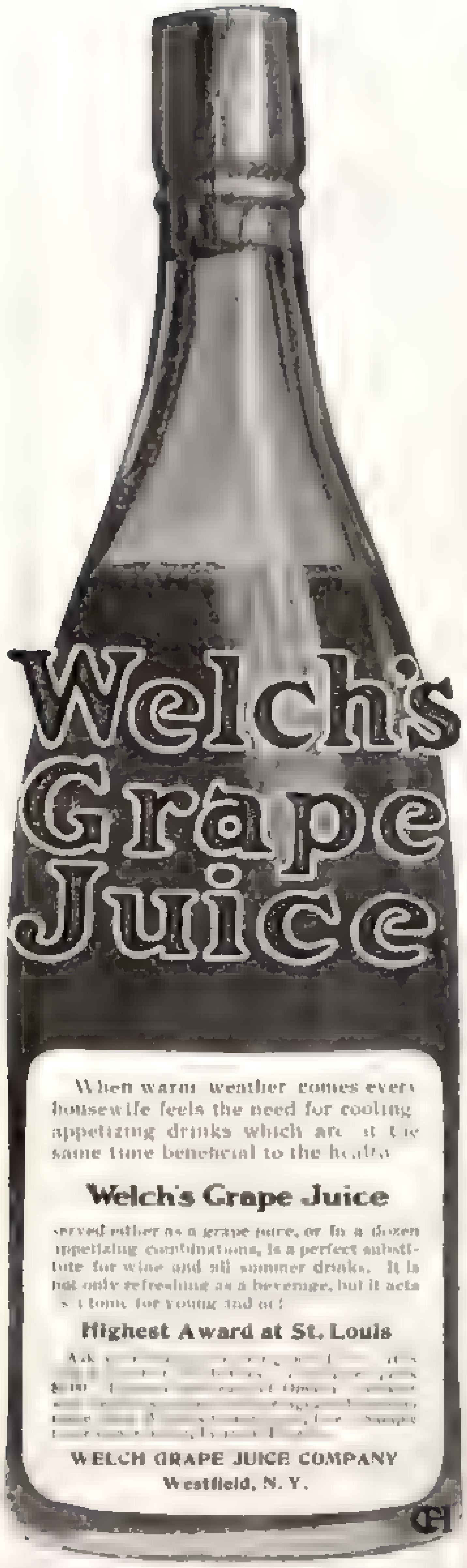
"And you, sir, if you would wrap a few wisps of straw about you, would be a demijohn."

The delighted audience roared with appreciative laughter and the discomfited patriot slunk away. It is said that in no voting precinct of the district was Speer's majority larger than that in which this happy retort was made.

Where Grant Scored One

JOHN P. JONES, who for thirty years represented Nevada in the United States Senate without a break, and who at the age of seventy-five quit public life in 1903 to rebuild his last impaired fortune (he has piled up three or four colossal fortunes in his time and lost them all as he made them—in mining speculations), drifted into a reminiscent mood while dining with a party of congenial friends recently in a New York café. He was one of President Grant's most intimate friends, and also was one of the very few men who were on really close terms with Roscoe Conkling.

"President Grant and Conkling were alike only in one particular," said the Nevadan. "Neither knew anything about the mean art of assembling or conserving money. The result was that both were always hard up. Next to his family and his friends, Grant loved a good horse better than anything else in the world. A butcher in Washington owned one of the finest driving horses I ever saw, and from the moment Grant clapped his eyes on that proud, high-stepping animal his very soul yearned to possess it. He dared not tell anybody of his desire to own the horse because he feared some overzealous friend or scheming lobbyist would buy it and give it to him. Only to me did he confide this secret of his heart—for such it really was.



When warm weather comes every housewife feels the need for cooling appetizing drinks which are at the same time beneficial to the health.

Welch's Grape Juice

served either as a grape juice, or in a dozen appetizing combinations, is a perfect substitute for wine and all summer drinks. It is not only refreshing as a beverage, but it acts as a tonic for young and old.

Highest Award at St. Louis

[illegible]

WELCH GRAPE JUICE COMPANY
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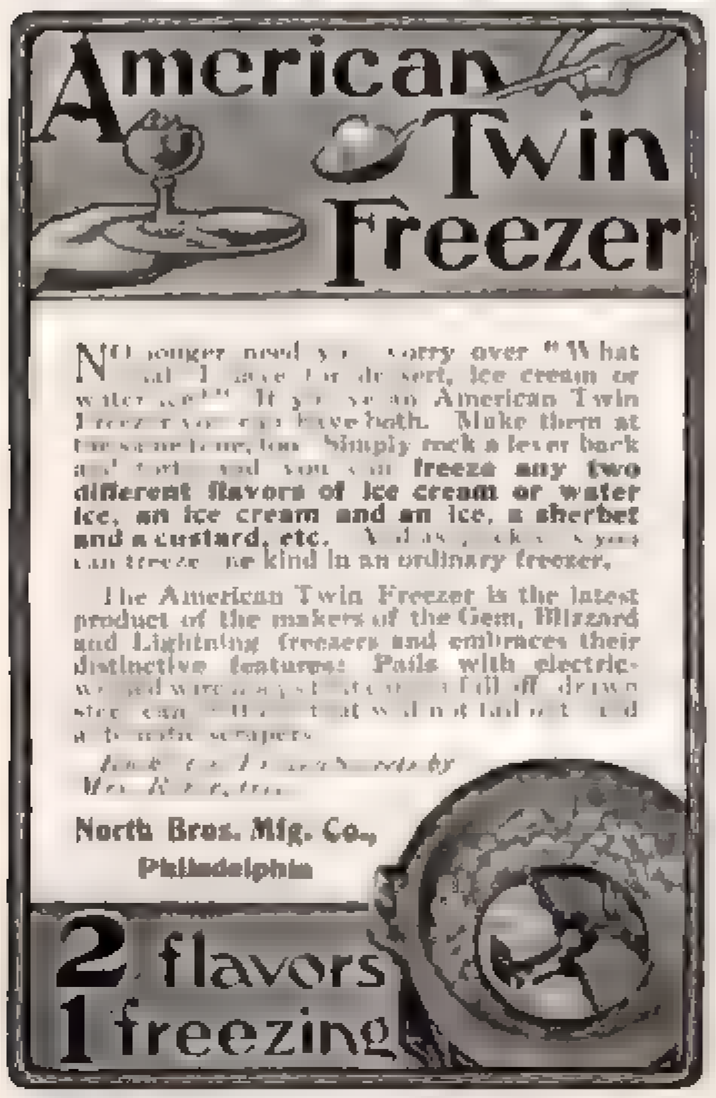

NO longer need you worry over "What shall I have for dessert, ice cream or water ice?" If you use an American Twin Freezer you can have both. Make them at the same time, too. Simply rock a lever back and forth and you can **freeze any two different flavors of ice cream or water ice, an ice cream and an ice, a sherbet and a custard, etc.** And as quickly as you can freeze one kind in an ordinary freezer.

The American Twin Freezer is the latest product of the makers of the Gem, Blizzard and Lightning freezers and embraces their distinctive features: Pails with electric-welded wire hoops that cannot fall off, drawn steel cans [illegible] that will not fail out, and automatic scrapers.

[illegible]

North Bros. Mfg. Co.,
Philadelphia

GOV'T AUCTION REVOLVERS, GUNS, [illegible]
FRANCIS BANNERMAN, 579 Broadway, N. Y.

A PIANO THAT YOU CAN PLAY

and that every member of your family can play *whether they know anything about music or not*, will surely afford you more pleasure and a much larger return on your investment than will a piano which you cannot use until you have spent long years and many dollars in acquiring a musical education.

The Sohmer-Cecilian Piano
and
The Cecilian Player-Piano

are high-grade upright pianos, with the mechanism of the celebrated **Cecilian Piano Player** built inside the case. They can be played with the fingers, just like the ordinary piano, or without changes of any kind can be used as Player-Pianos. All you do is simply slip in a roll of perforated music, put your feet on the pedals and go ahead.

Your choice of music is not limited—you can have anything you want—the old pieces which memory recalls with fond recollections or the very latest operatic and popular music of the day.

The Cecilian music rolls cost less than any others—45c. to $1.50 per roll—and in most cities we have circulating libraries of Cecilian music, which you can join for a small yearly fee.

We will be glad to mail you full information about these pianos or about the Cecilian Piano Player, **which can be attached to any piano.** They can be seen and tried in your vicinity.

The Sohmer-Cecilian Piano costs $850.00. The Cecilian Player-Piano $600.00, and the Cecilian Piano Player, $250.00. Easy payments if you wish. Why not write us today?

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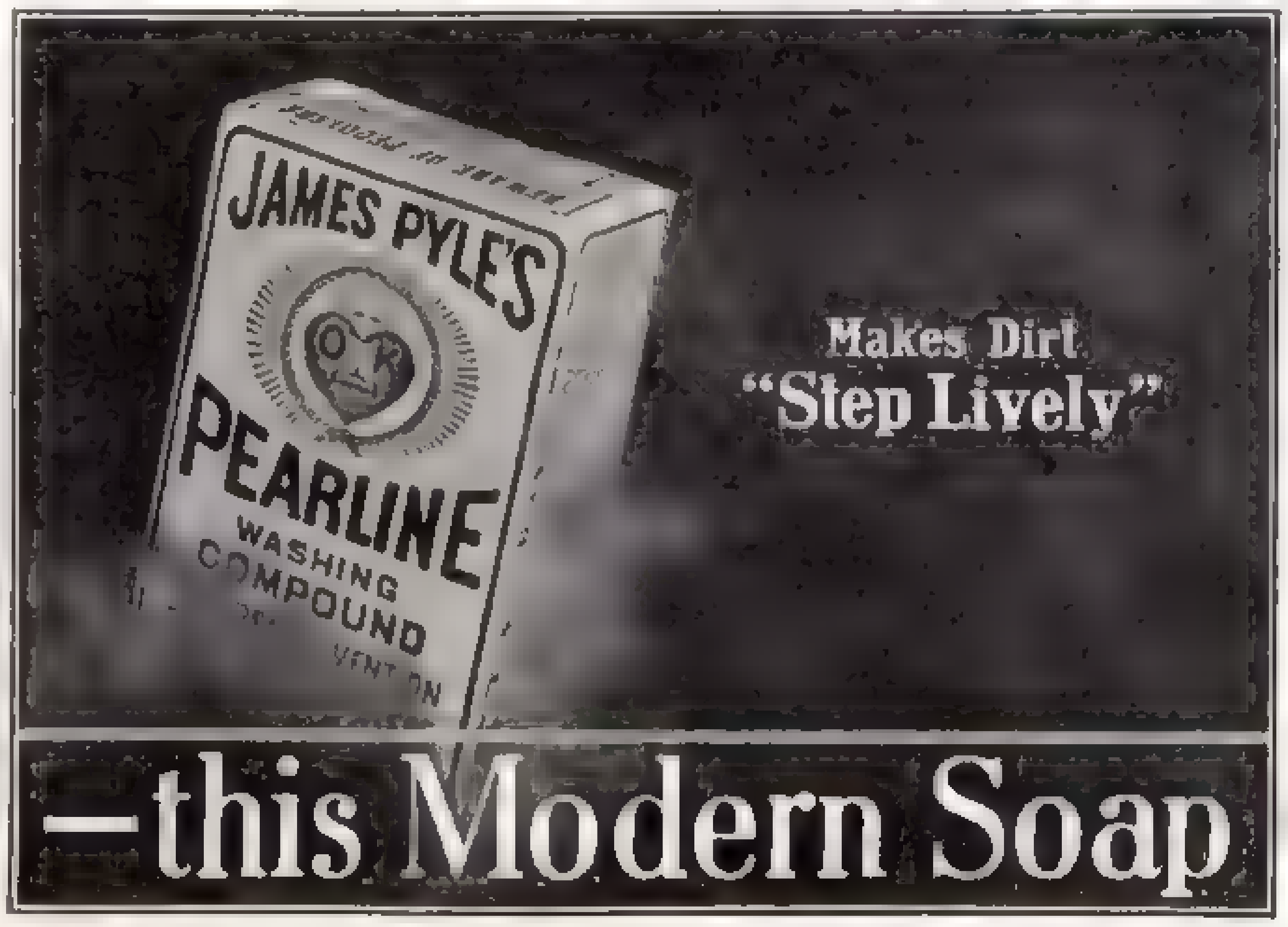
London, Eng. Paris, France Philadelphia, Pa.



The Water Problem For the Country Home

[illegible] **NIAGARA HYDRAULIC RAM** [illegible] No Cost for Fuel [illegible] the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Made in many sizes for pumping water in quantity from 500 to 500,000 gallons per day

Catalog free.
Write today. Tells all about it.

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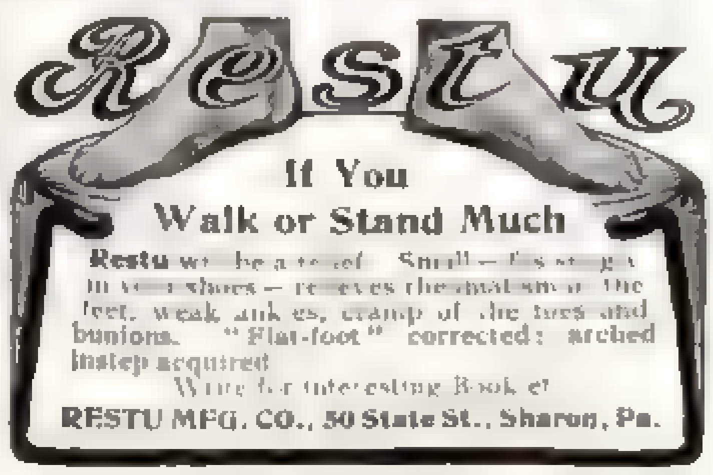

If You
Walk or Stand Much

Restu will be a relief. Small—fits snugly in your shoes—relieves the strain on the feet, weak ankles, cramp of the toes and bunions. "Flat-foot" corrected: arched instep acquired.

Write for interesting Booklet

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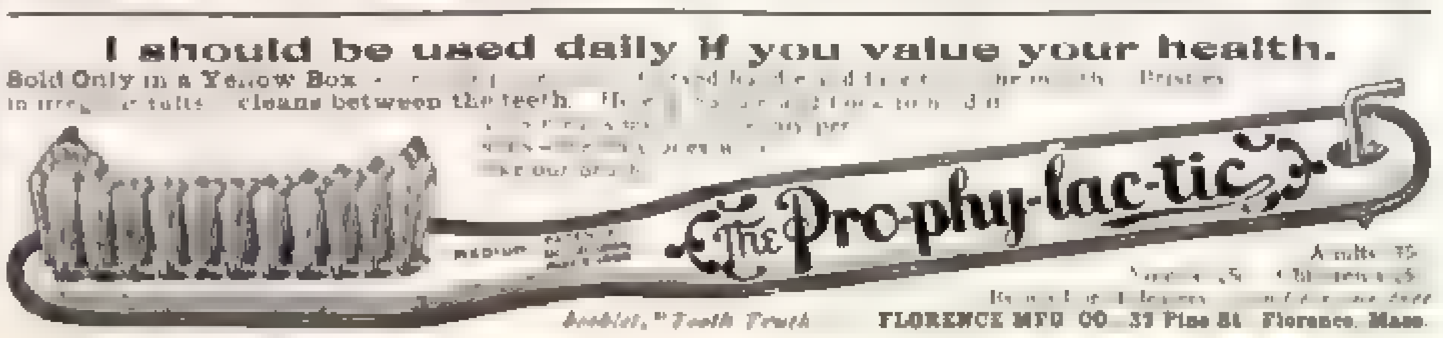


I should be used daily if you value your health.

Sold Only in a Yellow Box [illegible] cleans between the teeth. [illegible]

Booklet, "Tooth Truths" FLORENCE MFG. CO., 33 Pine St., Florence, Mass.

The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

THE "PIQUE"

❡ The sole of the "Pique" is V shaped — has three distinct points — and displays a pretty wide extension. ❡ The sharp pointed toe and extreme swing (or outward curve) gives it a decidedly swagger appearance. ❡ It's comfortable even though the style is radical. ❡ Most Florsheim styles sell for $5.00.

FREE Write for our new Style Book. Contains valuable advice to shoe buyers and explains why Florsheim's are the best. If you cannot get them at your dealer's, or have the least trouble in being fitted, send us your dealer's name and we will make a pair to your special measure

FLORSHEIM & COMPANY
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

DIAMOND FAST COLOR EYELETS

NEVER WEAR BRASSY

ALWAYS LOOK NEW

Look closely at the eyelets in your shoes and see if a small ◆ is slightly raised on them — you will have to search for it, it is so small.

Small, But Important

If it is there, it means that **Diamond Fast Color Eyelets** have been put in by your shoemaker because they will outwear the shoe. *Never turn brassy.* When you purchase shoes, insist upon having those which have the little diamond ◆ mark on the eyelets. It is a guarantee of wear.

Samples Free and Booklet telling all [illegible]

United Fast Color Eyelet Company, Boston, Mass.

Does 5% Interest You?

If So, it will be to your advantage to write at once for particulars of the [illegible] the testimony of prominent clergymen, professional and business men all over the country, upon whose savings we are [illegible]

5% PER YEAR

Earnings [illegible] your money [illegible] every day left with us [illegible] at your pleasure [illegible] years. Under New York Banking department [illegible]

Assets $[illegible] and Profits $[illegible] [illegible] and full particulars [illegible]

Industrial Savings and Loan Co.
1 Times Bldg., Broadway, New York

"I watched developments with keen interest, confident what the outcome would be in spite of my knowledge that Grant was never harder up than he was just then. Congress had not at that time increased the President's salary from twenty-five thousand dollars to fifty thousand dollars and Grant actually needed every cent of his salary to make both ends meet. But just as I confidently expected, it wasn't long before Grant bought the butcher's horse — he had to give six hundred dollars for it. The day after the purchase Grant invited Conkling and me up to see the horse, though just why he wanted Conkling — who cared nothing at all for horses — to come along I was unable to guess, unless it was that he wanted to get another lecture from the imperious New Yorker for extravagance. The horse was tethered in the back lot of the White House.

"'Isn't he fine, Jones?' Grant said to me.

"I assented.

"'Don't you think he's magnificent, Conkling?' Grant then exclaimed, stroking the animal's fine mane.

"'I guess he'll do,' replied Conkling. 'But how much did you give for him?'

"'Six hundred dollars,' responded Grant.

"'Umph!' snapped Conkling. 'All I've got to say is that I would rather have six hundred dollars than the horse.'

"'That's what the butcher thought,' said Grant, as he nudged me in the ribs with an elbow.

"And Conkling, tossing his nose in the air, strode majestically back to the White House ahead of us, and didn't even wait to say 'Good day' to the President."

One Way to Make a Friend

CONGRESSMAN R. G. COUSINS, of Iowa, was the late Speaker "Tom" Reed's most constant companion in Washington for eight or ten years before the "Czar" retired in disgust from public life. When Mr. Cousins entered Congress Mr. Reed was at the zenith of his power. Benjamin Harrison was President, and Reed, backed by a powerful cabal of House leaders, was eager to lead a revolt against Harrison's renomination with the intention of securing the honor himself. But Mr. Reed was too proud to admit even to his most enthusiastic supporters that he had a yearning for the Presidency. Cousins, being then young and gawky, stood in awe of Reed, though having great admiration for him. Reed enjoyed nothing more than to add to the misery of green young members by making observations calculated to embarrass them.

One day Cousins entered the room of a hotel in which Reed was the centre of a group of House leaders. The Iowan has a nervous habit of scratching the back of his left hand with the fingers of his right. Observing this, Mr. Reed called out to him:

"Did you ever have the itch, young man?"

Inspired by desperation, the embarrassed young Hawkeye man sent this reply hurtling at the imperious Reed:

"I've never had the Presidential itch."

Reed's full-moon face turned crimson. The guffaws of his companions, every one of whom bore wounds of his fierce wit, resounded through the hall. In sheer fright at his own audacity, Cousins fled the room in the midst of the hubbub. But the big Speaker sent for the young Iowan the next day, and from that time forward the two were like Damon and Pythias to the day of Mr. Reed's death.

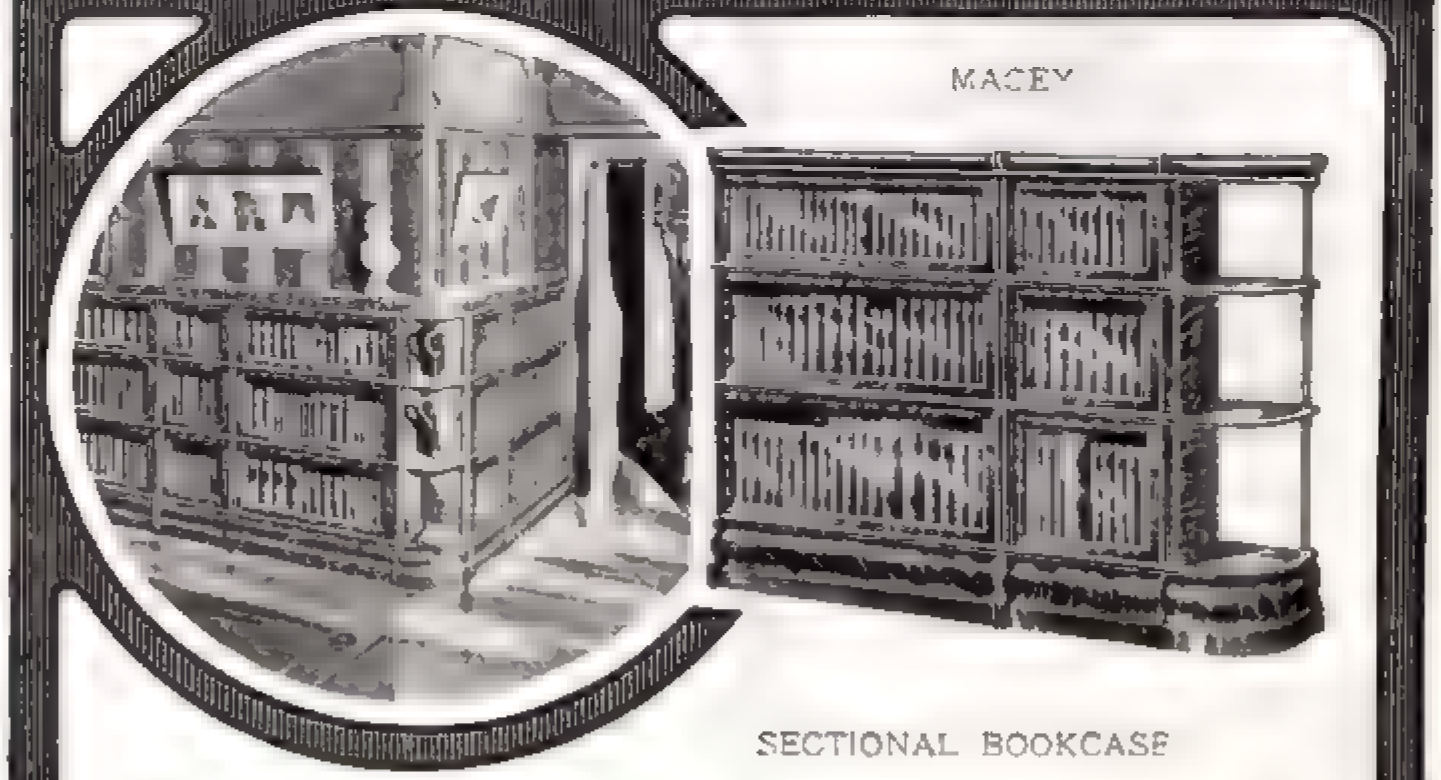
The Editor's Needs

"THE delights of globe-trotting are many and varied," says Mr. Burton Holmes, the well-known author, lecturer and traveler, "but perhaps the most amusing five minutes of my last year's wanderings were passed on the Pacific Coast early last winter. I stopped for lunch in a small town in California and picked up a paper from a North Dakota town which contained the following editorial paragraph:

"'It is reported that one of the fastidious newly-married ladies of Harvey, North Dakota, kneads bread with her gloves on. The incident may be somewhat peculiar, but there are others. The editor of this paper needs bread with his shoes on; he needs bread with his shirt on; he needs bread with his pants on, and unless some of the delinquent subscribers of this "Old Rag of Freedom" pay up before long, he will need bread without a d—— n thing on — and North Dakota is no Garden of Eden in wintertime.'

"I may add," says Mr. Holmes, "that this argument holds good all over the world."

Macey-Wernicke Co.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN
FORMERLY THE FRED MACEY CO., LTD.



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NEW ART CATALOGUE NO. R. 105 SENT FREE ON REQUEST

44 pages, size [illegible] printed in colors
40 beautiful illustrations showing
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Full, Half or Corner sections
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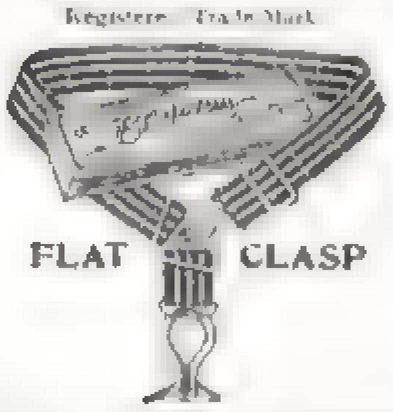

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Flat Clasp Garter

for solid comfort. The newest shades and designs of one piece, silk web. All metal parts nickeled, cannot rust. 25 cents a pair, all dealers or by mail.

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Makers of [illegible]

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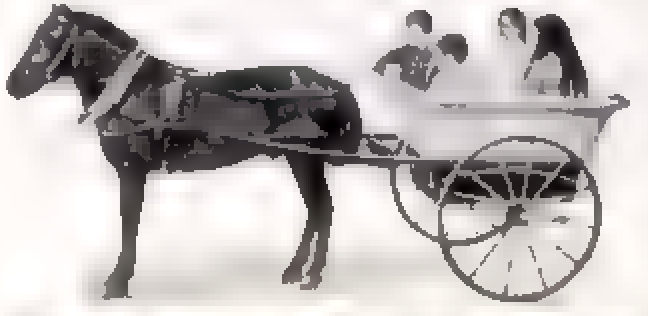
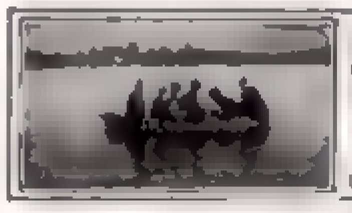


[illegible] — high quality [illegible] durability [illegible] appearance [illegible] Our Pony Farm [illegible]

MICHIGAN BUGGY CO., 16 Office Bldg., Kalamazoo, Mich.



FOLDING CANVAS BOATS

[illegible] and 100 engravings

King Folding Canvas Boat Co.
672 W. North St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

If your friend makes good photographs don't ask him the name of the camera — get the name of his lens. If the pictures are exceptional he will tell you a

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but if they are merely good, he will name any one of a dozen others. Send for Catalogue B 7.

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"Premier" Portable Summer Cottages

are easily shipped at small expense [illegible]

[illegible] Portable Camps, Children's Pleasure Houses, Kennels and Automobile Garages. [illegible] satisfactory in every detail.

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"On and Off like a Coat"

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COAT SHIRTS

Suited to every figure, and
every occasion.
Designs exclusive.

FAST COLOR FABRICS
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CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.,
LARGEST MAKERS OF SHIRTS AND
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Wanted Young Men to Manage our Branch Stores.

If you are the right kind of a man — honest, trustworthy and willing to hustle, we will start you in a profitable, genteel, respectable business *without a cent of investment*, supplying a line of merchandise and everything necessary to *win success* as a Business Man.

Remember, we don't want a *penny* of your *money* — but we *do* want to know that you are square and upright and the *proper man* for the place — and as *we* shall furnish the entire investment, you must promise to *sell our goods exclusively*.

When you apply, send recommendations and tell us if you could furnish a bond to guarantee the safety of our stock if we should require it.

Naturally we want only *one* store in a town. If you wish to Manage it *speak quickly*. We shall start as soon as we get the *right man*

Fred Kauffmann, 180 Market Street, Chicago.

Royal
TRADE MARK

THE
"WHITEST"
COLLAR
MADE

LINEN
15c
EACH

CEDRIC

IF YOUR DEALER WON'T
SUPPLY YOU, WRITE US

EMIGH & STRAUB, Dept. C. C, Troy, N.Y.

Shoes Made to Your Order

$4.00 $5.00 $6.00

[illegible] SHOED, [illegible]

It costs less than 2 cents a Day [illegible] A Special Last [illegible] Customers Lasts Kept for 3 Years [illegible] self measurement blank, etc. All are FREE. [illegible]

HENRI J. PRINS & CO., Men's Fashionable Custom Shoe Makers, No. 218 A Van Buren St., CHICAGO

One Agent Wanted in Each Town. [illegible]

DRAW for MONEY

ILLUSTRATORS AND CARTOONISTS EARN LARGE SALARIES. Send for free booklet, "Commercial Illustrating"; tells how we teach illustrating by mail.
The National Press Association, 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

A New Way of Printing

BOOKS and magazines, as well as newspapers, are printed nowadays after a fashion that is both foolish and unscientific. The words are wrongly arranged, making reading unnecessarily difficult, and a reform movement in the matter is seriously demanded.

Discovery of this prodigious error, and of a means by which it may be corrected, must be credited to investigators connected with the psychological department of Columbia University in New York, who, for reasons the adequacy of which they say they are prepared to prove, urge that printed words, instead of being arranged in horizontal lines, as is now customary, ought to be bunched in some such way as this:

The	the	parting	The	winds	the
curfew	knell	day.	lowing	slowly	lea
tolls	of		herd	o'er	

This suggestion is based upon the recent discovery that, in reading, the eyes do not move steadily along a line of print, but in a series of jumps. Half a dozen such jumps will be taken in crossing a page in an ordinary book, the perusal of such a line of type consisting of about six consecutive impressions, independent of each other. Each of these impressions is practically instantaneous, and reading might be accomplished much more rapidly were it not for the fact that the eyes require an appreciable time to make each jump — an interval, in fact, covering about one-fifth of a second.

What may be called the field of distinct vision at the ordinary reading distance is not much bigger than one's thumb-nail. Exactly speaking, it is about three-fourths of an inch across, and everything outside of that area, though we do not realize the fact, is indistinct. It is for this reason that the eyes, in order to take in a whole line of type on a printed page, are obliged to make a series of jumps, a trifle more than a second being occupied in the physical effort of hopping, ocularly speaking, from one end of the line to the other.

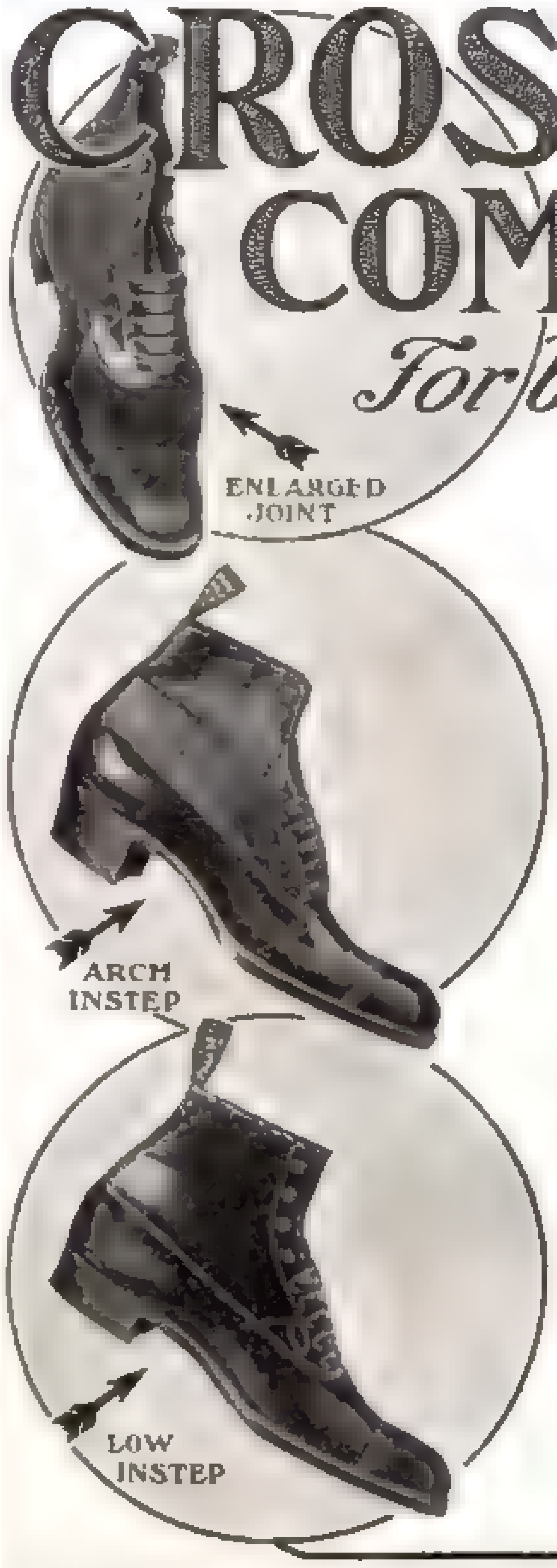
Now, it is just about as easy for the eyes, in making these jumps, to take in three words at a hop, if they are properly arranged, as to comprehend only one. Hence it is obvious that there is a great waste of muscular effort and of time as well. If the literature of the day were printed in the manner above indicated it would be possible to read with far greater rapidity — though, of course, one would have to practice quite a bit before getting used to the new and improved system — and cases of eye-strain would be far less plentiful than at present.

It is not necessary, however, in order to satisfy the requirements of this newly-discovered principle in optics, to arrange the words in the way above indicated. The following is every bit as good:

T	c	t	t	k	o	p	d	T	l	h	w	s	o	t	l
h	u	o	h	n	f	a	a	h	o	e	i	l	'	h	e
e	r	l	e	e		r	y	e	w	r	n	o	e	e	a
	f	l		l		t			i	d	d	w	r		
	e	s		l		i			n		s	l			
	w					n			g			y			
						g									

If at first glance this method of arranging the letters suggests a likeness to a Chinese laundry bill, or to the paper music roll of an automatic piano, the impression is due merely to lack of habit on the part of the reader. Let him only take the trouble to learn how to read in the way that reading should be done, and the perusal of printed words thus put together will become incomparably more easy than when they are set in horizontal rows, as is the mistaken custom at present.

As an objection to the above plan it might be urged that many words are too long, if printed in this fashion, to be taken in by a glance of the eye in passing across a page. Consider, for example, "hieroglyphic" or "parallelopipedon." How would they look when thus displayed? The answer to the conundrum is that the eye does not need to inspect the entire anatomy of a word, from head to tail, so to speak, in order to recognize it. In ordinary reading, the jumps above mentioned are as likely as not to occur in the middle of words, but there is no lapse of understanding of the subject-matter by the reader, even for the fifth-of-a-second interval, because what he sees enables him each time to guess what immediately follows.



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For Unusual Feet

WHILE the regular Crossett styles are a snug fit for every curve of the ordinary foot, we realize that certain feet require specific shoe-shapes. We have therefore provided three accurately-designed models that are a positive remedy for 90 per cent. of the prevailing foot weariness.

THE BUNION LAST
THE ARCH INSTEP
THE LOW INSTEP

are sold by all Crossett dealers at the regular price of the Crossett line — $3.50 and $4.00. If your feet require special consideration of this nature try one of these new models and find that the

CROSSETT SHOE
"Makes Life's Walk Easy"
TRADE MARK

If your dealer does not keep them, we will send any style by mail or express prepaid on receipt of price and 25c for delivery. State size and width — narrow, medium or wide toe — with or without toe cap — kind of leather desired — Lace, Button, Congress or Blucher. For further information let us send you our illustrated style booklet.

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They said he owed nothing

when he died. A little inquiry showed he had not provided for his chief creditors — his family. This debt is best discharged through a life insurance policy in the

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"COATLESS" SUSPENDER

It [illegible]
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A Summer Luxury
At all good stores.
If not at your dealer's we will mail prepaid on receipt of
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Elastic Stockings, Knee Caps and Anklets

For the Relief and Support of Weak or Swollen Limbs. Made to your measure.

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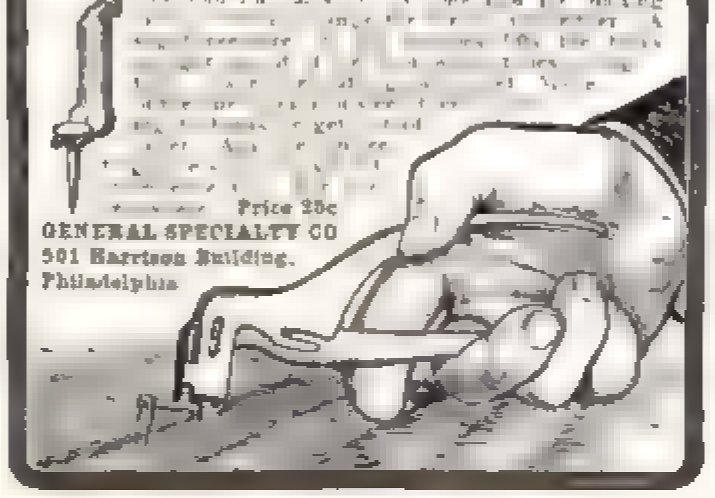

Bi-Ped Tack Puller

[illegible]

Price 25c

GENERAL SPECIALTY CO.
501 Harrison Building,
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WHO'S YOUR TAILOR?

Every well dressed man you meet (including those who make and sell ready-made clothing) has a tailor who makes his clothes for him.

The number of such men are increasing in every community where good clothes are worn.

We are good tailors and don't make cheap clothes. It is impossible for cheap tailors to make good clothes.

We run large, well equipped tailor shops, and make to order suits and overcoats for $25 to $35, from cloth for which the average small tailor must charge 50 to 100% more money.

We have a representative in your town who will take your measure and show you five hundred samples of cloth from which you can make your selection. Write for his name and address.

Ed. V. Price & Company
Merchant Tailors Chicago

Ralston HEALTH SHOES $4

The trouble with most shoes is that they begin to feel comfortable about the time they are worn out and shabby looking.

[illegible] of the true curves of the human foot every shoe, *except the Ralston* is made with an almost flat and rigid sole. [illegible]

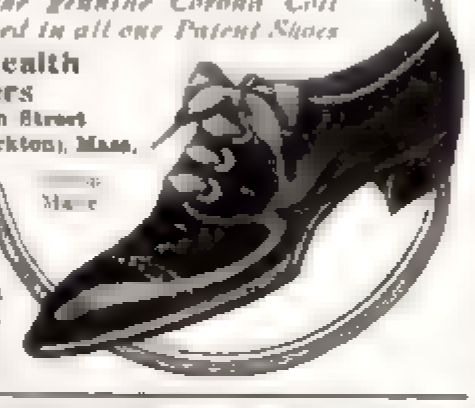
These curves exist in the Ralston [illegible] Read all about them in

Our Handsome Spring Catalogue

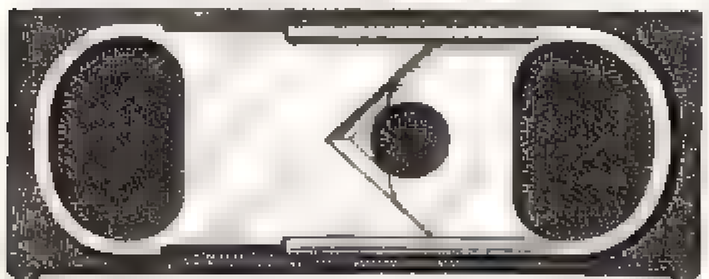
sent FREE on request. [illegible] 25 cents extra [illegible]

Only the genuine Corona Colt Kid used in all our Patent Shoes

Ralston Health Shoemakers
985 Main Street
Campello (Brockton), Mass.



Stock No. 84
Patent Corona Colt [illegible]



WHAT A MAN APPRECIATES

[illegible] cigar-cutter that cuts [illegible] without it, so unique and attractive that he will bless the giver.

THE R. S. CIGAR CUTTER

If your jeweler hasn't it, sent postpaid on receipt of one dollar

F. H. DICKSON, 21 A Maiden Lane, New York City
Wholesale only, Enos Richardson & Co., New York

300 [illegible] stamps 10c 104—all different—from [illegible] 10c [illegible] 10c 200 [illegible] 25c [illegible] $1 25, 1000 var. $4 75 [illegible] free [illegible] 50 [illegible]
CROWELL STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.

This, in fact, is the reason why there are no interruptions of which one is conscious, while the eyes seem, so far as is indicated by the mental impression, to pursue the line smoothly and steadily.

It is the same way when out-of-doors, or anywhere, indeed, you look from one object to another. The visual impression appears continuous and uninterrupted, but, as a matter of fact, you do not see anything at all during the instant in which you transfer your attention from here to there; your imagination fills in the gap.

The fact that in reading the eyes jump in the manner described has been ascertained by a very curious and ingenious means. A beam of light is thrown directly upon the eye of a person reading, and is reflected therefrom upon a continuously-moving photographic plate. In this way a line is traced upon the photographic plate by the beam of light, and the peculiar hops, so to speak, are indicated by zigzags in the line. It is thus possible, when the plate has been developed, to study with the utmost exactness the movements of the eyes incidental to the perusal of a printed page.

A study of such photographic tracings shows that the eyes, when they turn back to pick up the next line at its beginning, have some difficulty in doing so—a difficulty which is indicated clearly on the photo-plate, or on the print made from it, by a trembling. The longer the line of print, the more the difficulty and the greater the trembling. For this reason it is easier to read a newspaper column than a page in a book; and the investigators quoted believe that the newspaper column has come to be of its present width by accurate, though unconscious, adjustment to the requirements of the human eye in this regard.

A Curious Experiment

If you ask anybody of your acquaintance what part of a printed type-letter he looks at when he reads it, he will tell you that the whole of it strikes his eye at once or else that his eye follows the middle of the letters through the successive words from the beginning of a line to the end. As a matter of fact, however, when you read print it is the upper part of the words that absorbs your attention chiefly; or, to state the matter with a more definite accuracy, your eyes travel through the words at a distance of about one third of the way from the top of them. If you want proof of this statement, clip from your newspaper a line of boldface type and then cut this horizontally into perfect halves. You will notice then that the half containing the upper portion of the letters is perfectly legible but that the lower half is not easily deciphered, for the reason above given.

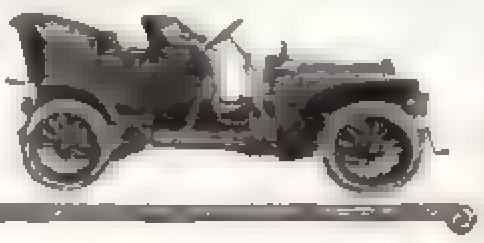
When one comes to think of it, this is rather a curious experiment in optics, and not the less interesting because it is so commonplace. If the reason why be asked, an explanation can hardly be given offhand. Puzzle it out for yourself, if you care to take the trouble.

Mention was made a few moments ago of the fact that the area of distinct vision, at the ordinary reading distance, is not much bigger than one's thumb-nail, or, more exactly speaking, about three fourths of an inch across. It is oval in shape, and considerably less in its up-and-down than in its horizontal diameter. This peculiarity of form is probably due to the fact that we look sidewise much more often than up or down, and probably it is for a like reason—that is to say, because it is easier to look sidewise than to look down or up—that a horizontal line of given length appears shorter than a vertical line of equal length.

This is also an experiment which you can readily try for yourself.

Of course, the area of distinct vision here described represents and corresponds to the most sensitive part of the nerve-screen, or "retina," which lines your eye. Outside of and beyond this extremely sensitive region your retina is color-blind and cannot even distinguish objects unless they happen to be in motion.

The deceptive appearance of the vertical line just mentioned is a very simple example of those optical illusions which are often so curious, and which seem to spring, first, from natural deficiencies of the eye as a seeing organ, and secondly, from mental misinterpretations of what is actually beheld.



COLUMBIA Automobiles, covering the entire field of motor car service, are described in detail in three catalogues devoted respectively to Columbia 18 H. P. and 35-40 H. P. Gasolene Cars, Columbia Electric Carriages and Columbia Electric Delivery Wagons and Trucks. These are not only the handsomest but the most explicit and carefully arranged automobile catalogues ever printed, and each will repay the careful study of every present or prospective owner of a vehicle in the class it covers. Sent free on request. When writing please state which catalogue is desired.

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The "Guaranteed Compound Interest Gold Bond Contract" of The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York **guarantees**, in addition to life insurance, Savings Bank interest on premium deposits.

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THE MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO. OF NEW YORK
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Gentlemen:—I shall be glad to receive information [illegible] regarding cost of your [illegible] Compound Interest Gold Bond Contract.

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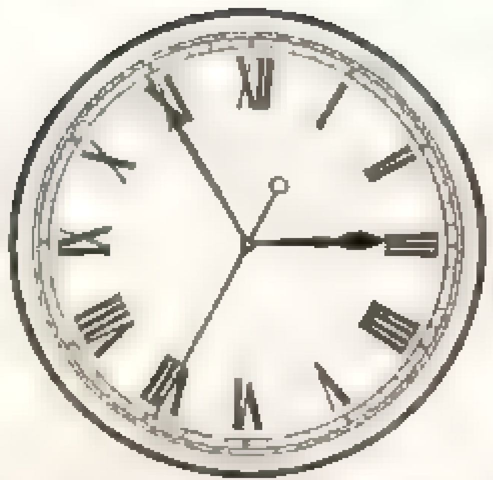

$10500 in Prizes

How soon will the Hour, Minute and Second Hands again appear equal distances apart?

[illegible] the name of the Ingersoll Dollar Watch, to [illegible] every tongue from ocean to ocean, it has been decided to [illegible] Ingersoll Watches to 10,000 people who can send us the [illegible] of this problem before September 1, 1905. It [illegible] cleverest problem by Sam Loyd, the world's [illegible] "Pigs in Clover," "How [illegible]

We hope through this widespread discussion to bring out the fact that the Ingersoll Watch is a practical timepiece adequate to [illegible] nine-tenths of the American people, be[illegible] reliable. No entry conditions are imposed. Send your solution right in.

The full problem is stated above and no further information can be given in fairness to all contestants. $500.00 in cash [illegible] owners of Ingersoll Watches. If you send [illegible] you will receive acknowledgment [illegible] entry blank and conditions; or for 10 [illegible] above and Sam Loyd's book of celebrated puzzles. Awards [illegible] with the correct solution [illegible] Sam Loyd, which is locked in our safe, inaccessible to any one.

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Touch a lever and instantly write another color

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Don't Fire or Blister Your Horse! [illegible]

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$5.00 per bottle, with a written guarantee, as binding to protect you as the best legal talent could make it. Send for copy and booklet.

At Druggists and Dealers or Express paid.

TROY CHEMICAL CO., Binghamton, N. Y.

The Young Man in the World

(Continued from Page 3)

Nobody denies that men and women should have equality of privilege and equality of rights; but equality of duties and similarity of work is absurd. The contrary idea was beautifully satirized in the now famous toast

"Here's to our women. God bless them!—once our superiors, now our equals."

The truth is that it is impossible to compare men and women. They are not the same. They have different characteristics, different methods, different capacities and different viewpoints of life. Each supplements the other. Doubtless the woman has the choicer lot. Surely this is true, abstractly speaking. Suppose we should all stand, disembodied souls, or rather unembodied souls, on the edge of the forming universe; and suppose that to these abstract intelligences the Creator should say

"I am forming the universe. I am creating a wonderful place called Earth. I am going to clothe you each in human form marvelously and beautifully made, the highest work of my hands. Some of you shall be men. To these men I shall give the task of labor in the fields, of warfare with wild beasts. It shall be your duty to subdue the wildernesses and to construct and defend a dwelling-place for these others whom I am going to make women. Therefore, I shall give you men large bones to deal strong blows and a heavy skull to withstand the like I shall give you courage and physical power and audacity and daring. The woman's mission shall be different. It shall be for her to create and preserve human happiness. She shall do this in the dwelling-place which the man constructs for her and which shall be called home. There shall she bind up his wounds and give him rest and comfort I shall give into her keeping, also, the making of the race and thus the control of the destiny of the world. And so this woman shall be given delicate bones and a deft touch and a voice of music and an eye of peace and a heart of tenderness."

Does this not make it clear that woman has by far a more beautiful and exalted mission than man? But the mission of both man and woman is sufficiently grand and noble if each performs it and, within its limitations, is content

A Garden of Friends

Have plenty of friends. Cultivate them You cultivate your business. You cultivate vegetables. But friends are more precious than either business or vegetables. Cultivate friends, therefore. Call on them and let them call on you. But do it in the good old fashioned, hearty, American way. Avoid as a pestilence what is known in our cities and towns as "society." It is a false growth made up of shallow ambitions, rivalries and baneful ideals; or, rather, the absence of any ideals.

"Between this sort of thing," said a noted American statesman to a "society" woman of unusual sense—"Between this sort of thing and strychnine for a public man I would advise strychnine. Both kill; but strychnine kills before the man is spoiled."

"Upon my soul," answered the woman, "I agree with you! It is astonishing how the large purposes of really great men shrivel and shrink in this kind of atmosphere."

So you keep out of it, young man. Don't let the simple beauty of that new American home, modeled on the lines of the old American home from which you came, be spotted and made the abode of falsehoods of conduct as well as of speech. "Society" will not help you in any way. It will not help you in your business. It will not help you in your profession—it will not give you a client. It will not help you in politics—it will not give you a vote. It will not help you in mind or soul—it will not bestow on you a new idea or endow you with a single noble aspiration

It is the twentieth century you are living in—don't forget that. Keep up, therefore; keep abreast of things. Keep in the current of the world's thought and feeling Newspapers are literally indispensable to you; and you should take two of them—the morning paper and the evening paper. Get up fifteen minutes earlier in the morning so that you may have time to look over the morning paper carefully Do not read it idly Read it with discrimination. And do not read it without discussing it with your little family. The war in Manchuria, the character of a public man, the policy of an administration,

McKEESPORT PA.

View of McKeesport from Library Manor Plan Evans Estate

McKEESPORT, the third City in value of its manufactured products in Pennsylvania, offers exceptional inducement for conservative real estate investment The City is situated twelve miles from Pittsburg at the confluence of the Monongahela and Youghiogheny Rivers. It has a population of 50,000 and is growing rapidly. The assessed valuation of the City is $19,000,000, and its bonded debt is less than $300,000.

McKeesport is known as the "Tube City," for the reason that it is the home of the National Tube Company, one of the subsidiary companies of the United States Steel Corporation. This plant is now being enlarged and its capacity doubled, at an expenditure of over $10,000,000.

In addition to this plant there are two large plants of the American Sheet and Tin Plate Co.—the plant of the Firth-Sterling Steel Co.—the McKeesport Tin Plate Co. and many others. All these plants operate steadily year in and year out and employ from 12,000 to 15,000 men.

The rapid and substantial development of the City, its present prosperity and bright prospects for the future, challenge any City in the United States for a parallel.

For many years the Evans Estate has held a valuable tract of land, beautifully situated in the Seventh Ward, McKeesport. The City has grown up all around it until now it is the only vacant property in the center of the residence section. The executor desires to close this Estate promptly and has laid out this beautiful property in lots.

Money invested in these lots cannot help but bring large returns, for the reason that they are selling from 20% to 30% less than adjoining property, and are located in the center of the City, within five minutes' walk of the great mills and factories.

YOU DON'T NEED MUCH MONEY

Prices are low and terms easy—10% down—2% a month for balance;—Interest on deferred payments 4%. No taxes until 1907.

We will refund railroad fare for round trip of any purchaser living within 500 miles. Come and see for yourself. Write for booklet giving full information.

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502 Fifth Avenue McKeesport, Pa.

For reliability and financial responsibility, we refer to
Any Bank in McKeesport, The Mellon National Bank of Pittsburgh, and Bank of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa.

4% on your money

A bank is what the men in control make it. The officers and directors of THE CLEVELAND TRUST COMPANY are among the best-known business men in Cleveland

The 48,000 depositors in THE CLEVELAND TRUST COMPANY are amply satisfied with the security afforded them by such management and assets of $25,000,000

Dollar deposits welcome 4 per cent interest

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By buying direct from us you get factory prices with no middlemen's profits [illegible] everything that is latest, best and most [illegible]ble. Our large free catalogue tells all about our no money with order plan, freight offer, 2 years' guarantee and how we ship anywhere on 30 Days FREE TRIAL

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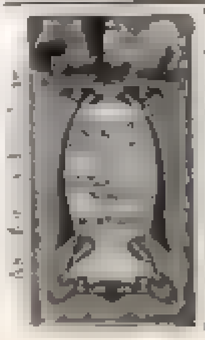

The William R. Compton Bond and Mortgage House [illegible] a Million Dollars in 1904 to its investment [illegible]. This represents [illegible] of careful invest[illegible] Life Insurance Companies, Savings Banks [illegible] Absolute Security and fair interest [illegible] you take their advice [illegible]

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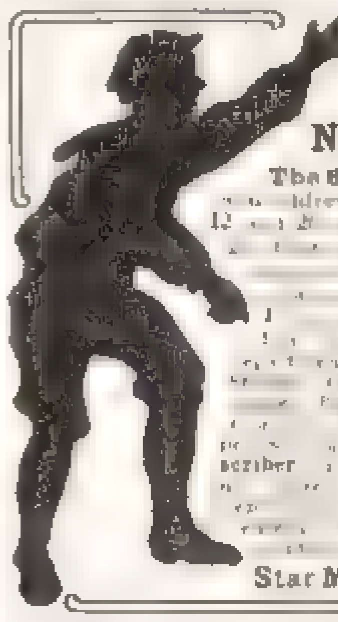

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The Star Monthly wants [illegible] addresses of bright boys between 12 and [illegible] 150,000 [illegible] If you are not a subscriber [illegible]

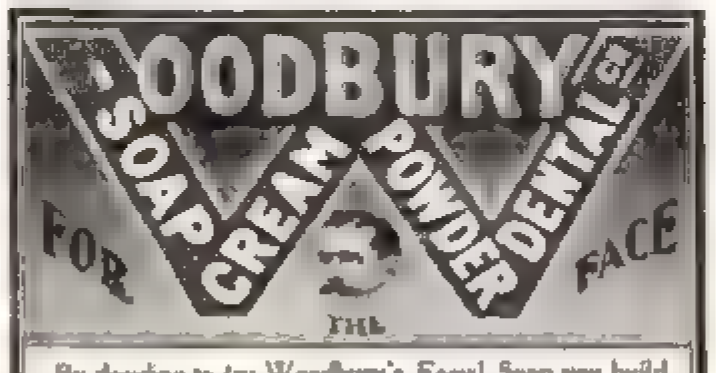
Star Monthly, Oak Park, Ills

"Old Hickory" Spindle Back Chair $1.75

[illegible] Old Hickory [illegible] 120 other styles of chairs, settees, tables, etc., $1.50 [illegible] to get the "Old Hickory" [illegible] and see that [illegible] Ask for new [illegible] catalogue and Special Introductory Offer, FREE

THE OLD HICKORY CHAIR CO.
25 Cherry St., MARTINSVILLE, IND

"The Original 'Old Hickory' Furniture [illegible]"



By deciding to try Woodbury's Facial Soap you build better than you know—It is literally a facial tonic. Stimulating while cleansing the outer self.

Send 10 cts. for samples of all four preparations.

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Nowhere on the entire [illegible] cigars as at Tampa. The warm [illegible] atmosphere preserves in toto even the [illegible] cate flavor. All really fine [illegible] extremely sensitive [illegible] climatic conditions, losing flavor and strength, becoming brittle, harsh and flat. The only way [illegible] properly enjoy its original strength [illegible] is to order monthly supplies direct from Tampa **to be smoked before they grow stale.**

[illegible] all [illegible] we sell you a [illegible] long filler [illegible] Clear Havana [illegible] guaranteed [illegible] cigar you would pay 10 cents straight for anywhere else [illegible] **and miss the flavor at that.** We [illegible] selected, well-cured, [illegible] smoke freely and [illegible] evenly. It is the [illegible] and you need it

A Convincing Offer

We will send you 100 "Abocado" Mohawks, express prepaid smoke some of them, and if pleased, send us $6.00 if not return the remainder at our expense References required.

[illegible]

JOSE BOCK CO
TAMPA FLA

Made of Clear Argentine Nutria.

Hats for Men

THE CRETIC

The C & K Hats
are found in shops where the best hats are sold.

Ask your hatter for a Knapp-Felt at $4 or a Knapp-Felt DeLuxe at $6.

Write for The Hatman.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

If you want to beat Bogey, use the Bogey Ball that can't be beat.

An entirely new principle of [illegible] the manufacture of the

BOGEY Golf Ball

Rubber Cored at High Tension

[illegible] built up by [illegible] high tension [illegible] of pure para rubber rings over a non-elastic center. This practically indestructible rubber core is then covered with gutta-percha of the best obtainable quality.

Hand [illegible], uniformly [illegible], and thoroughly seasoned, the Bogey Ball possesses many points of superiority over every other ball on the market.

For Durability, Resiliency, Accuracy, Putting and Carrying Qualities it has no Equal.

The Price, $4.80 per dozen, postpaid. Sample ball, 40c to any address on receipt of price.

Bogey Golf Ball Floats High

and is the only ball GUARANTEED to lay 18 holes without cracking. We will replace [illegible] any ball that does not fulfill this guarantee. Send for Illustrated Booklet.

SEAMAN MANUFACTURING CO.
313-315 Milwaukee St.
Milwaukee, Wis.

the state of the nation's business — all these are mental food which you need as much as you need your breakfast. A thoroughly up-to-date magazine is helpful, too. Build you a library, also. You do not want the new home to be a mere physical habitation. You want it to be a home for the mind as well as the body, do you not? I once heard of a young lawyer who put aside a little bit of every fee as a sinking fund for a library. He and his wife bought books with that — not books for the office, but books for their home. He succeeded — "won out" with his cases, which was his profession's business, and with his happiness and hers, which was his life's business.

The theatre is the highest form of combined education, amusement and repose which human intelligence has yet invented. It was so in Greece and it is so now. The theatre at least once a week is as good for you as sleep every night. And let the play you go to see be high grade. Inferior performances on the stage will destroy your taste as effectually as will the continued propinquity of poor pictures.

The same is true of music. Music has a mysterious quality which exalts. It has been noted that soldiers gladly go to their death under its influence who otherwise would fight unwillingly. It is also a great producer of thought. Some men can write well only under its inspiration. Educate yourself *up* in it, therefore. Do not be content with the simple melodies and old songs. They will never lose their charm and ought not; but they are not the best which music has for you.

Real Happiness

What I am now insisting upon is a constant and careful nourishment of the mind and soul within you, so that the new home may each day be more and more the dwelling-place of beauty and the abode of real happiness. You cannot think of the old home without thinking of your mother; and you cannot think of your mother without thinking of the Bible. A young man and a young woman who are making a new home make an irreparable mistake if they leave out the religious influence. Both ought to belong to church and to the same church. This is a matter of prudence as well as of righteousness. Get it into your consciousness that you must be in harmony with the people of whom you are two. Your new home must be in accord with the millions of other homes which make up this nation. And the American people at bottom are a religious people. Also you will find that nothing will please your wife so much as to resolve upon regular church attendance and then to reduce that resolve to a habit. It is good for you, too; you feel as if you had taken a moral bath after you get home from church every Sunday. Of course, being an American and a gentleman, you will have the American gentleman's conception of all womanhood and his adoring reverence for the one woman who has blessed him with her life's companionship. You will cherish her, therefore, in that way which none but the American gentleman quite understands. You will be gentle with her and watchful of her health and happiness. You will be ever brave and kind, wise and strong, deserving that respect which she is so anxious to accord you; earning that devotion which, by the very nature of her being, she must bestow on you; winning that admiration which it is the crowning pride of her life to yield to you; and finally, receiving that care which only her hands can give, and a lifelong joy which, increasing with the years, is fullest and most perfect when both your heads are white and your steps no longer wander from the threshold of that "new home" which you built in the beginning of your lives, and which is now the "old home" to your children who, beneath its roof, "rise up and call you blessed."

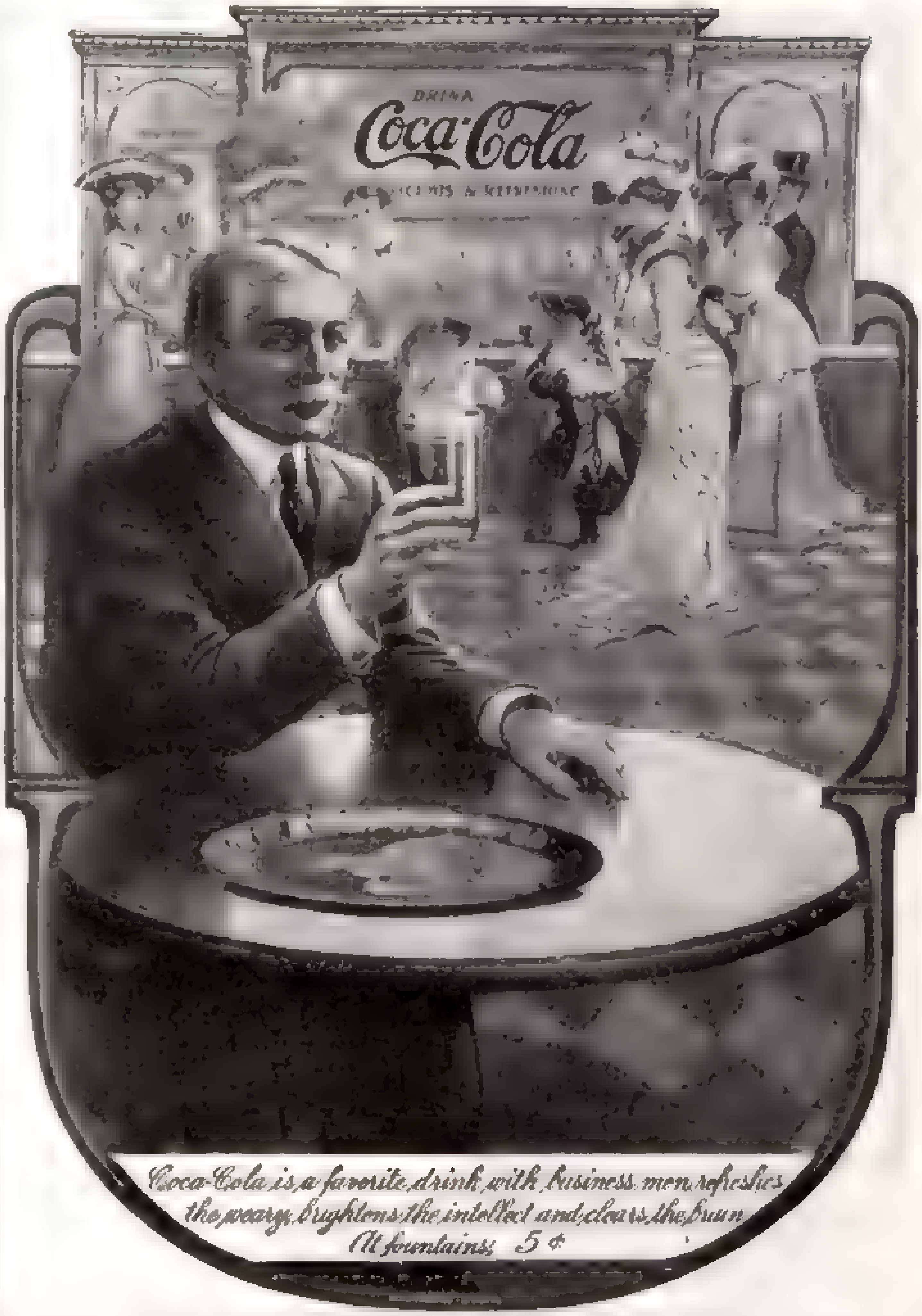
⁂

Hamlet Avenged

ONE evening at supper, shortly after Richard Mansfield produced Molière's The Misanthrope, a bore, of the type who delight to set themselves up against anything approved by others, was at much pains to tell the actor that, fine as his results had been, it was, nevertheless, an artistic sacrilege to translate Molière.

"Translation," he said, "inevitably banishes the spirit of the original and defiles a work of art."

"The production of The Misanthrope, my dear sir," replied Mansfield with a gracious smile, "was our revenge on Bernhardt for playing Hamlet in French."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Coca-Cola
DELICIOUS & REFRESHING
Coca-Cola is a favorite drink with business men, refreshes the weary, brightens the intellect and clears the brain.
At fountains, 5¢

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Simple, Strong, Safe.

¶ A smooth, gentle glide — [illegible] slightest pressure of [illegible] be converted into a [illegible]

¶ [illegible]

¶ Simple [illegible] cannot get out of order [illegible] automatic. Most [illegible]

Give your dealer's name and send to-day [illegible] price list.

The Goshen Mfg. Co., Box 21, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

[illegible] World's Fair.

Have You Varicose Veins?

If so we want to hear from you. We want to make **to your measure from new elastic** (woven by us) one of our patented

SEAMLESS HEEL

Elastic Stockings

They furnish quick and often [illegible] permanent relief of Varicose Veins, Weak Limbs, Leg Swellings, Ulcers, Weak Knees, Swollen and Weak Ankles, etc.

GREAT COMFORT AT VERY LITTLE COST.

Send for Cata with self measuring directions and prices

CURTIS & SPINDELL CO., 86 Market Street, LYNN, MASS.

If you have "Nothing to do" after School Hours

Every boy at times has "nothing to do." Thousands of boys turn this spare time into money on Friday afternoons and Saturdays by selling

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Any boy can do the same thing. The work is easy; no money is required and the publishers take all the risk. Some boys earn $15.00 a week or more.

To any boy who will try the plan we will furnish 10 copies of the magazine free of charge, to be sold at 5 cents each. After that all that is required at the wholesale price.

Write to-day. We will send 10 copies of next week's issue without charge and full directions, including the booklet "How Boys Make Money," written by some of our most successful boys.

$300 IN CASH AS EXTRA PRIZES for those who do GOOD WORK EACH MONTH. A part of this month's prize money reserved for boys who start next week.

The Curtis Publishing Company, 425 Arch Street, Phila.

"BEST" THE LIGHT

Places an independent, Portable [illegible] plant at your service. It makes and burns its own gas and produces a more brilliant light than electricity or acetylene. It costs but a trifle to maintain. No Grease, Dirt, Smoke or Odor. Agents Wanted.

THE BEST LIGHT CO., 5-25 E. 5th Street, Canton, O.
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You cannot make a good roof out of bad tin. When a tin roof is good it is very, very good—in other words, "Taylor Old Style"—and when it is bad it is worse than many other kinds of roofing. Only the best tin makes a good roof, and the best tin never needs repairs. That tin is "Taylor Old Style" the one brand that has stood the test of a generation, and outlived all its imitations.

Look for this mark on every sheet.

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ESTABLISHED 1810
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MOST PROFITABLE FARM INVESTMENT.

This is what the Cream Separator has proved to be. Twenty years of experience upon the part of hundreds of thousands of users in every country of the world bear witness to the fact. No one disputes it.

There never was a better time to make this all-important farm investment than the present. Butter is unprecedentedly high in price. It is most desirable that none be left go to waste, and that the quality be such as to command top prices.

If you have cream to separate you cannot afford to delay this investment a single day. If you haven't the ready cash the machine will earn its cost while you are paying for it.

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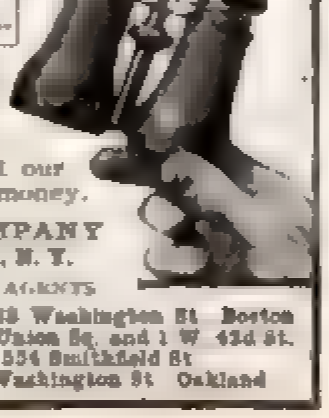
Used by U. S. Signal Corps.

Geneva Superior Binocular $15.

Our handsome book *The Near Distance* sent free on request.

Its [illegible] power, field [illegible] and clearness of definition is seldom equalled.

Price $15. delivered. If not satisfactory, return at our expense. We refund your money.

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California C. H. Wood, 1153 Washington St. Oakland

The Memoirs of an American

(Continued from Page 11)

he isn't interested in having this matter aired But some one must have found out pretty accurately what has happened. Perhaps Lokes was drunk and let out what he got from us."

The situation was alarming. Unless we could get that injunction dissolved, and speedily, our project faced ruin. The banker Farson's telegram was only the first. The banks and our backers East and West would soon call us to account

In a day or two Slocum came to me with the information he had obtained. The "syndicate" consisted of three or four cheap fellows, hangers-on of brokers' offices. One of them happened to be a brother-in-law of Judge Garretson, who had issued the midnight injunction

"I got that from Ed Hostetter," Slocum explained. "I met him on the street as I was coming over here. Having heard that this Lucas Smith lived out Ed's way, in May Park, I asked him if he knew anything about the man. He said: 'You mean the jedge's brother-in-law? He's a political feller.' "

So we had in Ed, who had come back to work for me, having failed in a market where I started him after the sausage plant was sold

"Ed," I said to him, "we want you to find out all you can about this brother-in-law of Judge Garretson. See if you can learn how many London and Chicago bonds he holds "

The next morning Ed brought us the information that Lucas Smith was willing enough to talk, boasting that he and his friends were going to "tune up those packers in good style." Ed thought they had got their tip from one of Lokes' pals. It seems that Smith owned, nominally, only two of the bonds

"What sort of a man is this Judge Garretson?" I asked the lawyer

" Good enough for a political judge I guess. He's up for reëlection this fall There was some talk about his attitude in traction cases, but nothing positive against him.'

"See here, Ed!"—I turned to Hostetter—"I want you to go straight out to this man's—Lucas Smith's—place and find him. Tell him you know where he can get $25,000 for those two bonds of his the day Judge Garretson dissolves that injunction

"Hold on, Van!" Slocum interposed "That is too strong! I stuck by you last time, but I won't stand for this!"

"Go on, Ed!" I called out to Hostetter

Slocum arose and put on his hat. I put my hand on his shoulder and pushed him back.

"You aren't going to quit like that, Sloco after all these years! Think it over. What else is there for us to do? Can we have this business aired in court? What will Farson say to that story of Lokes'? Do you think we could buy the bonds of those rats for any likely figure—for any figure, if Carmichael is waiting around the corner to pick up our cake when we are forced to drop it?"

He sank into the chair rather limp.

"Well," he said, "so far as I am concerned, it might as well come out now as later."

"You have got to sit in the boat with me, Sloco! I need you." I leaned across the table and looked into his eyes. Slowly, after a time, he nodded, and gave himself up to me to do my will. In the heat of my trouble, I scarce realized what that acquiescence cost him: he never gave another sign. But it cost him, one way and another, more than I ever could repay, and now I know it.

We walked out together, and I said:

"Once out of this mess, old man, we shall be on easy street, and you can buy a block of those old brick shanties back in Portland!"

Old Slocum smiled but turned away without another word.

Judge Garretson dissolved the injunction in due course. What is more, he roasted the petitioning parties who had entered his court "with flimsy and fraudulent pretexts." There was a righteous flavor to his eloquence that would have been worthy of a better cause. Nevertheless, that same evening Lucas Smith collected his price from Ed and delivered his bonds.

I turned to Slocum, who was with me in court when the decision was handed down, and said jubilantly:

"That worked. They can't touch us now! I guess we've seen the end of this business."

Slocum still demurred.

"Maybe, but I doubt it. You don't think that Frost and his pals are going to sit quiet after this roast? They will nose around to find out who sold them out "

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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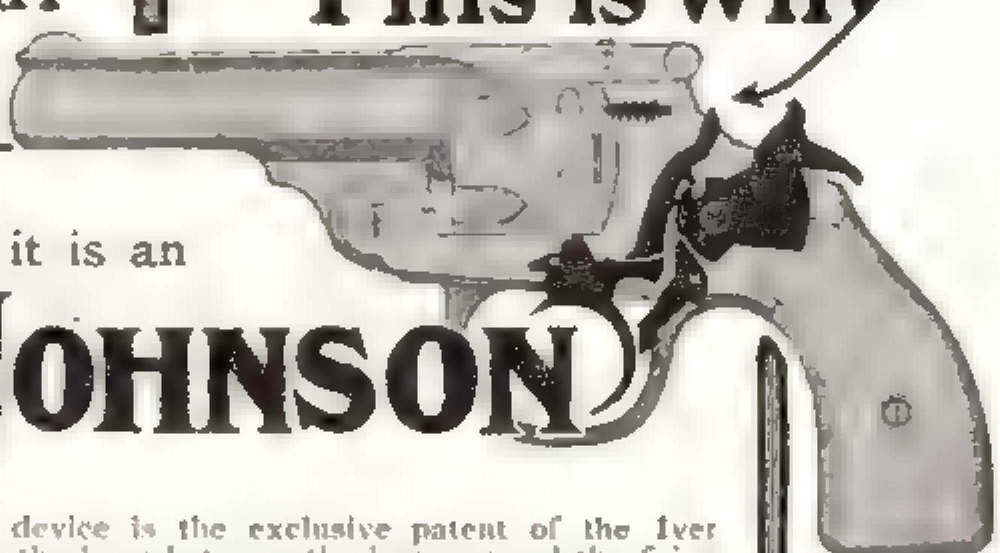
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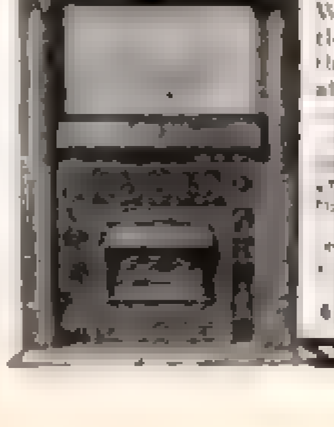
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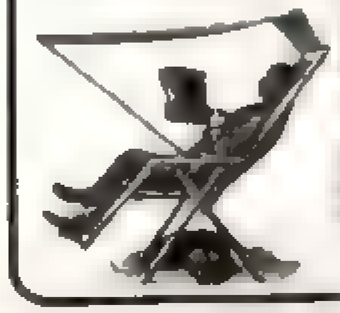

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MR. SCRAGGS INTERVENES

(Concluded from Page 7)

same time,' says Pete, 'and I sure wanted to see you, Zeke.'

"'Yes,' says Maggy. 'It wouldn't seem right to get married without you bein' there, Mr. Scraggs. To think of what you've done for Pete! And that Charley High-ball there is just the blessedest angel that ever was! Why, he got some stuff in the woods and put it on Pete's back, and made him well in a minute, you might say. And there warn't nothin' he wouldn't do for us. And I'm just the happiest woman ever was,' says Maggy, wipin' her eyes on her apron some more.

"'Well!' says I, brisk, tryin' to forgit that lost fifty. 'Why don't you and Pete sign the pledge right here and now?—how's that, friend?' I asks the minister.

"'Why, ah!' says he. 'Ah! It doesn't seem quite the proper place — —'

"'What's the matter with this place?' says Jim. He took a great pride in his saloon. He had glass mirrors up that cost him a hundred plunks apiece. 'If you think,' says he, 'that there's a prettier little joint in town than this, why, don't let me keep you.'

"That minister was cut out fer the business. He hedged his bet so quick, I admired him.

"'That's just it,' he says loud and hearty. 'I look upon matrimony as a solemn affair, and I was afraid our friends would be distracted from the seriousness of the ceremony by the surroundings.'

"'Don't say a word!' says Jim, wavin' his hand. 'You have put the next round on me, but I guess Pete and Maggy has had seriousnesses enough, just as she slides—heh?'

"'You're talkin' blue checks, Jim,' says Maggy, through her apron. 'I don't reckon I'll ever get too gay to hurt me, nor Pete, nuther.'

"'Very well,' says the minister—and we had the weddin'. Charlie High-ball burnt punk that smelled strong but fine, and swung his arms, Jim and the rest of the boys sayin' 'amen' every time there come a stop, and all the proceedin's goin' on grand, till the preacher got to the last of it, and then Pete broke in.

"'I copper that statement,' says he. 'I wouldn't run against you for the world, old man, but here I got to. We ain't "man" and wife, for I ain't never been a man since I growed up: Maggy, she's the man and wife both. Say "husband and wife," to oblige.'

"The preacher looked at Pete mighty kind.

"'Husband and wife,' says he. Then Maggy busted out: 'He's the best man that ever lived!' says she.

"'May you live long and happy years together,' says the preacher, and he had a different look on his face—more 's if it was a pleasure instead of business he was attendin' to.

"Whilest we stood there kinder awk'ard, Charley made a high play. He gathered all his winnings in a heap. 'For laly,' says he, makin' her a bow.

"Maggy, she cried. Everybody'd been so good to her, she said, and she weren't able to turn a hand for her part, and so forth, and we was all kind of pleasantly miserable for a while, till Jim sings out: 'Here, this ain't no weddin' hilarity—guide right to the bar!'

"There we all lined up, Charlie High-ball and all.

"'What'll you have, sir?' says Jim, askin' the minister first out of manners.

"'The same as the rest,' says the minister like a man.

"'Mr. Scraggs?' says Jim.

"'Ginger ale,' says I. And every man and woman took ginger ale, which is a beverage that 'ud drive a man to drink. Howsomever, we showed that preacher he didn't hold over us, speck nor color, when it come to a show-down. And he savvied the play, too. He watched the line drinkin' its ginger ale.

"'Gentlemen,' says he, 'I'm glad to know you—I think I'll stay in your town a while, but now'—and he kind of twinkled around the eyes—'I hope you will excuse me.' With that he vanished, leaving us to take a little antidote for that there ginger ale.

"And Pete and Maggy? Well, dear friends and brothers, you never saw nothin' like it—they think as much of each other as two men would! And the way Pete can iron a b'iled shirt is a wonder. Yaas; he found his job at last: plain and decorative ironin'. Often I've seen Maggy, holdin' up a batch of clo's, with pride just oozin' out of her, and heard her say: 'There ain't a person in these here United States that kin slide a flatiron over dry-goods the way my Pete kin.'"

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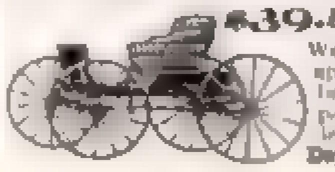

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The Wood Fire in Number Three

(Continued from Page 13)

Porterfield gave him a position as entry-clerk in his foreign department. During all that week he was spending his time between my studio and my aunt's, I looking after his expenditures—not much; only a few dollars a day. Every evening we dined at home, and every evening we roamed the world—mountain-climbing, pig-sticking, pheasant-shooting in Devonshire—who won the Derby and why—English politics, English art, the tariff—every topic under the sun that I knew anything about and a lot I didn't—he leading or following in the talk, his eyes fixed on mine, his rich, musical voice filling the room, his handsome, well-bred body comfortably seated in my aunt's easiest chair.

"And now comes the most interesting part of this story: The afternoon before he was to present himself at Porterfield's, about five o'clock—an hour before I reached home—he rang my aunt's front-door bell; told the servant that I had been called suddenly out of town for the night and had sent him post haste in a cab for my portmanteau and overcoat. Then he tripped upstairs to my apartment, waited beside the servant until she had stowed away in my best Gladstone my dress-suit, shirt with its links and pearl studs, collars, too—everything even to my patent-leather shoes, and then, while she was out of the room in search of my overcoat, emptied into his pockets all my scarfpins, my silver brandy flask and a lot of knickknacks on my bureau, took the coat on his arm, preceded her leisurely downstairs, she carrying the bag, stepped into the cab and was off—*and I haven't seen him since!*

"There, Mac! that yarn is told for your especial benefit. What do you think of it?"

"I think you're all white, Woods, and I'm glad to know you!" cried Mac as he grasped the painter's hand and shook it warmly.

"Yes; but what do you think of that cur of an Englishman?"

"I think he'll live to see the day he'll regret the mean trick he played you," answered Mac; "but that don't prove your contention that all beggars are frauds."

"Did you try to catch him?" interrupted Boggs.

"No, I was too hurt. I didn't mind the money or the clothes. What I minded was the way in which I had squandered my personality. The only thing I did do was to tell Captain Alec Williams, of our precinct, about him.

"'Smooth-talking fellow?' he asked. 'Had a scrap with his father? Light blue eyes and a little turned-up mustache? Yes, I know him—slickest con. man in the business. We've got his mug in our collection; show it to you some day if you come'—and *he did.*"

"And the great reader of human nature didn't go to London and build arches and kill the fatted calf after all," remarked Lonnegan with a wink at Boggs.

"No," retorted Boggs, "he could have suicided himself at home with less trouble." And he glanced at Woods.

"Laugh on; you can't hurt me! I'm immune," said Woods. "I learned my lesson that time, and I've graduated. I'm not practicing any theories, old or new; I'm doing missionary work instead, pointing out and running down dead beats wherever I see them. No more men's night meetings for me—no more widows with twins—no nothing. When I've got anything to give I hand it to my aunt. It isn't a pleasant yarn; it's one on me every time. I only told it to Mac so he could save his money."

"I am saving it, Woods—save it every day—got a lot of small banks all over the place that pay me compound interest. Now I'll tell *you* a yarn, and I want you fellows to listen and keep still till I get through. If there's any doubts, Boggs, of your releasing your grasp on your talking-machine I'll take your remarks now. All right—enough said. Now hand me that tobacco, Lonnegan, and one of you fellows move back so I can get up closer where you can all hear. This story, remember, Woods, is for you."

We were glad enough to obey, for when Mac talks we all listen. The story, whatever it may be, always comes straight from his heart.

"One cold, snowy night—so cold, I remember, that I had to turn up my coat-collar and stuff my handkerchief inside to keep out the driving sleet—I turned into Tenth Street out of Fifth Avenue on my way here. It was after midnight—nearly one o'clock, in fact—and with the exception of the policeman on

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THE EDUCATOR WAY

our beat—and I had met him on the corner of the avenue—I had not passed a single soul since I had left the club. When I got abreast of the long iron railing I caught sight of the figure of a man standing under the gaslight. He wore a long ulster almost to his feet, and a slouch hat. At sound of my footsteps he shrank back out of the light and crouched close to the steps of one of those old houses this side of the big wall. His movements did not interest me—waiting for somebody, I concluded, and doesn't want to be seen. Then the thought crossed my mind that it was a bad night to be out in and that, perhaps, he might be suffering or drunk—a conclusion I at once abandoned when I remembered how warmly he was clad and how quickly he had sprung into the shadow of the steps when he heard my approach—all this, of course, as I was walking toward him. That I was in any danger of being robbed never crossed my mind. I never go armed, and never think of such things. It's the fellow who sees first who escapes, and up to this time I had watched his every move.

"When I got abreast of the steps he rose on his feet with a quick spring and stood before me.

"'I'm hungry,' he said in a low, grating voice. 'Give me some money. I don't mean to hurt you, but give me some money, quick!'

"I threw up my hands to defend myself, and backed to the lamp-post so I could see where to hit him best, trying all the time to get a view of his face, which he still kept concealed by the brim of his slouch hat.

"'That's not the way to ask for it,' I answered. I would have struck him then, only for the tones in his voice, which seemed to carry a note of suffering that left me irresolute.

"He was edging nearer and nearer, with the movement of a prize-fighter trying to get in a telling blow, his long overcoat concealing the movements of his legs as thoroughly as his slouch hat did the features of his face. Two thoughts now flashed through my mind: Shall I shout for the policeman, who could not yet be out of hearing, or should I land a blow under his chin and tumble him into the gutter?

"All this time he was muttering: 'I'm crazy, I know, but I'm starving; nobody listens to me. This man's got to listen to me, or I'll kill him and take it away from him.'

"I had gathered myself together now and was about to let drive when he grabbed me around the waist. We both slipped on the ice and both fell to the pavement, he underneath and I on top. I had my knee on his chest and was trying to get my fingers into his shirt-collar to choke the breath out of him when the buttons on his ulster gave way. I let go my hold and sprang up. The man was naked to his shoes, except for a pair of ragged cotton drawers!

"'Don't kill me,' he cried, 'don't kill me!' He was sobbing now, hat off, his face in the snow, all the fight out of him.

"I know a hungry man when I see him—been famished myself; wolfish and desperate once—and this man was hungry.

"'Put on your hat, button up your coat,' I said, 'and come with me.'"

"Bully for you, Mac; that's the kind of talk!" cried Boggs. "Waltzed him right down to the police-station, didn't you?"

"No, I brought him to this very room, sat him down in that very chair where you sit, Boggs," answered Mac, "and before this very fire. He followed me like a homeless dog that you meet in the street—never speaking, keeping a few steps behind—waited until I had unlocked the street-door, held it back for me to pass through; mounted the flight of steps behind me. The light is out, as you know, at that hour, and I had to scratch a match to find my way. He remained motionless inside this room until I had turned on the gas, standing by that screen over there, a dazed expression on his face, like a man who had fallen overboard and been picked up by a passing ship.

"He had been discharged because some drunken young men had lost their money in a barroom and had accused him of taking it. For some weeks he had slept in a ten-cent lodging-house. Two days before some one had stolen his clothes, all but his overcoat, which was under him. Since that time he had been walking around half naked.

"'Pull that coat off,' I said, 'and put on these.' And I handed him some underwear and a suit of sketching clothes that hung in my closet. 'And now drink this,' and I poured out a spoonful of whisky—all he needed on an empty stomach.

"When he was warm and dry—this did not take many minutes—we started downstairs again and went over to Sixth Avenue.

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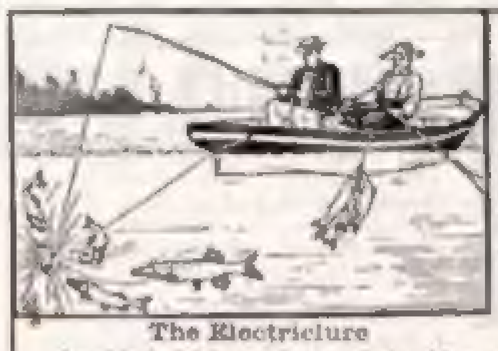

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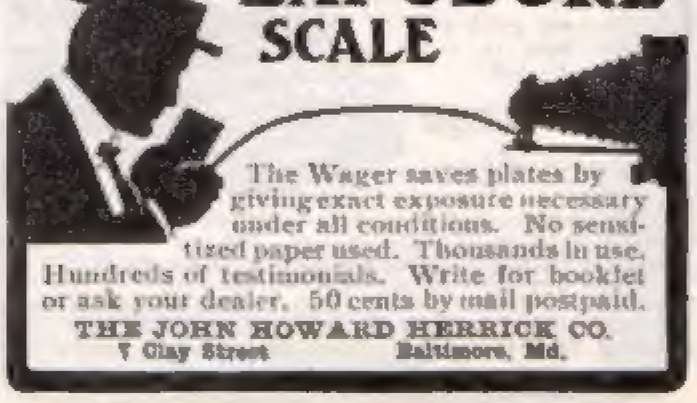

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Jerry's screens and blinds were shut, but his lights were still burning — some fellows were having a game of poker in the back room.

"'Got anything to eat, Jerry?' I asked.

"'Yes, Mr. MacWhirter, a cold ham and some hot chowder, if they ain't turned off the steam. Pretty good chowder, too, this week. What'll it be — for one or two?'

"'For one, Jerry.'

"I left him alone for a while sitting at one of Jerry's tables, his hungry, eager eyes watching every movement of the old man, as a starved cat watches the bowl of milk you are about to place before it.

"When he had devoured everything Jerry had given him I moved to the bar, poured out half a glass of whisky from one of Jerry's bottles, waited until he had swallowed it, and then sent him upstairs to sleep in one of Jerry's beds."

"And that was the last you ever saw of him, of course," broke out Woods with a laugh.

"No — saw him every day for a month, till he got work. Saw him again to-day at Pusch's. He waited on us. It was Carl!"

⁂

In Harden's Place

(Concluded from Page 5)

you! Then I'd better 'phone Hoskins to hurry up here and get an interview with you, hadn't I? Where is your old telephone? I like it better."

. . . .

It was fully two weeks later that Dr. Dana Webster, breaking off conversation with two or three persons in his office, hastened to greet Mr. James C. Mather, who had just entered his reception-room.

"And how is the new general manager of the Consolidated to-day?" he asked beamingly.

"Why, feeling very well, thank you; only it's only acting general manager," replied Mather cordially.

"You understand that you are going home with me to dinner?" said the doctor.

"Well, yes; I thought I would," said Mather in a matter-of-fact way. "I had thought I should stay and spend the evening, too."

"That's good," said the doctor. He stepped toward the old telephone — the new one had disappeared. "I guess I'll let Marie know somebody is coming," he said.

"Oh," said Mather, "Marie knows."

The doctor turned on him, looking like a man who has been mercilessly sold. "Marie knows, does she?" he suspiciously queried. "Well!" He looked at his watch. "I'll be going up in about three-quarters of an hour," he said. "Will that suit you?"

"Oh, certainly, sir," replied Mather promptly. "I guess I will go up right now and not wait for you." He looked up with a faint, quaint glint of a smile.

"Well!" said the doctor, eying him closely. He turned toward the inner door, but paused on the threshold. "All right; I'll be up in about an hour and a half," he said, and passed on into the office.

⁂

My Lady's Voice

WHEN there has just been a hearing of fifty odd applicants at the Metropolitan Opera House, and a friend sits chatting with Mr. Conried of the this, that and the other of operatic life, the telephone bell — one of three at his elbow — is pretty sure to ring violently. Then, to the reporter Mr. Conried repeats the words as they come over the wire:

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"Madam," is the very gentle reply, "I find by referring to my notes that your voice is not adapted to our needs. I would advise you to give up trying to go on the stage."

"Give it up? Not really! Tell me just what you have written."

"I would rather not. Please be contented with my decision."

"But I must know. I insist!"

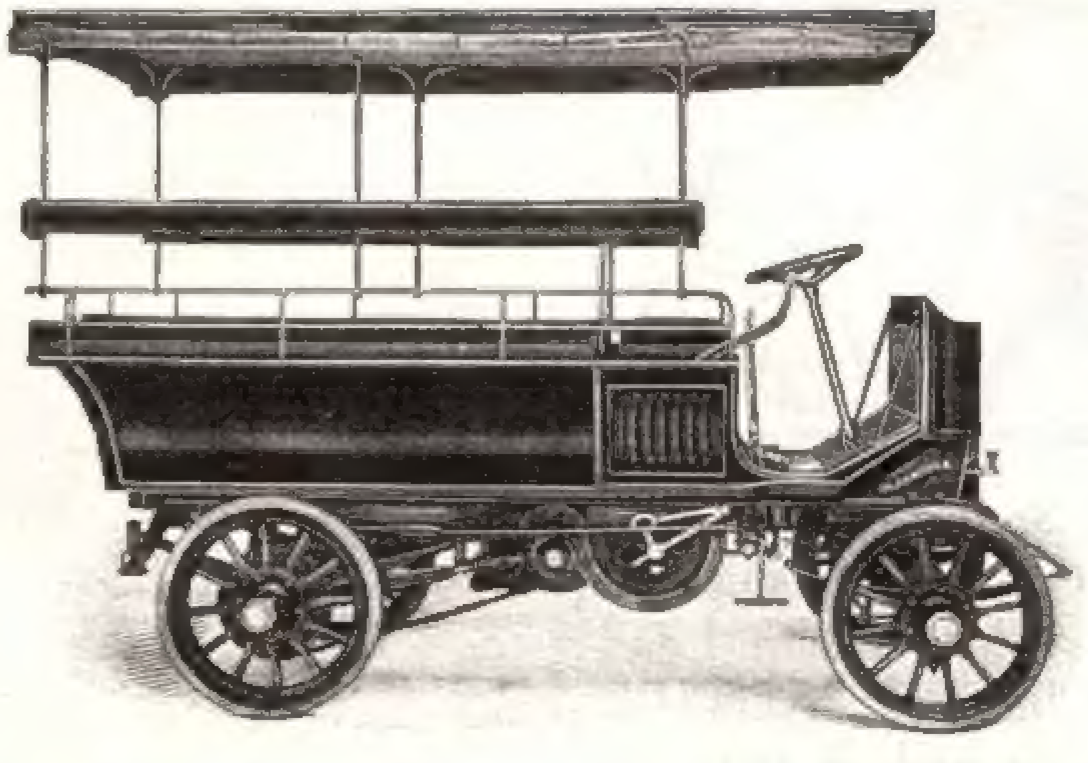
"Very well, if you insist. You will not be satisfied else?"

"No."

"I have written here, opposite your name and number: 'Too thin. Not young enough. Too plain.'"

Other notations on this sheet read:

"Small voice; pretty figure; nice eyes." "Too loud; off the key; badly taught." "Too large; voice too small." All of which would tend to show that the voice is not the sole requisite for success — even at the Metropolitan Opera House.



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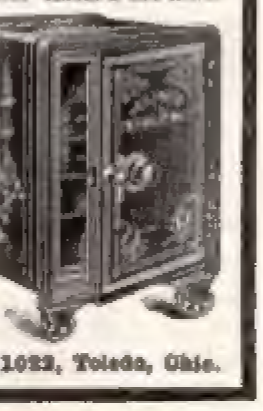

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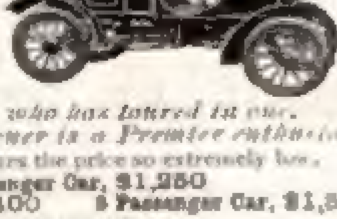

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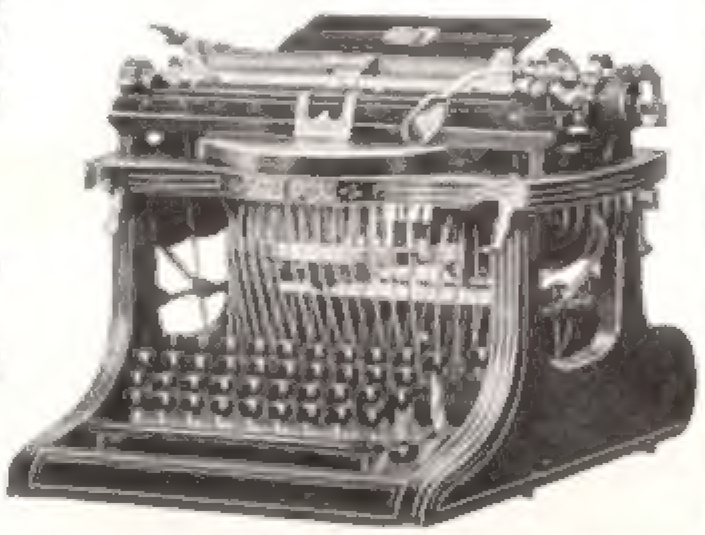

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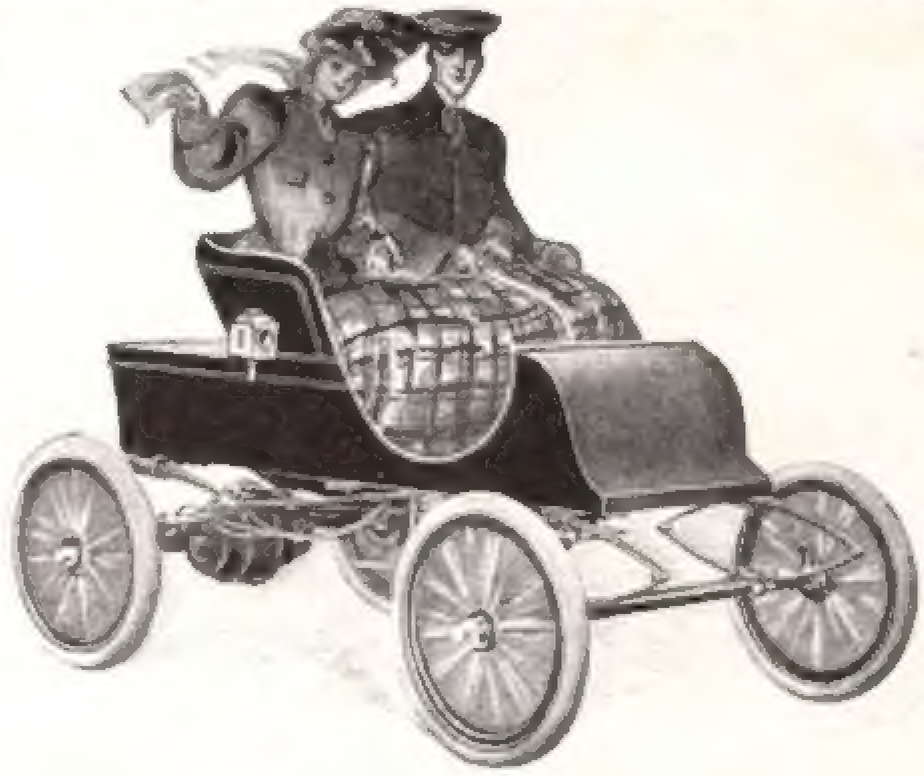

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SPEED ROAD WAGON.

THE above illustrates our new 1905 light Speed Runabout. Price $900.00; with full leather top $950.00. Our aim has been to so design and equip it that it will travel more rapidly than the regulation electric carriage. The forward box design is distinctive and contains a compartment suitable for carrying the storm apron, side curtains and small packages. It is fitted with 30 cells of No. 7 CB National or 30 cells of 7 PV Exide batteries. This gives a light battery equipment. 24 cells of heavier battery, No. 9 CB National or PV-9 Exide at the same price will give larger mileage but less speed.

We make surreys, chelseas, coupes, stanhopes, station and delivery wagons. Also trucks on specifications. Write for complete catalogue.

POPE MOTOR CAR CO. **Desk L, Indianapolis, Indiana**

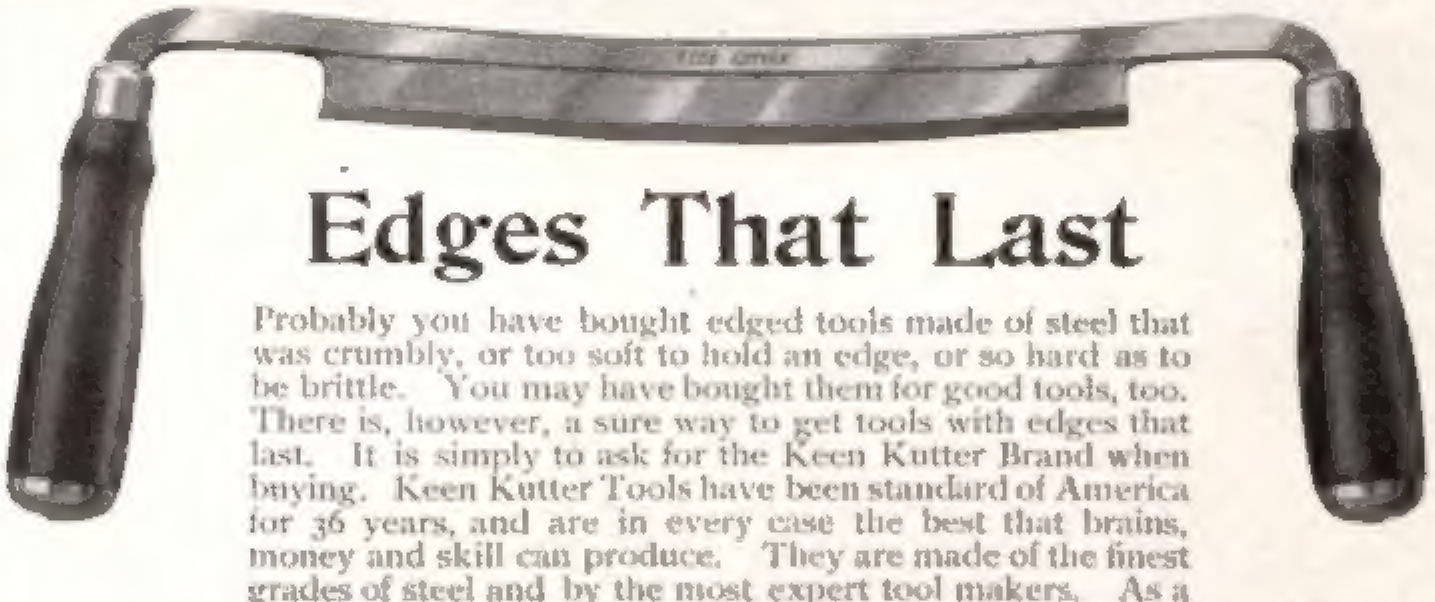
THE superior growths of Turkish tobacco are blended in MURAD CIGARETTES with the skill of a world famous specialist, Mr. Allan Ramsay, who spent many years in administering successfully to the exacting tastes of the Turkish court circles.

MURAD CIGARETTES

afford enjoyment as keen as the meadow-swept air of the golf-course, and their flavor is just as pure. A "match" is not complete without a box of MURADS.

10 for 15 cents

If your dealer does not handle MURAD Cigarettes, mail 15 cents for a package to Murad Cigarette Dept., 111 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



Edges That Last

Probably you have bought edged tools made of steel that was crumbly, or too soft to hold an edge, or so hard as to be brittle. You may have bought them for good tools, too. There is, however, a sure way to get tools with edges that last. It is simply to ask for the Keen Kutter Brand when buying. Keen Kutter Tools have been standard of America for 36 years, and are in every case the best that brains, money and skill can produce. They are made of the finest grades of steel and by the most expert tool makers. As a complete line of tools is sold under this brand, in buying any kind of tool all you need remember is the name

KEEN KUTTER

The draw knife shown here is an example of the excellence of Keen Kutter Tools. It has a nicety of balance and "hang," which has never been successfully imitated, and it is made of the best steel ever put into a draw knife. In all the years that we have sold this tool we have never heard of one defective in any way.

Yet the Keen Kutter Draw Knife is no better than all other Keen Kutter Tools.

The Keen Kutter Line was awarded the Grand Prize at the St. Louis Fair, being the only complete line of tools ever to receive a reward at a great exposition.

Following are some of the various kinds of Keen Kutter Tools: Axes, Adzes, Hammers, Hatchets, Chisels, Screw Drivers, Auger Bits, Files, Planes, Draw Knives, Saws, Tool Cabinets, Scythes, Hay Knives, Grass Hooks, Brush Hooks, Corn Knives, Eye Hoes, Trowels, Pruning Shears, Tinners' Snips, Scissors, Shears, Hair Clippers, Horse Shears, Razors, etc., and Knives of all kinds.

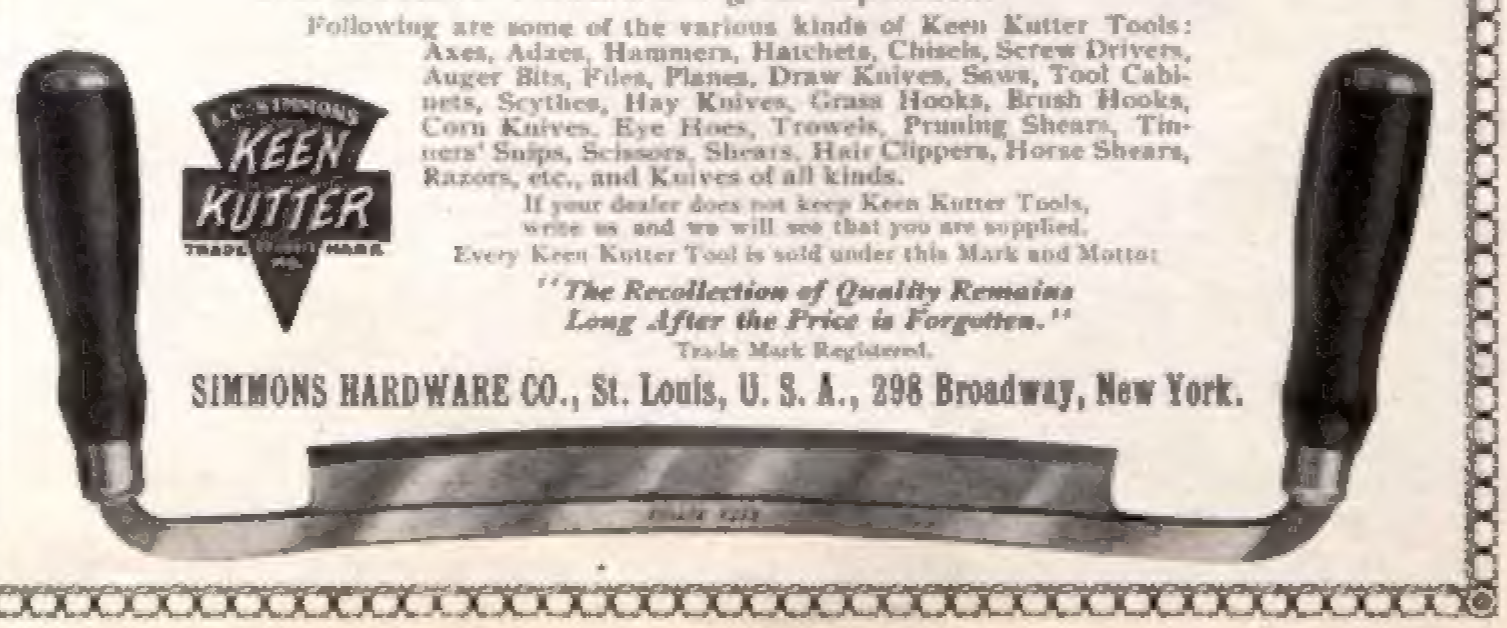
If your dealer does not keep Keen Kutter Tools, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Every Keen Kutter Tool is sold under this Mark and Motto:

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."

Trade Mark Registered.

SIMMONS HARDWARE CO., St. Louis, U. S. A., 298 Broadway, New York.



A WORD TO THE WIVES IS SUFFICIENT

WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
WASHBURN'S
TRADE MARK
Gold
MEDAL
FLOUR
WASHBURN-CROSBY CO.
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

In the grinding process GOLD MEDAL FLOUR passes through more than twenty sets of steel rolls, each one of which grinds it very gently and evenly, so that all of the small flour particles are exactly the same size. Therefore when the liquid mixture used in making dough, comes in contact with GOLD MEDAL FLOUR it strikes to the center of each particle uniformly, thus causing an even and complete absorption which is very essential to a perfect rising.

WASHBURN-CROSBY'S
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

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